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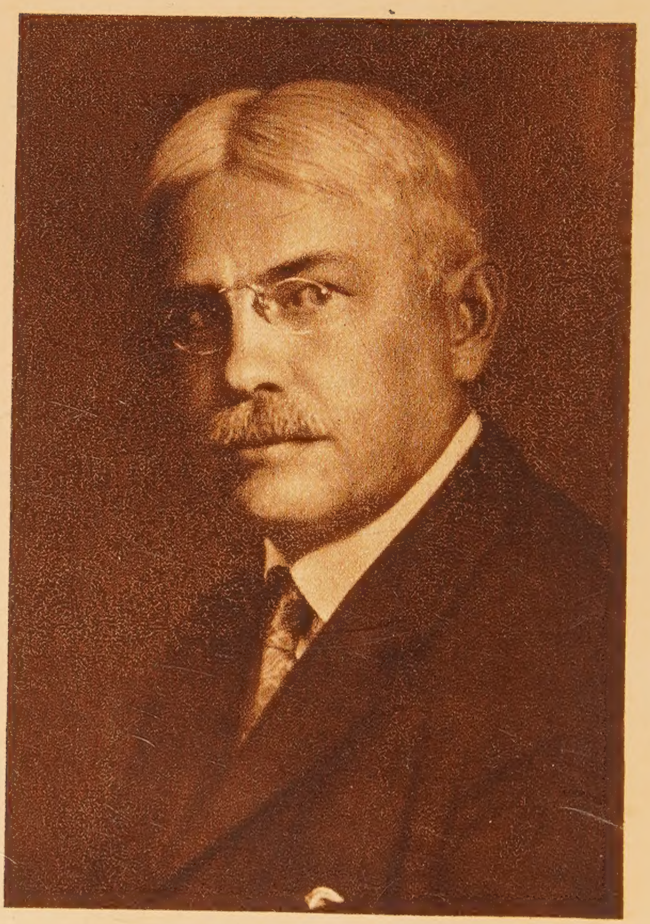

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MODERN ELOQUENCE

VOLUME I

After-Dinner Speeches

A TO D

Edited by
ASHLEY H. THORNDIKE
Professor of English, Columbia University

NEW YORK

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PRINTED IN U.S.A.

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GENERAL PREFACE

This edition of Modern Eloquence consists of fifteen volumes, instead of twelve as in the edition of 1923, arranged as follows

- Volumes I, II, III. After Dinner Speeches
  - I. A to D, Abbott to Draper
  - II. E to M, King Edward VII to Murphy
  - III. N to Y, Newman to Wolcott
- Volumes IV, V, VI. Business, Industry, and Professions
  - IV. Business and Industry, Ashfield to Hoover
  - V. Business and Industry, Howard to Young
  - VI. Professions
- Volumes VII, VIII, IX. Public Affairs
  - VII. Science, Literature, Education
  - VIII. Government, Citizenship
  - IX. Tributes to Great Men
- Volumes X, XI, XII. Historical Masterpieces
  - X. European
  - XI. American
  - XII. National and International—The World War
- Volumes XIII, XIV, XV. Famous Lectures, Anecdotes and Epigrams, The Art of Speaking, Index.
  - XIII. Famous Lectures, Humorous and Inspirational

XIV. Five Hundred Anecdotes, One Thousand Epigrams
XV. The Art of Speaking, Debates, Index

Nearly all of the material in the preceding edition has been retained, though somewhat rearranged, but the following important additions have been made:

1. Another volume of speeches on business and industry has been added, thus devoting two volumes to these subjects instead of the single volume in the earlier edition.

2. A new volume of occasional addresses has been prepared entitled "The Professions," containing speeches by men of distinction in law, medicine, the ministry, engineering, and other professions.

3. A collection of over one thousand epigrams has been made and arranged in a manner for convenient reference. The Epigrams with the revised Anecdotes now make up Volume XIV.

4. The material on "How to Speak" has been enlarged. President Butler's Introduction on "The Presiding Officer" in Volume VI is new, as are the articles in Volume XV on "Platform Appearance," "Debating," "A Debate Club," "Speaking on the Radio." Professor Ayres's Lessons are also enlarged, so that in Volume XV a very comprehensive course in Speaking is now provided.

This is the third edition of "Modern Eloquence." The first in 1903, under the general editorship of Thomas B. Reed, was in ten volumes, the second, under the present editor, was in twelve volumes, and retained less than one-third of the material in the first. In the extracts which are appended from the Preface to the 1923 edition, the reader will find some comments by the editor upon the vast changes that had taken place in public speaking and that were necessarily reflected in the new edition of "Modern Eloquence." It may be said, however, that all three editions have been directed by the same purpose, to present a collection of speeches illustrating the subjects, methods of speaking and style of eloquence of the present time. These speeches are of great interest in themselves and are the best models to guide the young speaker of to-day.

It is necessary here to chronicle still further changes that have affected public speaking in the few years since the last edition. The Preface of 1923 noted the great growth of public speaking and especially of speaking by women and by business men. Those factors are still more manifest after another four years. The volume of business speeches was then a novelty; to-day no one would think of a discussion of modern eloquence without reference to its employment in salesmanship, advertising, and other concerns of business or industry. In the United States the enormous development of organization and association in connection with business is one of the most striking signs of the times. But the most amazing expansion wrought in speaking has been by the radio. In the last edition a few speeches were noted as marking the use of what was still a strange innovation. In the present edition many of the new speeches have been heard over the radio; and it has seemed desirable to provide a discussion by an expert on "How to Speak on the Radio."

While these volumes have been in preparation two members of the Advisory Board have died, Henry Cabot Lodge and Oscar S. Straus; and the Chairman, Brander Matthews, has been seriously ill and unable to attend to more than the initial steps of the revision. The number of the contributors to the first edition who are still living grows less; in 1923 there were seventeen, now only ten—Felix Adler, James M. Beck, Edward W. Bok, Chauncey M. Depew, Hamlin Garland, Arthur W. Hadley, Dwight W. Hillis, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., Brander Matthews, Henry van Dyke. But the voices of the living and of the dead are still powerful in these pages.

Although this edition is devoted to eloquence that is modern, yet within the scope of that adjective have occurred movements in thought, changes in the organization of society, great wars, mighty inventions, most momentous for humanity and inevitably finding expression in the voices of its spokesmen. There is no little history in these volumes, no little reflection and reminiscence of great men and great deeds, and not a little that is a noble and beautiful record of exalted thought and feeling. The young speaker will find much to guide him in learning the art of speaking, he will find practical direction in suggestions from those best competent to advise, and he will find it in speeches dealing with subjects of the day given on occasions such as may offer themselves to anyone. But he will also find guidance from the best utterances, the most significant speeches of modern times.

The general purpose of "Modern Eloquence" and the nature of the editorial work are set forth in the following extracts from the Preface to the edition of 1923.

From THE PREFACE OF THE 1923 EDITION

THE original edition of "Modern Eloquence" was based on a novel plan. It undertook to present the best modern speeches. There had been many collections of the oratory of the past, but never before had there been a series of volumes devoted to all varieties of modern eloquence. The first three volumes, occupied with after-dinner speeches, were an absolute novelty, for there had been no previous attempt to collect specimens of post-prandial eloquence. The volumes containing occasional addresses and lectures exhibited a very wide range of public speaking, illustrating the various occasions and subjects which had inspired eloquence in recent years. The ten volumes made no pretense of recording the greatest masterpieces of the remote past, but offered a carefully selected library composed of the best examples of public speaking in the last century. This edition has now been in constant use for twenty years by many thousands of readers who have found in its pages much interesting and profitable reading and also models and guides for their own efforts in the art of public address.

The new edition adheres to the original plan and purpose. It aims to offer what is best in modern eloquence and to provide helpful guidance so that the speeches presented may be of practical service to the young speaker as well as a worthy contribution to our literature.

The twenty years that have elapsed since the first edition have, however, introduced great changes in public speaking. The most obvious change has been its enormous increase. There is no comparison between the number of luncheons and dinners, of meetings and associations, of addresses and lectures then and now. Moreover, the increase has resulted in subjects, occasions, and speakers quite different from those of twenty years ago. Then, one common subject was the recent war between Spain and the United States. Since then we have had the World War with all its tremendous incitement to eloquence, with its extensive employment of public speaking in many ways, and with its abiding importance as a subject for public discussion. Within these twenty years, again, we have had a vast development of public speaking by business men on business occasions. The growth of trade and commercial associations and the rapid progress of the art of salesmanship have made speech-making an indispensable adjunct of commerce and industry and have greatly altered the field of modern eloquence. Again, the expansion of opportunity and employment for women has brought them to the platform in ever enlarging numbers. Women, business, and the War require a large space in any survey of the public discussion of the past twenty years. Manifestly, a new edition of "Modern Eloquence" must be enlarged and it must give proportionately a great space to speeches of recent years.

One or two other alterations, in the judgment of both the editors and old subscribers, have seemed desirable. In the old edition, lectures occupied three volumes. Lectures have multiplied since then in a bewildering fashion and perhaps, on the whole, they are more informing and more educational. But there are scarcely as many outstanding examples of entertainment or oratory as in the days of Gough, Wendell Phillips, Beecher, and Conwell. It has seemed best in the new edition to include only the most famous lectures within a single volume. On the other hand, subscribers to the old edition have urged that the new might be less drastic in the exclusion of political oratory. It has been felt that the collection ought to embody the most notable examples of the past century or so, whether American or European. Consequently these have been included in Volumes X and XI. Canadian and British speakers are provided even better representation in the new than in the old edition; and our new interest in world affairs has given the present volumes much more of an international character. Furthermore, much additional space and attention have been paid in the new edition to directions and suggestions as to the art of public speaking. It seeks to present the best that has been spoken in a way that will aid in answering the problem, How to speak?

Such a comparison of old and new editions is probably of more interest to the editor than to anyone else, for he must spend much time hesitating over the rejection of a speech once famous, or struggling to select from the mass of recent addresses that press upon the attention, or perhaps pausing to reflect on the changes in taste and manners, in ideas and in men, which are brought to pass within the brief cycle of twenty years. The voices which then commanded universal attention are mostly heard no more. The voices to which we listen to-day were then scarcely known. Neither Mr. Asquith nor Mr. Lloyd George appears in the earlier edition, although Earl Balfour and Lord Morley were there. Three presidents, McKinley, Cleveland, and Roosevelt, have died since their addresses appeared in the first edition; and to this necrology must be added Thomas B. Reed, the original editor, his opponents in the House, Crisp, Champ Clark, Bourke Cockran, Senators Hoar and Dolliver, and many more. Of the Americans whose speeches were included in the old edition, only seventeen are now living. One, Mr. Russell Conwell, has passed his ninetieth birthday; others, as Mr. Beck and Mr. Beveridge, are in the height of their powers. All have continued and extended the fame which they had then established as speakers; some in most unpredictable ways and occasions. Mr. Bryan, for example, was then known as an orator chiefly through his speeches in the campaign of 1896; ex-President Woodrow Wilson was still a professor at Princeton with no possible premonition of the future tasks to which his gift for public address would be summoned. But of the seventeen of those earlier speakers who still live, all have something to say to the new readers of "Modern Eloquence." From pulpit or platform, in congress or assembly, in the happy relaxation of after-dinner persiflage or in the solemn, inspired words that call to a nation with the voice of duty—their voices are potent among the hundreds, new and old, that are speaking from these pages.

To all of the seventeen survivors from the old edition, the new editor is under obligation for their kindness and interest. But he may venture to mention three, both because of his special appreciation of their courtesy and because their long careers are illustrative of so much of the best in American oratory. Mr. Chauncey Depew is now in his ninetieth year and he has been one of the most accomplished and versatile of our speakers before two generations of audiences. In this new edition the speech on his eighty-seventh birthday dinner with its delightful reminiscences stands side by side with one which outsparkled the champagne of 1875. Mr. Charles William Eliot is one month older than Mr. Depew and he had already assumed the great office of president of Harvard University in 1869. From that vantage ground for forty years he addressed an ever-widening audience and since his relinquishment of that position, for fourteen years more he has spoken not infrequently and always with the force that comes from a great personality. What he has to say to the citizens of 1923 will be found along with what he said to their fathers and grandfathers and it may well be read and heeded by their children's children. Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes is only eighty-two and his speeches are comparatively few in number, confined to the rare occasions which recall his fighting days at Antietam and Fredericksburg or testify to the meaning for human progress of the Law of which he has so long been an exponent. But these addresses are of a wisdom and a beauty that mark the highest reaches of our civilization. In this day we hear much about the revolt of youth and the attack on what is old, but if the reader wishes to know the real spirit of youth—the optimism of eternal effort, and the wisdom that comes from keeping ever young—he should turn to these survivors of the old edition and read their newest speeches.

The task of selecting speeches has been lightened by the interest and aid of many. The managing editor must express his appreciation and thanks to the distinguished gentlemen who make up the Advisory Board and especially to their Chairman, Professor Brander Matthews. His thanks are offered also to the large number of speakers who have taken an interest in the project and have kindly permitted the use of their own speeches and in many cases expressed their preference. Specific acknowledgments are offered in the proper places to authors and publishers and associations for the use of material, but special thanks are due to the kindness and generosity with which such permission has usually been given. To the secretaries of the dining clubs and other organizations the editor is indebted for many courtesies, notably to Mr. Charles Price of the Lotos Club, who gave him free access to the unpublished speeches made at the famous dinners of that society. The labor of selecting from many thousand speeches some seven hundred of widely varying length and character and arranging them in these twelve volumes has, indeed, been constantly lightened by the wide and generous interest which has been shown by almost everyone asked to aid in the undertaking. It is believed that the books at least contribute to what is one of the most generally shared interests of the human race as well as the glory of a few of its immortals—the art of public speaking.

I wish to renew my gratitude offered to those who aided in the former edition and to extend my thanks to the many contributors, subscribers, and friends, who have helped in making the present edition a still more varied and comprehensive survey of modern eloquence.

Ashley H. Thorndike.

INTRODUCTION

THE FOUR WAYS OF DELIVERING AN ADDRESS[1]

BRANDER MATTHEWS

I

There are those who hold that the invention of printing sounded the knell of the noble art of oratory, and that he is little better than foolish who seeks now to influence others by the human voice, the range of which cannot but be strictly limited, when he can have at his command a megaphone like the modern newspaper, the range of which is immense and indeterminate. There are others who maintain that mankind is more intelligent than it was, better trained in thinking, less freakish in feeling, and that nowadays an orator must needs be narrowly logical and that he is therefore debarred from those appeals to emotion such as still move us strangely in some of the great speeches of the past. Thus oratory is attacked on both sides, one storming-party seeking to explode it as an outworn anachronism, and the other insisting that if it be allowed to survive, it must renounce its old allegiance.

The arguments of both classes of these prophets of evil are specious. To the former group it may be suggested that the perfecting of the Krupp gun has not made the Colt revolver obsolete. Because a man can reach a million in a newspaper, there is no reason why he should not also reach a thousand with a speech. The printed word is widespread, no doubt, but indirect, impersonal, unimpressive, while the spoken word is direct, personal, almost hypnotic in its force. Furthermore, as it happens often, the very best way to arouse the reverberation of the press is to say what you have to say in a speech which the newspapers must needs report. To the latter group it suffices to say that while civilized man may be a little more intellectual than was his remote and probably arboreal ancestor, the time is not yet when he can resist assuredly every attack on his heart even when his head is unconvinced. It was a single perfervid address that brought to Mr. Bryan a nomination for president—and this a generation after the Lincoln-Douglas debates which tingle with feeling, it is true, but of which the core was serried argument always—and two generations after the Webster-Hayne debates, which were not without heat, indeed, but in which both combatants stood on solid fact and laid claim to severe logic. It may be admitted at once that the triumph of Mr. Bryan's improvisation was exceptional, and that emotionalism tends to disappear with the increasing wisdom of mankind and the strengthening of the human will. Even in the last century Burke's casting down of the dagger on the floor of the House of Commons was felt to be theatrical, and it failed of its effect. In a speech the simplicity of conversation is relished, as of one man talking calmly with another and quietly giving reasons for the faith that is in him. Flowers of rhetoric no longer flourish in rank luxuriance, even if figures of speech have not wholly given place to statistics.

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Although the wings of the orator have been clipped, and he is no longer encouraged to soar into the blue empyrean, but must keep his footing on the earth, never were more occasions offered to him for the exercise of his art. The spread of representative government has led the foremost men of many nations to study the secrets of oral persuasion. Mr. Reed is reported to have thanked heaven that the House of Representatives was not a deliberative body, setting himself in opposition to Bagehot, who declared that the duty of Parliament was to talk rather than to act—to thresh out a problem until the chaff had blown away, when it would be easy to see the action that ought to be taken. Even those to whom a scientific training has given a distaste for oratory and a distrust of it as an inferior weapon now only doubtfully serviceable, are sometimes made to change opinion suddenly. Huxley, for instance, sprang forward to Darwin's defense at the memorable meeting of the British Association at Oxford in 1860, and he left his Episcopal opponent sore bruised. He wrote to Darwin that this experience has changed his "opinion as to the practical value of public speaking," and that from that time forth he would "carefully cultivate it."[1]

Nor are congresses and parliaments and meetings of associations the sole opportunities offered to-day to the orator. There are also commencements and anniversaries and dedications of monuments, to say nothing of addresses before societies, lectures before clubs, and offhand speeches after dinner. No man is now safe from a request to make a few remarks or to improve the occasion. Even those who have no natural bent toward the art are forced to study the principles on which it is based; and among them there must be many who—like the present writer—failed to avail themselves of such opportunities for self-improvement in debate as were open to them in youth, and who therefore arrived at man's estate without any practice in public speaking.

It is for them that this little paper is written—by one of themselves, who is here setting down the simple results of his own efforts to escape open failure as a speaker. For one who is not a master of the craft to give advice may savor of impertinence, but his excuse must be that the needs of the mature novices whom he is addressing are neglected in most of the manuals of instruction. No one is ever likely to become a great orator who has to learn how to speak in public after he has reached the age of thirty, when the muscles have hardened and the mind is less malleable; but at least the ignominy of actual breakdown may be avoided by taking thought and by accepting advice.

II

Perhaps the very first lesson that needs to be learned is that speaking is an art—an art like reading and writing; and that, like them, it does not come by nature. Some of the addresses we hear are so easy and seemingly so spontaneous that we suppose them to have cost no labor. We envy the speaker his possession of so precious a having, and we little suspect the toil, the resolution, and the energy that lie behind his apparent facility. Whatever an orator's natural endowment, he can excel only when he has carefully cultivated his gift, perhaps by practice alone, perhaps by study of the masters, perhaps by both. If he is candid he will confess that true ease in speaking

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[1] Huxley's letter will be found in the "Life of Darwin," prepared by his son.

> . . . comes from art, not chance,
> As those move easiest who have learnt to dance.

But he prefers generally to keep his preparation concealed, and to let his hearers believe that he can rely on the spur of the moment to urge his Pegasus into the air.

There are two entirely different sets of circumstances wherein a man may be called upon to speak in public. The first is when he has something to say. The second is when he has to say something. The first is the more frequent, and it demands more consideration. The second is the more embarrassing, and it had best be discussed by itself.

When a man has something to say and when he has an opportunity to say it, there are four methods of making a speech for him to select from.

A. He may write out his address and read it from a manuscript boldly held in his hand.

B. He may write out his remarks and commit them to memory.

C. He may write out his opening words, his closing sentences and such other salient passages as he wishes to make sure of, while extemporizing the rest.

D. He may extemporize the whole, appearing before the audience with no visible manuscript, and apparently talking out of the fulness of his heart.

Each of these methods has its advantages and its disadvantages. Each has points of superiority for certain occasions. Each requires about an equal expenditure of time and trouble. Whatever the method chosen, the speaker must make up his own mind, first of all, as to just what it is he wishes to get into the minds of his hearers. He must decide on the best means of achieving this end. He must pick out his point of attack, mass his arguments, and move straight forward to the assault. He may even have what he wishes to say clearly planned before he decides which of the four methods of speech-making he will employ.

III

The first method is to write out his address and to read it from a manuscript boldly held in the hand. For an inexperienced and a timid speaker this is probably the most advisable, as it is the easiest. Its advantage is obvious; the speech is ready; and all the speaker has to do is to read it as best he can. Its disadvantage is equally obvious; reading is not speaking; and the reader loses the potent effect of looking at his hearers, and holding them with the impelling power of the eye. A reader can never get as intimate with an audience as a speaker can; and to read when the audience is expecting an address seems roundabout to some and tedious. A colleague of mine at Columbia maintains that for a professor to read a lecture to his class is an insult to the printing-press.

Yet there is much to be said in favor of the frank and open manuscript. On an important occasion, a dedication, for example, or a commemoration, a manuscript is the outward and visible sign of adequate preparation; its presence seems almost to be demanded by the dignity of the event. And the inconveniences of a manuscript can be reduced to a minimum by adopting a couple of simple devices—by writing, not in the manner of the essay, but with the emphasis and rhythm of actual speech, and by a preparatory study of the manuscript until the reader is so familiar with it that the words fall trippingly from the tongue. When he is thus at home with what he has written, he can read with far more effect, for he need not keep his eyes glued to the paper, but can raise them to range over the audience, thus gaining one of the advantages of the speech actually spoken. A speaker who stumbles in the reading of his own manuscript, and who thus reveals that he has not yet taken the trouble to familiarize himself with his own words, is a sorry spectacle, as wearisome as he is offensive.

The second method is to write out the remarks you wish to make, and commit them to memory. This is the most difficult method of all; and it has been employed successfully only by a few consummate masters of delivery. The result is disastrous if the hearers suspect that the speaker is relying on his memory and that his impassioned appeals have been prepared at leisure. Its chief disadvantages are the strain it imposes on the memory and the histrionic power it requires to lend ease and lightness to what is really cut-and-dried. Its advantage is that in the hands of an accomplished craftsman who can write as he would like to speak, and who can deliver the prepared words as though they were the spontaneous generation of the moment, the orator can give to what seems an improvisation on the platform all the finish and the polish of the essay in the library.

M. Francisque Sarcey tells us that the brilliant lectures of M. Ernest Legouvé, the dramatist, are spoken without notes; but that they have been written and studied and rehearsed like a comedy, in the production of which on the stage nothing is left to chance. Colonel Higginson records[1] that after hearing the Phi Beta Kappa oration of Wendell Phillips, "in which he had so carried away a conservative and critical audience that they found themselves applauding tyrannicide before they knew it, I said to him, 'This could not have been written out beforehand,' and he said, 'It is in type at the *Advertiser* office!' " Plutarch preserves for us the interesting fact that when the friends of Catiline were on trial, "Cæsar, then rising up to speak, made an oration (penned and premeditated before) in favor of lenity."

The third method is to write out the salient passages and to extemporize the rest of the speech. This is really a compromise between the second method and the fourth. Its advantage is that it enables the speaker to make sure that he will say exactly what he wants to say, no more and no less. Its disadvantages are twofold; it gives the memory work to do when the speaker needs the help of all his mental faculties, playing freely, if he is to hold the attention of the audience, and it puts an added strain on him to keep the tone of the passages spoken extempore on the same key as those delivered memoriter, so that there shall not be a sharp break as he passes from one to the other. The effect is fatal if the attention of the audience is called to the point of junction. There is one prominent after-dinner speaker in New York who is always lightly colloquial when first he gets upon his feet, descending even to comic anecdotes and harmless personalities, but who at last—like an organist who pushes in one stop and pulls out another—soars suddenly to a peroration stiff with lofty rhetoric.

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[1] "Hints on Writing and Speech-making," printed as introduction to Volume II.

But there is no denying the popularity of this third method with speakers of the first rank, at whose hands its possibilities have been adroitly improved. John Bright used to write out certain parts of his more important speeches. So did Mr. Gladstone. Daniel Webster, a far greater orator than either of them, had stored his capacious memory with arguments and illustrations that might lie there for years ready for his use. The reply to Hayne was not written out before delivery, either as a whole or in part, but it certainly contained more than one mighty passage the wording of which had been elaborately prepared against the long-awaited occasion. He told a friend that the famous figure of the British drum-beat "following the sun and keeping company with the hours" had come to him one summer evening at Quebec as the sunset gun was fired on the citadel, and that he had put it on paper at once, sitting on a cannon. Probably he did not think of it again until he utilized it impressively in his speech on Jackson's Protest.

The fourth method is to extemporize the whole speech, having no purple patches in the memory and no scroll of paper in the hand. This may seem to many the most difficult of the four; but it is indubitably the best. In no other way can the speaker get the full benefit of a direct personal appeal, as of man to man, facing each other squarely. Thinking only of what he wants to say, he who makes an extempore speech can hold his hearers with the eye, dominating them with all the force and weight of his own personality, and exerting upon them an influence which may almost be called hypnotic.

This sympathetic contact it is which gives to speaking without notes its overwhelming advantage over reading from manuscript and over reciting from memory. The sole disadvantage of this method is that it calls for far stricter self-control. A man on his feet and talking freely, with no restraining manuscript, is often tempted to wander off and to digress, to linger and to loiter, to repeat himself again and again. The remedy for this is simple and within the reach of all; it consists in so thorough a preparation that the speaker, having discovered which is the shortest road to the point he is seeking, takes that unhesitatingly and cannot be turned aside into any byways, however alluring. There is no need that the auditors should be conscious of the firm skeleton of argument which sustains the words of the speaker; but if this logical framework chance to be lacking, they will swiftly discover the feebleness of the speech.

The supporting scaffold ought to be at once solid and simple. The speaker, having chosen the impression he wishes to produce, must limit his energy on that occasion to the production of that single impression. The sequence of points to be made, to be illustrated, and to be enforced, should be so obvious in his mind that they will float on the surface of his memory, to be seized without effort, one after another, in due order. Even a man who has no gift for oratory, no enthusiasm, no fervor, no magnetism, as it is called, can make a presentable figure on the platform if he rises knowing exactly what he wants to say, if he says that and no more, and if he sits down as soon as he has said it. But his failure will be total if he does not know what he wants to say, and if he talks forever in the vain hope of happening upon it by accident.

IV

Dr. Lyman Abbott once told a correspondent who asked for counsel that "the extemporaneous speech is apt to be ill-prepared, ill-digested, imperfectly thought out, repetitious, and sometimes to make up in 'sound and fury signifying nothing' what it lacks in thought and in real and tempered feeling." Then he added that, on the other hand, when it is at its best, it is "more spontaneous, more genuine, less artificial, more fervid . . . than the manuscript, gaining in directness while it lacks in literary finish. The best manuscript address is the more admired; the best extemporaneous address is the most effective."

To this opinion Dr. Abbott appended a few practical suggestions from his own experience, advising the man who is invited to come before the audience, first, to ask himself this question: "What is the object of this speech? What end is it to serve? What verdict is it to win? What result is it to accomplish?" Secondly, he is to make up his own mind as to the central idea of his speech: "What thought lodged in the mind of an auditor will best accomplish the desired result?" Thirdly, he is to resolve "this central thought into three or four propositions, the enforcement and illustration of which will serve to fasten in the minds of the hearers the central thought, and so secure the desired result." Fourthly, he must be ready with "some illustrations or concrete statements of each one of these separate propositions." Finally, this preparatory labor having been completed, the speaker, when he gets on his feet, should endeavor "on these lines of thought to win this result with this audience, exactly as one would endeavor to win assent from an individual," speaking simply and conversationally, and "rising into the oratorical only as the excitement of the occasion and the attention of the audience produces spontaneously the change."

Perhaps the picking out of the object of the speech and its central thought and its successive illustrations can best be done during a brisk walk in the open air when the mind plays freely. But when this sequence of points is finally decided upon, then it is well to sit down at a desk and to put them in writing. This serves not only to fix in the memory the divisions of the address, but a further purpose also; for if the paper on which they were written be carried in the pocket when the speaker goes before his audience, it will give him confidence and perhaps may prevent a breakdown. The paper is not to be produced except in case of last necessity, and the spectators are never to suspect its existence; but the speaker himself knows that it is there to be consulted, if needs must. It is like a life-preserver out of sight under the berth, ready for use if the ship is sinking.

In his account of the steps by which he taught himself to lecture—an account as entertaining as it is instructive—M. Francisque Sarcey gives it as his opinion that the one way to insure the success of a speech in public is to have made that speech many times to yourself in private. You must keep incessantly thinking about your theme until you have a great deal more to say than you can possibly say in the time allotted to you. You must be full of your subject, full to overflowing; and having planned what it is that you want to say, you must say it to yourself again and again, trying it this way and that, getting yourself familiar with it and intimate; but making no effort to polish your periods and resolutely refraining from all attempt to memorize any passage. A gymnastic like this cannot but supple the muscles of the mind and encourage the spirit.

Two or three winters ago a young literary man in New York was asked to address a society upon the subject with which his experience had made him unusually familiar. He had had little or no practice in public speaking and he asked a friend for advice, whereupon M. Sarcey's theory was expounded to him. It appealed to him and he resolved to put it in practice. He was expected to occupy about forty minutes of the club's time; and he had about a fortnight's notice. He outlined his argument and put it on paper, making his chain of reasoning as strong as he could, and its links as distinct. As it happened, it used to take him about twenty minutes to walk from his house to his office; and so as he went down-town every morning he mentally delivered the first half of his speech and as he came up-town in the afternoon he mentally delivered the second half. Long before the end of the fortnight he felt himself to be master of the situation; and when the appointed night arrived he went forth with confidence in his heart—and with the written outline in his pocket. The hidden paper saved him, since he stumbled exactly in the middle of his speech, just at the point where he used to arrive at his office. Without more than an instant's hesitation he took out his notes, glanced at them, and "got his cue," so to speak. Putting the paper back in his pocket, he went on to the end as he had been wont to do walking up-town. He knew both halves of his address; it was only the hinge that was feeble—and this broke because, in his practice, he had put a day's hard work between the beginning of his speech and the end.

V

THESE four methods of speech-making—the manuscript read, the manuscript committed to memory, the combination of the extempore and memoriter, and the wholly extempore—have here been discussed on the assumption that the speaker had something to say. When, on the contrary, he rises to his feet merely because he has to say something, then only the fourth method is available, for under these circumstances he has rarely enough notice to avail himself of any one of the other three methods. It is not difficult to make a speech if you have something to say, but it is very difficult if you have merely to say something. Perhaps success is possible under these circumstances only by pretending to have something you really want to say; and this at best is an unworthy device of doubtful efficacy, since there is nothing auditors discover more swiftly than a lack of sincerity.

Archbishop Magee declared that there were three classes of preachers: those you can listen to, those you can't listen to, and those you can't help listening to. The man who speaks having nothing to say belongs in the second of these classes; and therefore the one thing for him to do is to get through with it as soon as possible. The soul of wit is within every man's reach, and by a valiant effort brevity can be achieved even if one has nothing to say. A neat compliment to the preceding speaker, a little bit of flattery for the audience, a happy anecdote, a swelling commonplace or two—and the trick is done.

But the situation is desperate at best, and he is lucky who extricates himself without disgrace. He had best choke his good-nature and learn to resist temptation, remembering that addition to the Beatitudes which Lowell is said to have suggested: "Blessed is he who hath nothing to say—and cannot be persuaded to say it."

AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES

A-D

THOMAS B. REED

LYMAN ABBOTT

FAITH AND DUTY

Lyman Abbott, born 1835, died 1922, clergyman, author, and editor, was one of the contributors to the original edition of "Modern Eloquence." The following speech, which sums up the progress which he had witnessed in his long life, indicates also some of the many good causes to which that life was devoted. This speech was delivered in response to the toast "The Day of the Pilgrims' Sons" at the one hundred and ninth annual festival of the New England Society, December 22, 1914.

Members of the New England Society, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I desire to turn your thoughts from the past to the future; from the history which has been so concisely and admirably put before us to the duty which devolves upon the descendants of the Pilgrims. The Pilgrims did not all land on Plymouth Rock. Some of them landed on Plymouth Rock, some in New York, some in Pennsylvania, some in Maryland, some in Virginia, and some in the Carolinas. Some were Congregationalists, some were Presbyterians, some were Quakers, some were Roman Catholics, some were Episcopalians, some were Huguenots, but though of varied creeds, varied temperaments, and inheritance, they were so far agreed in their essential faith that in 1787 they united to form upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and founded on the proposition that all men are created equal. This attempt to make a nation self-growing was a wonderful experiment, an audacious experiment, and rested upon a faith in man that was itself audacious. I believe that the experiment has already justified itself; that in the last 125 years more has been accomplished for human rights than in any other 125 years since the world began, and more by America than by any other country on the face of the globe. I am an American and an optimist. I come to you to-night at the end of a nearly spent life. After one has reached the age of threescore years and ten he must expect pretty soon to step off the stage. I want to tell you, as far as I can within limits of time allotted to me, what we have done in my lifetime, and what we have left you younger men to do in your lifetime.

When I was a boy in half this continent was slavery. The negro did not own himself. He was not a person. He was a thing. We have abolished slavery. When I was a boy it was a fair question, an open question, whether this was a confederacy of independent States or a nation. We have settled that question. No one any longer regards it as a confederacy of States. We all recognize it as a nation, and as a nation with extended and enlarged functions and powers. Calhoun declared that the State should determine whether a law was constitutional or not; if it was not constitutional in the view of the State, the State need not obey it. A little later some of the Southern States said that if they did not like this confederacy they could withdraw from it. And somewhere in the eighteen hundred and fifties, shortly after the assault on Sumner, I heard a great orator, Wendell Phillips, say in an eloquent speech that Massachusetts should recall their Senators and Representatives and withdraw from the confederacy of the States.

We no longer regard this as a confederacy. It is a nation, a nation with large functions, a nation with large powers, and we have achieved this unifying of the nation, we have achieved this liberation of the slave at the cost of a great civil war, a civil war which in one respect at least was unlike any other civil war that has ever been fought in the history of the world, I think. At the end of it not a single life was taken, and, if I mistake not, not a single acre of land was confiscated as a penalty upon those that were in revolt. The only lives that were taken were the lives of some who were guilty of assassination after the war was over. Search the pages of history to find another case where men have been arrayed in arms against each other, where a great revolt has arisen against a great and beneficent government, and at the end the parties have shaken hands and established a freer and greater friendship than they had before. For when I was a boy the North looked on the South with contempt. They said, the South will not fight; and the South looked on the North with contempt; they said the North will not fight. Horrible as the war is it brings some advantages. After the boys in gray and the boys in blue had fought each other for four years, they found that they would fight, and then each side respected the other side, and we have a nation founded on mutual respect and confidence, the only nation that could stand the test of time.

Not only that—the war over, the North sent a new army of teachers, contributions of money (counted first by hundreds, then by thousands, not by millions) to help the South lay the foundation of a new civilization in a broad system of education. Not only that—the South set an example which I also think is unparalleled in the history of the world. The conquered country set herself to work under the leadership of her greatest and noblest man, Gen. Robert E. Lee, to establish in the South the very civilization against which they had been fighting for those four years.

Since then, we have fought in our time the most altruistic fight that has ever been fought in the history of the world. I know still there is some question in the minds of men respecting the Spanish-American War, and I am not going to discuss the general aspect of it. Enough to ask you to look at the picture of the American war compared with the picture of the war going on to-day on the other side of the ocean, and note this: We took Cuba and Porto Rico from Spain and turned over to the Cubans and the Porto Ricans all the taxes we received from the people, every dollar of it; we took the Philippines from Spain, and we sent an army of teachers, and turned our soldiers into teachers, that we might lay in that country the foundations of a free, self-governing community. We asked no war indemnity from the conquered country; instead we paid ourselves to Spain in hard cash the money she had expended in putting the public improvements in the country we had conquered from her. Again I say, search the pages of history and parallel it if you can in the history of mankind.

When I was a boy the public school system was confined to one-half the nation. There was no public school in any proper sense of the term south of the Mason and Dixon line. In my own lifetime the public school system has been extended from the Golden Gate to the Gulf of Mexico—no State without its public school system. Not only that, it has been extended so that the school doors are open to every child, white, black, red or yellow, negro, Indian, Chinaman, Japanese—call him what you like. Not only that—not only the public school system has been extended in a geographical sense and been extended in its opening doors, but education has been opened to the women who in my boyhood had no advantages for higher education. I think it was in 1820 or 1830 that the school board of Boston (the Athens of America) passed a resolution that the girls might use the high school building when the boys were not using it. To-day the higher education is furnished for women; the colleges have been founded, and they have practically the same advantages as their brothers—all done in my lifetime. My father in 1833 (two years before I was born) was one of the founders of the first schools for the broader education of women. Not only that, when I was a college boy there were only three learned professions—law, medicine and the ministry. Nobody else was supposed to wish to be learned. I am a graduate of the New York University. When I graduated from it the entire undergraduate department did not amount to 200 students. The undergraduate department of that university now numbers 4,000 students. And that is a type of what has been going on all over the country in the development of the higher education and in the development of the broader education. Merchants, farmers, engineers, manufacturers—all taking on the higher, broader, better education. I count it a special honor to be invited to stand here on this platform by the side of the man who has done perhaps more than any other man in America—certainly as much as any other man in America—in the leadership of this great, broad, rich and splendid education for the American people.[1]

When I was a boy the churches were simply worshiping and teaching institutions. We had not heard the phrase, I think, "working church." A little before my birth—not long before—

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[1] President Eliot of Harvard.

the first missionary organization in this country was called into being. I do not think in my boyhood in New York City there was a single church that had a mission chapel or a mission Sunday school; if they had they did not let their right hand know what their left hand was doing. To-day every church of any considerable size has its mission, or has its doors thrown open to rich and poor alike; the social settlement has grown up; and the Young Men's Christian Association has been created. This great human development of working organizations for the benefit of humanity has come in my time.

I should like to have taken a little more time to tell you what I think our generation has done, but I make haste to tell you what I think we have left the coming generation to do. We who are going off the stage, in spite of some scoffing at American institutions, in spite of some criticism of the past, in spite of some faults and follies in our past performances—nevertheless we look back upon that past, not with shame, but with pride, and we say—I hope without boasting—we have fought a good fight, we have kept our faith and we hand over to the generation coming on the stage the problems with which they have to deal—the completion of the work which we have carried thus far.

In the first place we have abolished slavery, but we have not established on a peaceful and permanent foundation the relations between capital and labor. Capital owning labor—that is slavery, capital owning the land to which the laborer is attached—that is feudalism. Capital owning all the tools and implements of labor and allowing the laborer to work with those tools and be maintained on such terms and conditions as the owners of the tools may allow—that is the wage system. And it is for you to carry on the development which we have begun to an industrial democracy. We have abolished slavery. By our homestead law we have made landed feudalism impossible. What do I mean by industrial democracy? I don't mean socialism. A Church owned, controlled, mastered by the State gave neither a free Church nor a free State. Industry, owned, controlled, mastered by the State would give neither free industry nor a free State. What I mean by industrial democracy has been splendidly said to-night in Dr. Eliot's address. What I mean by industrial democracy—I may say in a sentence by quoting Abraham Lincoln's memorable definition of democracy. Political democracy is government of the people, by the people, and for all the people. No government of the people by a small number, however beneficent it may be, is a democratic government. Educational democracy is an education carried on by experts, but under the control of the people and for the benefit of all the people, not for the education of a small class of learned men. Industrial democracy is a democracy carried on still by experts, but under the control of the people who are doing the work and for the benefit of the people who are doing the work. In other words, industrial democracy means a share in the profits of industry for both labor and capital, and some participation in the control both by labor and capital. Industrial democracy means the same thing in industry that educational democracy means in education and that political democracy means in the State. And I count myself again happy to be sitting by the side of a gentleman who is an inheritor of wealth and culture and learning, and has become one of the foremost leaders in this country toward a rational, conservative, wise, ultimate industrial democracy.

We have proved in four years of civil war that a free people may constitute a strong nation. I think it is safe to say that no nation has ever been subjected to a harder test than this nation was subjected to during those four years. We have proved ourselves strong to meet revolt within. Are we strong enough to meet danger from without? Our Secretary of the Navy tells us that we need 30,000 more men in our Navy to make our Navy efficient and capable for service. Our ex-President tells us that the failure of Congress to make proper appropriations has hampered both the Army and the Navy, and that we need an army of 125,000 men for efficiency. Our President tells us that we do not know the facts respecting our Army and Navy; we do not know whether it is efficient or not efficient; and, gentlemen, we ought to know. A democracy must know its weakness as well as its strength. Who, looking across the Atlantic Ocean with those telescopic eyes which the press furnishes us and listening to the boom of the cannon and the rattle of the infantry, the groans of the dying and the sobbing of the women and children—who can doubt that there is in this world yet a barbarism that regards might as right and acknowledges no allegiance and no loyalty except force? We cannot assume that there are no burglars in New York, and therefore we need no police. We cannot assume that there are no mobs in Colorado, and therefore we need no militia. We cannot assume that there is no militarism in the world, and therefore we need no army and no navy. I recognize to the full the danger of a standing army to a republic. Gentlemen, I am not here solving the problems of the future. I have done what little I could toward the solution of the problems of the past and simply put the problems of the future before you; and I say this, that a self-governing nation must be a self-protecting nation. Nor is it enough that we have a million men who have the courage to meet the guns. A million men unprepared to work together no more constitute an army than eleven boys who can kick a football make a college team. We have got to find some way; you have got to find some way—it is not my problem. I am quit of it—it is your problem to show how you can make out of a citizen soldiery an organized body of men, equipped, prepared, accustomed to teamwork, and habited to give prompt obedience to authority.

We have done a great work in the development of our education, but we leave a great problem for you. Mr. Huxley has defined education in what I think the best definition I have ever come across. I quote it from memory, notwithstanding my assurance that my friend on my right would correct my quotation if I gave him the chance. Education, he says, and I think I have the substance of the doctrine, which is all the theologian is required to have, you know, education, he says, is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature, which includes men and their ways as well as things and their forces, and also it includes the development of the affections into an earnest and loving desire to act in harmony with those laws, and nothing, he adds, will he call education that does not include both these elements. Now, gentlemen, we have educated our people in the laws of nature; our scientific education is pretty good; and we have educated our people in the laws of men and their ways; our literary, our economic and our sociological education is pretty good. What are we doing systematically, regularly, of set purpose, to develop in our boys and girls, in our school system, an affectionate and earnest desire to act in harmony with the law? Our teachers are doing something, but what are we as a community doing? And mark you the difference between training and teaching. The proverb says, "Train up a child in the way in which he shall go and when he is old he will not depart from it." The more modern version of that is, "Teach a child in the way he will go and when he is taught he will not depart," and he is taught every day and often he has departed just as soon as he got a chance. Training is forming habits in the mind. We are creatures of habit. What we do once we do a second time more easily. What we have done frequently becomes second nature. Mr. Huxley says this, You must work into the nature of the boys and girls a loving and earnest desire to obey the invisible laws of nature, the invisible laws of God. How in a country made up of men of such diverse religious faiths, Roman Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Christian, churchman and agnostic, how can you arrange a system which will train in the boys and girls the desire to obey the law that is written in their own hearts and their own consciences? That is the problem, and it is quite as great an educational problem as ever confronted the world in its history.

Nineteen centuries have passed since Jesus Christ uttered that ever memorable prayer that all his disciples might be one with him, as he is one with the Father. And here we are, the Father's children, split into I do not know how many religious sects by divisions that are for the most part purely historical. Mr. Beecher organized the *Christian Union* in 1876, I think it was. It is amusing to me now to look back and read the derisive cries and the bitter animosity which greeted that endeavor to make a paper that should be religious and not denominational. Our fathers established religious liberty. I think our generation has done something more. We have established mutual respect for each other's convictions. Not only the Roman Catholic does not fight the Protestant and the Protestant the Roman Catholic; not only the Episcopalian does not fight the Congregationalist and the Congregationalist the

Episcopalian; not only, at least in this country, the Christian does not fight the Jew nor the Jew the Christian, but we respect each other's convictions.

I hear a great deal in praise of toleration. I do not praise toleration. I do not thank any man for tolerating me. I do not tolerate Mr. Huxley; I admire him. I do not tolerate Cardinal Gibbons; I admire him. For, gentlemen, the truth of life is too large for any one man to see it all, and what we want in this country is not toleration of each other's beliefs, but a catholicity of faith which will recognize that truth is larger than any one man's mind. And so, gentlemen, what we have to do in the realm of religion is to develop a faith and reverence and hope and love that is more fundamental than any church, more fundamental than any creed or ritual, more fundamental than any priest or preacher, yes, more fundamental than any book, Bible or prayer book or what you will, and faith and hope, and reverence, and love, in the hearts of men and blossoming in their lives, so deep, so broad, so humane, that still maintaining our different creeds, still using our different rituals, still seeing our little fragments of life, we shall work together hand in hand and heart to heart for that justice, that peace and that universal prosperity which has been called the Kingdom of God. We shall work together in a faith as broad as that of the Master of some of us who saw more faith in a pagan Roman than he found in all Israel; a faith as broad as that of Paul, who said that in Christ there was neither bond nor free, Jew nor Gentile; a faith as broad as that of John in whom the apocalyptic vision saw men gathered up out of every nation, in all the world, recognizing a kingdom of God and a common Father. For not until we have, in spite of our differences, a faith in one Father of the whole human race shall we have a real, deep, abiding faith in our fellow men as the children of God, the only basis of a true, democratic brotherhood.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

THE LESSONS OF LIFE

Speech of Charles Francis Adams, delivered at the Harvard Alumni dinner, in Cambridge, Mass., June 26, 1895. His famous address, "A College Fetish," is printed in Volume VII.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE ALUMNI:—Some years ago a distinguished literary character, as well as accomplished and lovable man—since gone over to the silent majority—stood here, as I now am standing, having a few hours before received Harvard's highest degree. Not himself a child of the University, he had been invited here a stranger—though in Cambridge he was by no means a stranger in a strange land—to receive well-deserved recognition for the good life work he had done, and the high standard of character he had ever maintained. When called upon by the presiding officer of that occasion, as I now am called upon by you, he responded by saying that the day before he had left his New York home to come to Cambridge a simple, ordinary man; he would go back "ennobled."

In America patents of nobility may not be conferred—the fundamental law itself inhibits; so, when from the Mother Country the name of Sir Henry Irving comes sounding across the Atlantic, we cannot answer in reply with a Sir Joseph Jefferson, but we do not less, perhaps, in honor of great Shakespeare's craft, by inviting him to whom you have this day given the greatest ovation of any bestowed, to come up and join the family circle which surrounds America's oldest *alma mater*. Still, figurative though it was, for George William Curtis to refer to Harvard's honorary degree as an ennoblement was a graceful form of speech; but I, to the manner born, stand here under similar circumstances in a different spirit. Memory insensibly reverts to other days—other scenes.

Forty-two years ago President Eliot and I passed each other on the steps of University Hall—he coming down them with his freshly signed bachelor's degree in his hand, while I ascended them an anxious candidate for admission to the college. His apprenticeship was over; mine was about to begin. For twenty-six eventful years now he has presided over the destinies of the University, and at last we meet here again; I to receive from his hands the diploma which signifies that the days of my travels—my *Wanderjahre*—as well as my apprenticeship, are over, and that the journeyman is at length admitted to the circle of master-workmen. So, while Mr. Curtis declared that he went away from here with a sense of ennoblement, my inclination is to sit down, not metaphorically but in fact, on yonder steps of University Hall, and think for a little —somewhat wearily, perhaps—over the things I have seen and the lessons I have learned since I first ascended those steps when the last half of the century now ending had only just begun—an interval longer than that during which the children of Israel were condemned to tarry in the wilderness!

And, were I so to do, I am fain to confess two feelings would predominate: wonder and admiration—wonder over the age in which I have lived, mingled with admiration for the results which in it have been accomplished and the heroism displayed. And yet this was not altogether what the prophet voices of my apprenticeship had, I remember, led me to expect; for in those days, and to a greater degree than seems to be the case at present, we had here at Cambridge prophet voices which in living words continually exhorted us. Such were Tennyson, Thackeray, Emerson, and, perhaps, most of all Carlyle—Thomas Carlyle with his "Heroes and Hero Worship," his "Latter Day Pamphlets," his worship of the past and his scorn for the present, his contempt for what he taught us to term this "rag-gathering age." We sat at the feet of the great literary artist, our 'prentice ears drank in his utterances; to us he was inspired. The literary artist remains. As such we bow before him now even more than we bowed down before him then; but how different have we found the age in which our lot was cast from that he had taught us to expect! I have been but a journeyman. Only to a small, a very small extent, I know, can I, like the Ulysses of that other of our prophet voices declare—

I am a part of all that I have met.

None the less,—

Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.

We were told in those, our 'prentice days, of the heroism of the past and the materialism of our present, when "who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's wares or his word," and "only not all men lied"; and yet, when, in 1853, you, Mr. President, the young journeyman, descended, as I, the coming apprentice, ascended those steps, "the cobweb woven across the cannon's mouth" still shook "its threaded tears in the wind." Eight years later the cobweb was swept away; and though, as the names graven on the tablets at the entrance of this hall bear witness, "many were crushed in the clash of jarring chains," yet we too felt the heart of a people beat with one desire, and witnessed the sudden making of splendid names. I detract nothing from the halo of knighthood which surrounds the heads of Sidney and Bayard; but I was the contemporary and friend of Savage, of Lowell, and of Shaw. I had read of battles and "the imminent deadly breach"; but it was given to me to stand on the field of Gettysburg when the solid earth trembled under the assault of that Confederate Virginian column, then performing a feat of arms than which I verily believe none in all recorded warfare was ever more persistent, more deadly or more heroic.

And our prophet spoke to us of the beauty of silent work, and he held up before us the sturdy patience of the past in sharp contrast with the garrulous self-evidence of that deteriorated present, of which we were to be a part; and yet, scarcely did we stand on the threshold of our time, when a modest English naturalist and observer broke years of silence by quietly uttering the word which relegated to the domain of fable that which, since the days of Moses, had been accepted as the foundation of religious belief. In the time of our apprenticeship we still read of the mystery of Africa in the pages of Herodotus, while the sources of the Nile were as unknown to our world as to the world of Pharaohs; then one day a patient, long-suffering, solitary explorer emerged from the wilderness, and the secret was revealed. In our own time and before our purblind eyes, scarcely realizing what they saw or knowing enough to wonder, Livingston eclipsed Columbus, and Darwin rewrote Genesis. The Paladin we had been told was a thing of the past; ours was the era of the commonplace; and, lo! Garibaldi burst like a rocket above the horizon, and the legends of Colchis and the crusader were eclipsed by the newspaper record of current events. The eloquent voice from Cheyne Row still echoed in our ears, lamenting the degeneracy of a time given over to idle talk and the worship of mammon—defiled by charlatans and devoid of workers; and in answer, as it were, Cavour and Lincoln and Bismarck crossed the world's stage before us, and joined the immortals. We saw a dreaming adventurer, in the name of a legend, possess himself of France and of imperial power. A structure of tinsel was reared, and glittered in the midst of an age of actualities. Then all at once came the nineteenth century Nemesis, and, eclipsing the avenging deity of which we had read in our classics, drowned in blood and obliterated with iron the shams and the charlatans who, our teacher had told us, were the essence and characteristic of the age.

And the College—the *alma mater*—she who to-day has placed me above the rank of journeyman—what changes has she witnessed during those years of probation?—rather what changes has she not witnessed! Of those—president, professors, instructors and officers—connected with it then, two only remain; but the young bachelor of arts who, degree in hand, came down the steps that I was then ascending, has for more than half those years presided over the destinies of the University, and, under the impulse of his strong will and receptive mind, we have seen the simple, traditional College of the first half of the century develop into the differentiated University of the latter half. In 1856, when I received from the University my first diploma, the college numbered in the aggregate of all its classes fewer students than are found in the average single class of to-day. And in the meanwhile what have her alumni done for the *alma mater?* In 1853, when my apprenticeship began, the accumulated endowment of the more than two centuries which preceded amounted to less than one million of dollars; the gifts and the bequests of the forty-two years covered by my apprenticeship and travels have added to the one million over ten millions. And this, we were taught, was the "rag-gathering age" of a "trivial, jeering, withered, unbelieving" generation—at least, it gave.

Thus, as I stand here to-day in the high places of the University and try to speak of the lessons and the theories of life which my travels have taught me—as I pause for a brief space by the well-remembered college steps which more than forty classes have since gone up and descended, and, while doing so, look back over the long vista of probation, my impulse is to bear witness to the greatness and splendor, not to the decadence and meanness, of the age of which I have been a part. My eyes, too, have seen great men accomplishing great results—I have lived and done journeyman work in a time than which none history records have been more steadfast and faithful in labor, more generous in gift or more fruitful in results; none so beneficent, none so philanthropic, none more heroic of purpose, none more romantic in art.

More than thirty years ago, while those cannon of Gettysburg were booming in my ears, sounding the diapason of that desperate onslaught to which I have already referred, there came up in my memory these lines from the "Samson Agonistes":—

> All is best, though we oft doubt,
>   What th' unsearchable dispose
> Of highest wisdom brings about,
>   And ever best found in the close.
> Oft he seems to hide his face,
>   But unexpectedly returns,
> And to his faithful champion will in place
>   Bear witness gloriously.

These lines, I say, I repeated over and over to myself, somewhat mechanically, I suppose, in the dust and heat and crash of that July day. I was younger then; I am young no longer. But, now as then, those verses from Milton's triumphant choral bring to me, clad in seventeenth-century words and thought, the ideas of evolution, continuity, environment and progression, and, above and beyond all, abiding faith in man and in our mother age, which are the lamps the last half of the nineteenth century has lit whereby the steps of the twentieth century shall be guided. [Applause.]

JANE ADDAMS

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Jane Addams is probably the best known woman in the United States. She has long been connected with the social settlement at Hull House in Chicago and has spoken and written on subjects of political and social reform. The speech which follows was given at the dinner at the Union League Club, Chicago, February 23, 1903. Her speech "Seconding the Nomination of Roosevelt for President, 1912," is in Volume VIII and her tribute to Henry Lloyd in Volume IX.

We meet together upon these birthdays of our great men, not only to review their lives, but to revive and cherish our own patriotism. This matter is a difficult task. In the first place, we are prone to think that by merely reciting these great deeds we get a reflected glory, and that the future is secure to us because the past has been so fine.

In the second place, we are apt to think that we inherit the fine qualities of those great men, simply because we have had a common descent and are living in the same territory.

As for the latter, we know full well that the patriotism of common descent is the mere patriotism of the clan—the early patriotism of the tribe. We know that the possession of a like territory is merely an advance upon that, and that both of them are unworthy to be the patriotism of a great cosmopolitan nation whose patriotism must be large enough to obliterate racial distinction and to forget that there are such things as surveyor's lines. Then when we come to the study of great men it is easy to think only of their great deeds, and not to think enough of their spirit. What is a great man who has made his mark upon history? Every time, if we think far enough, he is a man who has looked through the confusion of the moment and has seen the moral issue involved; he is a man who has refused to have his sense of justice distorted; he has listened to his conscience until conscience becomes a trumpet call to like-minded men, so that they gather about him and together, with mutual purpose and mutual aid, they make a new period in history.

Let us assume for a moment that if we are going to make this day of advantage to us, we will have to take this definition of a great man. We will have to appeal to the present as well as to the past. We will have to rouse our national consciences as well as our national pride, and we will all have to remember that it lies with the young people of this nation whether or not it is going to go on to a finish in any wise worthy of its beginning.

If we go back to George Washington, and ask what he would be doing were he bearing our burdens now, and facing our problems at this moment, we would, of course, have to study his life bit by bit; his life as a soldier, as a statesman, and as a simple Virginia planter.

First, as a soldier. What is it that we admire about the soldier? It certainly is not that he goes into battle; what we admire about the soldier is that he has the power of losing his own life for the life of a larger cause; that he holds his personal suffering of no account; that he flings down in the gage of battle his all, and says, "I will stand or fall with this cause." That, it seems to me, is the glorious thing we most admire, and if we are going to preserve that same spirit of the soldier, we will have to found a similar spirit in the civil life of the people, the same pride in civil warfare, the spirit of courage, and the spirit of self-surrender which lies back of this.

If we look out upon our national perspective, do we not see certainly one great menace which calls for patriotism? We see all around us a spirit of materialism—an undue emphasis put upon material possessions; an inordinate desire to win wealth; an inordinate fear of losing wealth; an inordinate desire to please those who are the possessors of wealth. Now, let us say, if we feel that this is a menace, that with all our power, with all the spirit of a soldier, we will arouse high-minded youth of this country against this spirit of materialism.

We will say to-day that we will not count the opening of markets the one great field which our nation is concerned in, but that when our flag flies anywhere it shall fly for righteousness as well as for increased commercial prosperity; that we will see to it that no sin of commercial robbery shall be committed where it floats; that we shall see to it that nothing in our commercial history will not bear the most careful scrutiny and investigation; that we will restore commercial life, however complicated, to such honor and simple honesty as George Washington expressed in his business dealings.

Let us take, for a moment, George Washington as a statesman. What was it he did, during those days when they were framing a constitution, when they were meeting together night after night, and trying to adjust the rights and privileges of every class in the community? What was it that sustained him during all those days, all those weeks, during all those months and years? It was the belief that they were founding a nation on the axiom that all men are created free and equal. What would George Washington say if he found that among us there were causes constantly operating against that equality? If he knew that any child which is thrust prematurely into industry has no chance in life with children who are preserved from that pain and sorrow; if he knew that every insanitary street, and every insanitary house, cripples a man so that he has no health and no vigor with which to carry on his life labor; if he knew that all about us are forces making against skill, making against the best manhood and womanhood, what would he say? He would say that if the spirit of equality means anything, it means like opportunity, and if we once lose like opportunity we lose the only chance we have toward equality throughout the nation.

Let us take George Washington as a citizen. What did he do when he retired from office, because he was afraid holding office any longer might bring a wrong to himself and harm to his beloved nation? We say that he went back to his plantation on the Potomac. What were his thoughts during the all too short days that he lived there? He thought of many possibilities, but, looking out over his country, did he fear that they should rise up a crowd of men who held office, not for their country's good, but for their own good? Would he not have foreboded evil if he had known that among us were groups and hordes of professional politicians, who, without any blinking or without any pretense that they did otherwise, apportioned the spoils of office, and considered an independent man as a mere intruder, as a mere outsider; if he had seen that the original meaning of office-holding and the function of government had become indifferent to us, that we were not using our foresight and our conscience in order to find out this great wrong which was sapping the foundations of self-government? He would tell us that anything which makes for better civic service, which makes for a merit system, which makes for fitness for office, is the only thing which will tell against this wrong, and that this course is the wisest patriotism. What did he write in his last correspondence? He wrote that he felt very unhappy on the subject of slavery, that there was, to his mind, a great menace in the holding of slaves. We know that he neither bought nor sold slaves himself, and that he freed his own slaves in his will. That was a century ago. A man who a century ago could do that, would he, do you think, be indifferent now to the great questions of social maladjustment which we feel all around us? His letters breathe a yearning for a better condition for the slaves as the letters of all great men among us breathe a yearning for the better condition of the unskilled and underpaid. A wise patriotism, which will take hold of these questions by careful legal enactment, by constant and vigorous enforcement, because of the belief that if the meanest man in the republic is deprived of his rights, then every man in the republic is deprived of his rights, is the only patriotism by which public-spirited men and women, with a thoroughly aroused conscience, can worthily serve this republic. Let us say again that the lessons of great men are lost unless they reënforce upon our minds the highest demands which we make upon ourselves; that they are lost unless they drive our sluggish wills forward in the direction of their highest ideals.

GEORGE ADE

A CINCINNATUS FROM INDIANA

Address delivered by George Ade at a dinner in his honor at the Lotos Club, New York, December 18, 1920. The author of "Fables in Slang" was never in better humor.

Mr. Toastmaster, Fellow-Members of the Lotos Club, Guests:—Man is never so dismally employed as when he is proclaiming his own unworthiness. The trouble is, he may prove his case. When the heavens open and a great boon descends upon him—and knocks him groggy—the only thing for him to do is to pretend that he expected it sooner.

If you find a laurel wreath on your brow, "leave it lay there."

While passing through a pleasant ordeal, as in the present instance, don't ask yourself, "Why are they doing this to me?" The only question to ask is, "How can I get through it without being apprehended?"

Everything was quiet in the Middle West when Secretary Price plucked Cincinnatus from the plow. He called to me and I have come. I have come with a message to the crowded East from the wild and free—more wild than free—open spaces of the corn belt, where nearly every one voted dry and hardly any one refuses a drink.

I answered the summons because the Lotos is the most wonderful club in the world. For the past twenty-five years it should have been conducting a correspondence school for toastmasters. It has produced the only toastmasters who could acquire the simple art of sitting down. It is the only dining organization that can compel an orator to condense a five-minute speech into eight minutes.

One day I was an humble agriculturist and next day I was a fairy queen in your Christmas pantomime. After I came to, some one said, "They must have heard about your golf game." I said, "No, I think it is in recognition of my war work. Herbert Hoover and Leonard Wood and John Pershing have received their rewards, before, during and after the Chicago Convention, and now it is my turn."

Let me explain. Perhaps you have heard of Will Hays. He is the champion 90-pound Hoosier heavyweight. You may not know that during the war Will Hays and I kept the Germans out of Indiana. In fact, it may not be generally known in New York that Indiana was involved in the war at all.

I inquired of Mr. Price and he told me not to say too much about my war record, or the Club might withdraw the invitation. He said that war stuff was cold. The man in uniform is now just as popular as Article Ten. He said that the people in New York didn't get up any more except when the orchestra plays "The Wearing of the Green" or "Rule, Britannia," and then they go up about ten feet.

It occurred to me that possibly the members of the Lotos Club had cultivated their memories by the new magazine methods so that they could remember away back to the time when I was a playwright.

A man who works for me out on the farm said he thought they were giving me a dinner because I had never gone into moving pictures.

Finally, I came to this philosophical conclusion—the Lotos Club knows what it is doing. The Lotos Club makes very few mistakes. When it gives a dinner there is a reason.

Of course, wandering through the Hall of Fame on the lower floor of the club, which the Eighteenth Amendment has vainly attempted to convert into a sarcophagus, one occasionally finds the portrait of a celebrity who is no longer receiving free food from this establishment. But, in sizing up the whole collection, you will admit the truth of what I have suggested, that the Lotos Club makes very few mistakes. I hope to goodness I am right.

I am trying to-night to control my emotions and to hold back the platitudes.

There are many reasons why I should tell you that I am grateful to you from the bottom of my heart and that this is the proudest moment of my life, but why spoil your evening? Years ago when I found myself footloose and the first easy money in my hands, the logical thing for me to do was to come to New York and grapple with the stock market. Instead of which I took up my voting residence back in Indiana. It is true that I haven't put in a great deal of time there. I built a country house. Not to go to, but merely to refer to.

I hung around Indiana long enough to get myself bracketed with General Lew Wallace, James Whitcomb Riley, Booth Tarkington, Meredith Nicholson, David Graham Phillips, Albert J. Beveridge and George Barr McCutcheon. For years I have been so busy getting myself bracketed with those luminaries that I have forgotten to write anything.

My real life work has been the construction of a nine-hole golf course.

Often I wonder if I made a mistake in going back to Indiana instead of moving on to New York. If I had come here I could now wear spats without being self-conscious, but would I have crippled the stock market? Is it better for a man to have a tin box full of standard securities or several cribs full of corn? In either case, he is ready to accept a benefit.

Is it better to lead a placid life in the country or remain in contact with the thrilling stimuli of the metropolis? Mr. Emerson was right when he said that each career must pay its way. There are compensations and penalties no matter where we choose to camp.

After a man has acquired ten million, he must accept, with each additional million, at least one gallstone. I have missed a lot of happy nights by being in the country, but I got a lot of sleep that many of the people in your city seem to need, at all times.

One thing is sure. If I had been hanging around this Club every evening for the last fifteen years, I would not now be the central figure in this "Last Supper" tableau.

So I am glad I went to the country. I don't know why you called me back, but I am glad you did. God knows why you have pinned a medal on me, but God bless you, just the same. I thank you.

ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES

RECOLLECTIONS OF AMERICA

The following speech of the Prince of Wales was given at a Thanksgiving Day dinner of the American Society in London on November 27, 1924. The Prince of Wales refers to his recent visit to America. In Volume II will be found a speech by the Prince's grandfather, Edward VII, in which he refers to his visit to America when he was Prince of Wales.

It is just a month since I returned from America and from my wonderful holiday trip, on which I feel the seal is being set to-night by your kind invitation to join you in celebrating your great national festival.

My being able to accept that invitation means I am again enjoying a home product of yours. You have many home products, but the one I mean is that true blend of hospitality and friendliness which to-night makes me feel almost that I am back on the other side and that if I look out of the window I shall see the Woolworth Building and the Wrigley twins. [Laughter and cheers.]

His excellency has said many kind words in proposing my health. It was suggested that I should tell you something about my stay in America, but I hesitate to do that, because I feel if any of you read your American papers at all regularly during the time I was there you would know a great deal more about my stay than I do myself. [Laughter.] Many things, some of them I do not even remember, seem to have happened to me—on paper. [Laughter.]

But I remember quite enough to provide a big store of very

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happy recollections which will last me a lifetime. Perhaps a few of them will be of interest to you, who, although in no sense strangers in a strange land, must be glad to have first-hand views of your own country. [Laughter.]

I had no sooner landed than the President honored me by inviting me to meet him and his family at the White House. That meeting and the day I spent in Washington got me all set for my stay. [Laughter and cheers.]

My recollections of the polo games are not of the final scores, but of the splendid play of those good sportsmen who played those two great battles—they were great battles—in the presence of a very generous and sympathetic crowd who appreciated any good bit of work by either side.

When the games were over I was fortunate in seeing many interesting things in New York City, for instance, your Natural History Museum. [Laughter.] Perhaps I need not enumerate some of the others [laughter], but I would like you to know that I did a little mild commuting on the subway. [Laughter.] Some of you may have heard of that from Will Rogers.

It seems a pity. He is a great man in New York, and although he "picked on me quite a little" [laughter], we became great friends and played polo together. In fact he "did over" one of my polo ponies. [Laughter.]

All this was only a glimpse of that great city which thrills me. It is a beautiful city and I sincerely hope it will not be the last glimpse.

Later, on my way back from the Pacific, I had even shorter but equally interesting glimpses of Chicago and Detroit. The obvious remark to make about these two cities is that one turns live pigs into little bits as fast as the other turns little bits into live automobiles. [Laughter.] I won't say which process interested me the most. I have many good friends in both places. I have certainly never spent two more interesting days or been treated more kindly.

It seems all wrong that on Thanksgiving Day I should be taking up all your time in talking about America, as if I were a second Christopher Columbus. My only excuse is that I do not believe Columbus arrived with anything like the pleasurable anticipation that I did, or that he saw Sandy Hook fade over the horizon with anything like the regret that I had, or wish to see it loom up again some day. [Cheers.]

I most certainly mean that. I have seen only a very little of your great country, which has so much to show to Englishmen and so much to teach them, and I most certainly look forward to being able to go over again very soon. [Cheers.]

In thanking you for your hospitality, I feel that in some way I am also expressing to my friends in the United States something of the gratitude I owe them for all they did over there in giving me such a wonderful time.

I offer my best wishes for Thanksgiving Day and I hope you will live to enjoy many more. [Cheers.]

EDWIN ANDERSON ALDERMAN

VIRGINIA

Born at Wilmington, N. C., in 1861, and graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1882, President Alderman has been constantly identified with education in the South. He was at the head successively of the universities of North Carolina and Tulane before accepting the presidency of the University of Virginia in 1904. He has been also a leader of the progressive forces working to create the New South, and has often appeared as advocate and spokesman for its ideals. The remarkable speeches which follow supply the essentials of this creed. The first address was delivered in response to the toast "Virginia," at the banquet given by the citizens of Petersburg, Virginia, to the President of the United States and the Governor of Pennsylvania, on May 19, 1909. Dr. Alderman's memorial address on Woodrow Wilson is printed in Volume IX.

Whenever men join in tribute to other men who were willing to sacrifice themselves for a conception of public duty, the whole human mass moves forward in the way of brotherhood. One may, with entire restraint, call this day, which we have spent in this historic city, a day of dignity and high feeling. Even if the Chief Magistrate of the Republic had not honored it by his kindly presence, its own memories, sincerities, and fraternities would suffice to set it apart for remembrance and respect. Pennsylvania and Virginia are tied together by many unbreakable bonds of common ancestry, common glory, and common tragedy. Staunton and Pittsburgh were once in the same county in the far-off days when Virginia was so inclusive a term as to cover most of the country. Valley Forge and Germantown loom back of Gettysburg. Back of civil strife may be seen the brotherly forms of Washington and Franklin, and Independence Hall in Philadelphia and Thomas Jefferson of Virginia are forever united in the thought of the world. Among the men who charged with such wild valor at Gettysburg, and the men who stood with such granite firmness, were the same German and Scotch-Irish breeds who had peopled the Appalachians and had made the Shenandoah Valley the cradle of American democracy. Save perhaps at Dunbar and Naseby field, so large a proportion of brothers in blood of our race had never before met in shock of battle. It is fortunate for a republic like ours that great States like Pennsylvania and Virginia can turn from contemplation of their differences to warm their souls at the fire of common glories, for in that warmth such gross dross as hate and unforgiveness are consumed and pass away.

The State of North Carolina was my birthplace. I am profoundly grateful for the privilege of birth among that brave, self-reliant, and progressive people whose virtues are such as to guarantee to my mind that a democracy such as theirs will be the final form of government. My birth State taught me faith in men and confidence in the ultimate rectitude of public impulse, and I have for that State and that people the enduring love which a son should bear to a proud and generous mother. Virginia is now my home, and I have learned to love her and her people as all must who taste the quality of Virginia life. What strength I have is spent in the service of Virginia, and I rejoice in the opportunity of rendering, in this inspiring presence, that discriminating praise of her which all Americans owe, and which both love and reverence for her impel me to utter.

We of the South are sometimes laughed at gently for our sensitiveness to local things and our pride of State. Let us not be laughed out of this sentiment. I am an American, and feel utterly at home in this republic of my fathers, to which I owe and give as supreme affection and allegiance as if these bullets had never sped across the fields of civil strife. There is a weak and evil sectionalism which distrusts all who do not live in its particular region. This sinister sectionalism reaches a climax of folly and hurtfulness when it exalts complaisancy and self-satisfaction above open-mindedness and constant analysis. There is, as well, a fruitful and noble sectionalism which simply exalts love of home, and interest and affection for one's neighbors. Out of this fruitful sectionalism have come the great unselfishnesses, the great heroisms, the great sacrifices, the great men of the world. Indeed, the story of America is merely the story of great sections developing individual characteristics under the pressure of social and economic conditions, and then, by the sheer strength of local pride, reacting upon other sections and thus shaping into unity that complex result which we call national character. The great literatures of the race have been the work of those who loved their homelands, and saw so deeply into the meaning of life just about them, that they uttered their experiences in forms of such simple beauty and truth as to touch the universal heart, and so attained cosmopolitanism—and, sometimes, immortality. Burns upturned the modest violet in rude Scottish earth, but its faith and its fragrance have filled the world. One cannot imagine Homer and the great Greeks traveling abroad for inspiration. It is not strange to our quieter thought that England was the crystal drop in which Shakespeare mirrored the world's experience, and Christ needed only the sights and sounds of Judean byways to furnish him with the material for the pictures which, hanging forever in our minds, excel all others in wisdom and beauty. I speak in no narrow parochial spirit, therefore, when I say that Virginia seems to me the most distinguished, the most engaging, the most unselfish, and, in a spiritual sense, the most vital of American Commonwealths.

Perhaps the supreme distinction of all life is motherhood. No one can deny to Virginia the authority that springs from the motherhood of this Republic. Our civilization began on her watercourses, and our democracy was cradled in her mountain valleys. The story of John Smith and the arrival of the slave ship stamp her dimmest beginnings with a stamp of romance and tragedy. The *Mayflower* is an epic ship sailing westward on an unknown sea, bringing to these shores a breed of men who bore with them the town meeting, the public school, an appreciation of the value of the common man, and an indomitable capacity. Institutions and ideas were in their right hand, and in their left hand a willfulness, a foresight, and a common sense as inflexible as granite. They, too, builded a mighty Commonwealth which became the mother of States. No less epic are the ships that bore to Tidewater Virginia men whose souls were wrought in the same revolutionary fire in the old home-land. It is very silly to think of Virginia as springing from the loins of the butterflies of British aristocracy. These men, too, knew what it meant to die for a cause, and their conception of political liberty was just as clear and their genius for political expression perhaps a little clearer than that of the voyagers on the *Mayflower*. In following their differing paths of development these two prolific sections have greatly misunderstood each other. But in all their generations of dissension I see a certain quality of curiosity and interest, of sympathy and regret, akin to that which shows in a divided family, or which shines for us so strikingly in that gentlest and most singular of all historic reconciliations, when John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, after a lifetime of misunderstanding, had power given to their dying eyes to behold each other, face to face, in lineaments of essential grandeur and dignity.

Certainly, there are no two peoples in the world who quietly enjoy so much each other's commendation, or wince so smartly under each other's disapproval. When a New Englander has the greatness of soul to perceive the royal beauty of the character of Lee, or when a man like Lamar beholds and utters sublime words of understanding of the soul of a man like Sumner, it is a fine thing to note the glow of good feeling that pervades the two regions.

Out of Virginia's life came our supreme national hero and a group of resourceful men without whose influence it is difficult to see how the nation could ever have been born. They were able to achieve, besides, a manly personal charm, a grand manner, a catholic lovableness, the simplicity that belongs to a shepherd with the pride that belongs to a king, that established them forever in the affections of men. How cheapened of distinction and impoverished of dignity would be our national life if it were bereft of the glorified common sense of George Washington, the human sympathy and cosmopolitanism of Thomas Jefferson, the penetrating analysis of John Marshall, the patient wisdom of James Madison, and the instinct for duty and the calm forbearance and lofty wisdom of Robert E. Lee, who long generations afterwards flowered into the rose of his stately and tolerant manhood, very like the old stock, only gentler and more able, through virtue and suffering, to evoke the love of millions! Two such men as Washington and Lee in one century give to Tidewater Virginia the same sort of distinction which Pericles and Leonidas give to the Grecian Archipelago, for, after all, it is the output of great men that makes fame and friends for nations. Mr. Choate once told the English that the chiefest industry of America was education: so I may say that the chiefest contribution of Virginia to American life has been men, great governmental ideas, and a great spirit. If a stranger to American institutions should inquire who founded this republic, who shaped its structures for the ages, and who breathed into it the spirit that has enabled it to become the most venerable and impressive of all republics, a truthful answer, whoever it might exclude, would certainly include the names of Patrick Henry, George Washington, Richard Henry Lee, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, John Marshall, James Monroe, George Mason, and many more, less known to world-fame but a part of the amazing outburst of intellectual energy that came out of this Commonwealth to set the framework of our great popular experiment in forms of imperishable strength and beauty.

From Virginia's life, too, arose the genius that clothed in noble phrase the reasons for revolution; that guided victoriously the legions of war; that bore foremost initiative in shaping the Constitution; that interpreted its spirit; that widened colonial vision from provincialism to empire; and that fixed faith in average humanity as the philosophy of a new civilization. But it is as a land of the spirit that Virginia seems most majestic to me and most moving to any generous soul. Mere lists of measures traceable to her soil, or mere lists of great men who adorn her annals, do not convey adequately her message to this upward-striving democracy. That message is best conveyed by her spirit and that spirit is best summed up in three words—unselfishness, devotion to duty, and love of home. Can any message be more needed by our over-nourished, over-specialized, nervous society, suffering, it seems to me, from the very excesses of energy and achievement?

When in the interests of stability and union, it seemed necessary to surrender an imperial domain to the young government for which she had sacrificed so much, Virginia made that surrender without reservation, without haggling or bargaining, and with a graciousness and dignity that add a certain splendor to that critical, suspicious, and unlovely period in our progress toward nationality. The States of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois were carved out of that gift. One of them, at least, Ohio, has reached the point of contesting with her ancient mother the authority of being the mother of Presidents. Virginia can bear her success in this high emulation with fortitude, for she feels that Ohio's sons, including our distinguished guest to-day, the honored and beloved President of a reunited country, are the results of Virginia's generosity and partake of Virginia's spirit. Not content with this large gift of empire, like a thoughtful mother, Virginia assumed the task of providing for the guidance of the future populations of her surrendered domain, the genius of her great philosopher and friend of men, Jefferson, guiding her pen, and in the Ordinance of 1787 practically created a new "magna charta" which gave to that community the benefits of enlightened freedom in a larger way than had ever before been accorded to pioneers in new lands. I confess that there is no more painful circumstance to me in our history than the fact that this gracious and generous Commonwealth was one day to have what was left of its modest territory sundered and violated as a penalty for its devotion to an ideal of public duty.

It was reserved, however, for the Civil War and its consequences to test to the uttermost the spirit of Virginia and to prove that spirit pure gold. Do not fancy that I have the purpose to analyze the causes of this war, or to kindle from their ashes the fires that once burned so fiercely here and elsewhere through the land. The war between the States was a brothers' war, brought on, as our human nature is constituted, by the operation of economic forces, the clashing of inherited feelings, the impact of differing notions about the meaning of liberty woven by no will of either section into the very fabric of the people's life. Thus fate-driven, the sections came to war embodying in stern antagonism two majestic ideas—the idea of local self-government and the idea of union. No war in human history was a sincerer conflict than this war. It was not a war for conquest or glory. To call it rebellion is to speak ignorantly; to call it treason is to add viciousness to stupidity. It was a war of ideas, principles, political conceptions, and of loyalty to ancient ideals of English freedom.

Virginia did not enter this war with a light heart. She loved the Union, for it was her child. Calmly, patiently, sadly, without haste or passion, save a certain anguish of spirit, Virginia made her choice while all the world awaited breathlessly which way would fall her decision and which way her great authority. True to character, Virginia went the old path of sympathy, idealism, and unselfishness, and a certain grand accounting of honor more than life and loyalty more than gold. With everything to lose and nothing to gain materially by her decision, she yet made it proudly, because to her mind the oldest and noblest conception of freedom was local self-government, and to her heart, as one might expect from a mother of States, came the appeal of her children on the Gulf plains and the Atlantic seaboard—lands populated by her sons, and looking to her for guidance and leadership in the troubled seas sweeping about them. They were younger Virginians crying to the mother for help in an hour of doubt and peril. These younger Virginians in the hot blood of youth and pride of growth had gone beyond the old mother in a tragic and supreme adventure. Now they were needing her ancient supremacy and her maternal counsel. No such compelling tide of sympathy and love and responsibility joined with a clear perception of constitutional justice ever before swept a great State to a supreme decision. Virginia, therefore, the builder of States and lover of peace, became the battlefield of a mighty struggle, and entered upon the course that caused her to experience a discipline of war and its consequences unknown to any other American community. Beleaguered cities, devastated valleys, ruined fields, precious life wasted, and all the land red like blood—this was the allotment of fate to Virginia. It is no coincidence that Yorktown and Appomattox, our mightiest American happenings, fell in Virginia. They fell there because Virginia was the root of the matter in both of the great crises.

To the material vision Virginia seemed ruined indeed when the storm had passed, but now we know that it was not so. She had suffered more than any country save Poland, and

Poland ceased to exist. There was poverty in Virginia and throughout the South, but it begot strength; there was wounded pride, but it begot in big hearts a noble humility; there was lack of energy in law and order in society, but it begot self-reliance and constructiveness: and somehow the love of millions lightened the gloom of the war-smitten land. By the might of great sacrifice, and great achievement, and great fortitude, Virginia achieved a spiritual authority over the hearts of Americans that she could not have won by the most astonishing material success. The golden peace in which the old State had been lapped for a generation had given no successors to the great dynasty of the past. The age of war and economic ruin, through the immortal careers of Lee, Jackson, Johnston, Stuart, and a goodly host of others, established a new dynasty of virtue and genius. The State became the State of memories to the old who had traversed its fields and red hills in the pride of youth and in the pomp of war, and it became a land of spiritual values to the young in the North and in the South who invested it with youth's generous ardor, with the consecration that belongs to regions where great deeds have been done and great martyrdoms endured.

Sympathetic and curious friends from other lands and States sometimes wonder why Virginia and the South give to General Lee a sort of intensity of love that they do not give even to Washington. The reason is simple to those who know Virginia and Lee. Washington stands high, clean, spotless, like the shaft that commemorates his fame in the national capital, at the gateway of our republican history symbolizing the majesty of the era of origins and success. In a noble rhapsody about Napoleon, Heinrich Heine declared that in his brain the eagles of inspiration built their eyries and in his heart hissed the serpents of ambition. Neither an eagle nor a serpent can ever figure in any description of the life and deeds of George Washington. He is simply a great illuminating allegory of unselfishness, self-control, and character, preaching in his life and in his grave utterances the high doctrine that immeasurable fame and service may be rendered more enduringly by integrity and honor than by eloquence or superhuman gifts. Lee is a type and an embodiment of the best there is in all the sincere and romantic history of the whole State. Its triumphs, its defeats, its joys, its sufferings, its rebirths, its pride, its patience center in him. In that regnant figure of quiet strength and invincible rectitude and utter self-surrender may be discerned the complete drama of a great stock. As he stood at Arlington on that fateful day in 1861, smiting his hands in agony over a decision he needs must make, his agony was his people's agony: as he rode in triumph by virtue of genius and valor, through the storm of victorious battle, his glory was their glory: as he stood forth amid all vicissitudes, ever unshaken of disaster or unspoiled by success, his fortitude was their fortitude: as the result of the Great Appeal was seen to rest at last upon his broad shoulders and his stout heart, his constancy was their constancy: as he stood at the end amid the shadows of defeat, an appealing and unconquerable figure of virtue, of service, and of dignity, his dignity was their dignity: and somehow in the majesty of his manner and bearing, he reached back into the very roots of the proud past of the Old Dominion and connected its golden age and its ancient authorities, its long and happy peace with the trouble and wonder of the present. And now, in this hour of reunion and reconciliation, we know how, in those five quiet, laborious years at Lexington, he symbolized the future for us as it has come to pass, and bade us live in it, in liberal and lofty fashion, with hearts unspoiled by hate and eyes clear to see the needs of a new and a mightier day. Can you wonder at the measure of the love a people bear for such an embodiment of their best? Surely God was good and full of thought for a people to set in the forefront of their life a figure so large and ample and faultless!

Gone from Virginia forever, let us hope, are the days of suffering and privation. Progress and peace rule her councils and prosperity smiles upon her fields. Wealth is pouring into her coffers. Hope and capacity and genius for adjustment glow in the hearts and minds of her sons. Faith in all her people, whether they issue out of the old stock chastened by fortitude and woe, or out of the plain people who fought her battles for her, is now her chiefest passion and their education her chiefest concern. Secure in the dignity of a spiritual authority which she has earned, Virginia holds up her head among her sisters even more proudly than in the older time when she gave rulers and law to the young republic, for her pride is more completely that just pride which springs out of intelligent devotion to all classes of her people.

Enriched by the spirit of a gentle civilization flowing about her for generations, protected by the love and veneration of thousands, and busy with a multitude of schemes for her own social betterment, she will yet not be turned aside from the glory and privilege of sharing in the inevitable remaking of the legal framework and the social spirit of the unrended country to which she gave birth and which she nourished in its helpless youth. There is a simple and holy feeling in her heart that the whole nation needs, in a peculiar sense, the strength and virtue which she has to contribute to its life, and that, in some grave hour of national peril yet to come, as such hours must come to every democracy, when the age of moral warfare shall succeed to the age of passionate gain-getting; when blind social forces have wrought some tangle of inequality and injustice: when the whole people shall seek for the man of heart and faith—out of her uncorrupted, abounding life shall issue leadership and guidance for the great republic cradled on her soil, and now grown so great.

THE MAKING OF A NATIONAL SPIRIT

Speech delivered before the Chamber of Commerce of New York, in March 1908.

I APPRECIATE, as a teacher, the privileges of speaking to this ancient and powerful Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York at a moment when I do not think it assembled primarily to discuss commerce, or to scan the balance of trade, but to discern the movement of the national spirit and to contribute to the health and strength of the national consciousness and character.

The speakers of the olden days proudly called you merchants, as they called my tribe schoolmasters and teachers. Now they call us, and a decent little brand of crackers, educators and they call you names—largely—plutocrats and oligarchs and other jagged looking epithets. Other points of likeness between the schoolmaster and the merchant encourage me in the effort to make this speech, which I do not mean to be hortatory, for I agree with Charles Lamb, that it is difficult to feel quite at ease with a schoolmaster, because he comes like Gulliver from among his little folks and cannot easily adjust the stature of his understanding.

What we call business and stupidly think of as a coarse material machine, is really the great cosmic university, to which nine-tenths of human beings go to learn truth-speaking, though they do not always learn it, and faith in men and to prove themselves by suffering and service. The teacher inculcates ideals and the merchant incarnates them for good or ill to this generation. An unfaithful merchant indicates social disease as surely and more vividly than an immoral schoolmaster, for the master rules of both are fidelity, truth and honor. The rewards and the power of both are great. The merchant's reward, if he be of intelligent mind, rich in social sympathy, farseeing in conception, is above the valor of the soldier, or the opportunity of the statesman in this modern world. The schoolmaster's reward sometimes comes too late to sweeten the toil of his day and is of a kind not greatly molested by thieves or rust, or even the most absent-minded of moths. But it has some infinite satisfaction and its power is simply symbolized by some cultivated, clean and fearless youth ready for life and fit to illustrate the majesty of republican citizenship.

I, therefore, do not think of you this evening as great magnates, or as the "beaked and taloned graspers of the world," as some one has gently called you, but as my fellow craftsmen, as plain extraordinary men, whose proudest fortune is the legacy of American citizenship, and whose proudest achievement will be to hand down that inheritance untarnished and undiminished.

It is fairly difficult these days to make a speech without mentioning Wall Street. I will begin pleasantly by saying, that Wall Street is bracketed with Gehenna as a sort of symbol of sin in the minds of many good people. That is probably going too far. The reflection that its giant activities are grounded on faith and integrity and credit, gives even to it and its fellow sinners, Lombard and State, a certain aspect of goodness and increases my pride in the essential dignity of the race. Sometimes I go down there impelled by that wonder which Plato called the beginning of knowledge. I seldom stay long, for the atmosphere leaves something to be desired in the way of restfulness. But I do not come away ever without stopping for a look at the finest thing down there—the regnant figure of an old Virginia country gentleman who was the richest man and the most public spirited citizen of a simple age, standing upon the steps of the Sub-Treasury Building, looking out with honest fearless eyes over that sea of hurrying men. That statue is the most remarkable allegory that ever got placed, by historic chance, at just the right spot in the history of the world, and points forward surely to the higher social order, when the Places-Vendôme and Trafalgar-Squares of the world will celebrate the glory of the great citizen. My speech is not going to wander far from that statue.

The conviction in the heart of George Washington that enabled him to be the richest man and the most public spirited citizen of his time, the same conviction in the hearts of men in this Chamber, and everywhere in this nation, that enables them to be something of both, is the conviction with enough strength in it, if it be a conviction and not a spasmodic emotion, to carry his democratic experiment past a very serious peril. It is, therefore, pertinent to know what the conviction is, and to inquire further if it can be reinfused in manly fashion into our republican life. Briefly put, it was the belief that a republic is the final form of human society, and the common man the best asset of society, that power rests on fitness to rule, that the sole object of power is the public good, and that service to the Republic is a glory quite sufficient in itself.

To Washington these ideas had a religious sanction, for they were in the air of an age of moral imagination and superb human enthusiasm which counted the dual standard for private and for public life as the essence of republican treason. They had religious sanction, too, for Jay and Hamilton and Clinton, whose figures adorn your Chamber building on Liberty Street, and no one can look into Saint Gaudens' face of Lincoln in Chicago, with its plainness and commonness and yet with its sublimity and gentleness, and fail to see those ideas shining there revealing the real glory of that great common man, and teaching through that melancholy world-face, the whole splendid rise of man to soul and mind and will. That noble and pathetic scene at Newburgh, when Washington put aside all ambition, was not hard for him, and he probably did not realize what a type of self-effacement Newburgh would become because of it. A century of trial has somewhat dulled the halo about democracy to fools and those of little faith, though the great optimism has abated sectarian fury, abolished legal slavery, protected and enlarged manhood suffrage, mitigated much social injustice, increased kindness and gentleness, preserved the form of the Union, conquered its wildernesses, developed great agencies of culture and made itself a symbol of prosperity.

But it has also developed new and hateful masters in politics and new shapes of temptation and wrongdoing, and after a generation of amazing constructive efforts, without sufficient leisure, perhaps, for ethical consideration, it is in danger of its own strength, and it must discover and protect itself with its own strength. I am not railing against great constructive forces, or uttering cheap prophecies of damnation, or doubting that the future will be an industrial world, which means a republican world. I am simply claiming that democracy, like a man's character, is never clear out of danger. It is not selfishness or corruption alone which we have to fear, for we have vanquished these before, but as much the temper of despair and faithlessness which blinds the eyes of our youth to the heroic simplicity and love of freedom at the heart of the American people. And it is youth that concerns me, for the grown folks are past saving. The chief weapon of the protective strength of democracy, I conceive to be the acceptance of the Washington type of public spirit as a working form of patriotism upon as large a scale in the social and political order as the instinct for coöperation and combination has been accepted in the industrial world. By the measure in which United States Steel surpasses the blacksmith's shop in efficiency, by the measure in which municipal government surpasses the rural township in complexity of politics—in that measure must both politics and business cease to be regarded as a game, or as war, or as a fixed code, or as a treasure-trove, and come to be thought of as a public function, as a public trust, not only in method and organization but in moral responsibility. Does this involve a moral miracle, or an utter change in human nature, or a surrender of democracy to State socialism or some other order? I do not know, but I do know this much, it certainly involves the reaffirmation of the founder's idea of public spirit as a dominant national motive and as a sort of inner wellspring of conduct, in place of the modern idea of headlong strength and achievement, following as a sort of spiritual corrective the gigantic system of modern business, and the new brood of political conditions with which neither statute law nor public morals have been able to keep pace. In short, as an industrial democracy has carried to high efficiency a new philosophy of business and politics, so it must reaffirm and reincarnate its old philosophy of citizenship and patriotism.

Patriotism, therefore, which is hard to define and new with every age, must again define itself. It meant manhood rights when Washington took it to his heart, as it means to the Russian to-day. It meant culture and refinement and mental distinction when Emerson in his Phi Beta Kappa address "besought the sluggish intellect of his country to look up from under its iron lids." It signified ideals and theories of government to the soldiers of Grant and Lee. It meant industrial greatness and splendid desires to annex nature to man's uses when the great leaders of the generation, whose patriotism and statesmanship and imagination no man will deny, built up their business and tied the Union together in a unity of steel and steam, more completely than all the wars. To-day it means a vast reaction from an unsocial and predatory individualism to self-restraint and consideration for the general welfare, expressing itself in a cry for fairness, and honor and sympathy in the use of power and wealth, as the states of spirit and mind that alone can safeguard republican ideals.

If in our youth and feverish strength there has grown up a spreading insanity of desire for quick wealth, and a theory of life in lesser minds, that esteem "money as everything, and therefore is willing to do everything for money," that very fact has served to define the patriotic duty and mood of the public mind. And is not the theory of our overlooking special Providence borne out in the fact that, as in the period seeking to establish manhood rights there stood forth at the head of the government, the figure of Washington, a republican saint around whom a young nation could rally, so now in a period pausing to search its heart, there stands forth a figure of a bold prophet of common righteousness and common service and common decency strong enough to be everywhere, and sincere enough and unconscious enough to preach his doctrine in a thousand voices? This re-awakened patriotism of the common good has the advantage of appeal to a sound public conscience as yet unbalanced by hysteria and of being supported by a valid and authoritative public opinion, not yet dulled by contentment. Sound public conscience and valid public opinion are the last unbreached strongholds of our old democracy. In proof of their soundness and authority I claim that if there be a man in America to-day who has an unjust fortune, and a pagan ideal of its use, he will not bask as cozily in the respect of his fellows; nor have as much fun as Crœsus or Louis XIV. The gift of one hundred and seven millions of dollars in one year by private individuals to the general welfare, a colossal development of the sense of social obligation barely dreamed of by Washington, is the testimony on the affirmative side of this opinion. A servant of the people in City or State, who is afield for exploitation rather than service, is not as highly honored a man as Robert Walpole, or Warren Hastings, or Aaron Burr, as the roll call of some prison houses will show. The disposition which democracy has just shown, at the most inconvenient moment, to ask the Powers that Be whether they are the Powers that Ought to Be, in Mr. Lowell's phrase, and the answer to the question are the testimonies of the affirmative side of that opinion. Plain people, it is true, are not as awe-struck at the names of the powerful as they once were, but one may note a growing ability to render awe where awe is due, which is a beautiful growth in discernment. In a nobler, truer light, shine for the people of America the names of those upright souls, in business and politics, who have held true in a heady time, who have kept quick and human their sympathies and their republican ideas and, by so doing, have kept sweet their country's fame.

What is the influence of the schools and the universities upon public conscience and public opinion in this ever new re-molding of the national spirit? These schools and universities have been changing their form from simplicity to power under the pressure of this same era of passionate strength, and educational ideals are more often the result of social pressure than social ideals the result of educational direction. What are the results? I claim this much for the schools; they are to-day more helpfully related to the public life of States and Cities than ever before. They are closer to the reach and needs of that body, who are neither rich nor poor, and upon whom rests the solution of our problems. They are producing more abundantly and scattering more widely the results of their production. They speak with the authority of knowledge. The sane protest of our time has therefore come out of them, the scholarship in them, neither radical, nor subservient, is thoroughly permeated with a sense of public spirit and informed with a note of hopefulness and seriousness and old-fashioned belief in the mission of the Republic. To be sure, this scholarship is not mere goodness, for untrained goodness does not count for much in this world, whatever may be its felicities in the next, but it is scholarship that cannot be frightened, because it is capable, and cannot be corrupted, because it is fortified with faith and ideals; and it is unweakened by cynicism or despair, because it is made possible by the beneficence of the individual and the sagacity of States. Therefore, I reckon as Mr. Bryce did, that the most helpful aspect of the Republic is the spectacle of the schools and colleges struggling to fashion the right sort of an American, tempting the rich to service, conveying to States the idea of civic duty, preserving the great popular heart from envy and hatred, and establishing a standard where men may repair and make a stand for the eternal values.

A Southern man is so often thought of as an ambassador from one court of public opinion to another, that I had hoped to conclude this speech without speaking of the South, so completely do I think of my section as one with the Union in social and economic unification. But the impulse to declare to you that the progress in Southern affairs constitutes one of the most satisfying phases of the national life, is too strong to resist. After isolation and submersion through the virtues of self-reliance and patience, the Southern States are now vigorous parts of the modern industrial democracy. Their development in agriculture, industry, education and public spirit is harmonious and equable, without frenzy or perversion of ideals, and coincides fortunately with a period of quickened civic conscience. They have indeed learned that patriotism may express itself in terms of wealth and energy as well as in terms of sentiment and loyalty, but they have not yet learned it too well. They are happy over full smokehouses and corncribs and cotton fields and savings banks, and it is pleasant to wax a little fat after lean years, but their happiness is not yet sordid intoxication. They know that they have much to learn of the East and the West, of the value of universal training of orderly community effort, of industrial organization, but they believe that they, too, have something to teach of the dignity of personality, of idealism and unsordidness, of the true individualism bred in the bone of the American, untouched by racial intermingling, and unmodified by relentless urban influences.

If their universities, however, true to scholarship and national in spirit, be not generously or amply, or even sufficiently equipped, they comfort themselves with the thought that the nation has a precious asset in the quality of their youth, disciplined in simple living and in self-sacrifice, seeing life as duty and opportunity, not as pleasure or self-indulgence, and with the faith that the power necessary to transform these universities exists, and is undergoing consecration to these purposes in thousands of purposeful minds and enlightened consciences. The Southern boy of this generation has found himself at last in American life and made himself at home at the moment when the Republic has most need of his tempered strength. He is a fine hopeful figure, this Southern boy whom I know so well, of strong political instincts, facing tardily a fierce industrialism, and a new democracy with its grandeurs and temptations, his ambitions and dreams moving about them and yet holding fast, through the conservatism in his blood, to the noble concepts of public probity and scorn of dishonor. And there is a fine justice that this should be true at the climax of the heroic renaissance of his section, so long overborne with burdens and misconceptions and tragedies, but at last unhindered and free to run the course which Jefferson foresaw and Washington blessed with his transparent integrity and his glorified common sense.

JAMES ROWLAND ANGELL

NATIONAL MORALITY

Speech at the one hundred and sixteenth annual dinner of the New England Society in the city of New York, held at the Waldorf-Astoria, December 22, 1921. Mr. Bowen, president of the society, in introducing the speaker said: "At the house of the first president of the society, which, as has been stated, is still standing at the Battery, and which I visited to-day, there was a preliminary meeting of those who were interested in founding the New England Society held before the public meeting for formal organization, at which preliminary meeting was present the father of Theodore Dwight Woolsey, President of Yale College, William Walton Woolsey by name, one of whose sisters was married to Timothy Dwight, President of Yale College and another of whose sisters, Sarah Woolsey, was married to Moses Rogers. William Walton Woolsey and Moses Rogers were partners in business and both attended the preliminary meeting as did their brother-in-law, President Timothy Dwight, who came down from New Haven in a sloop to visit his relatives. President Dwight, President Woolsey's father, and the husband of President Woolsey's aunt may also be called founders of our Society. It is appropriate, therefore, that the successor in office of President Dwight and President Woolsey should speak before the New England Society. He was graduated from the University of Michigan, studied at Harvard and was a professor at the University of Chicago. But in spite of all that the members of the Yale Corporation, two of whom I see before me to-night (one of the two being the senior lay member of the corporation), did wisely in electing him President of Yale University. His father was President of the University of Michigan, his grandfather was President of Brown University. Of what college his great-grandfather was president I do not know. I cannot remember as far back as that. It gives me pleasure, ladies and gentlemen, and fellow members of the New England Society, to introduce to you Dr. James Rowland Angell, President of Yale University."

Mr. President, Mr. Vice President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I suspect that the migration which is now going on has been somewhat accentuated among the Harvard and Princeton and Amherst graduates by what was intended, no doubt, as the kindly introduction which I have received. If the toastmaster had proceeded a little further I feel quite certain that I should have had only Yale men to address.

The high tone which the two previous speakers have struck, representing our leaders in the state, is a little difficult for a mere civilian instantly to catch and keep up. I venture, Mr. Chairman, to exercise my right, as myself a New Englander, and I may say a Vermonter—I was very much pleased at the figure which Vermont has cut this evening—the Vice President, as you know, is himself a Vermonter, and I remarked that after living for some years in Massachusetts he returned to Vermont to get a wife; in fact, returned to my native town—I wish, I say, to exercise, Mr. Chairman, my prerogatives as a New Englander, before speaking very briefly in more serious tone, to criticize just one or two points about this occasion.

In the first place I remark at the back of the speakers' table a picture of the *Mayflower*, an alleged picture of the *Mayflower*. Now, I ask you, if you see in this picture any bedsteads or any rocking chairs or any table or any of what we know to be that inexhaustible store of furniture which that great ship brought over? Most of you are too far away to observe the small craft leaving the larger ship. If you were where you could see the costumes in which what we must suppose to be the Pilgrim Fathers are in this portrait portrayed, I am sure you would share with me the deep sense of injury done to those worthy men. One of these gentlemen is apparently wearing a red flannel shirt; but I will not longer dwell on this painful subject.

I wish, however, to comment on one other slight departure from my own conception of Puritan simplicity, and it has been suggested that this voices a sense of jealousy. I should like to inquire, sir, in all respect, however, whence came to our Puritan ancestors these plaques of royalty which adorn your chest, not to mention the colored gewgaws which I notice upon the shirt bosoms of the distinguished gentlemen further down the table. I find it, sir, as a descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers, difficult to adjust myself to these expressions of modern frivolity.

Mr. Choate, to whom you yourself alluded, on one occasion, I believed, addressed a remark to you to the effect that one of the great purposes of these dinners was to admire yourselves and your virtues in the mirror of history. I venture, sir, for just an instant, to admire my own ancestry in the mirror of history.

I suppose that few living persons have by so small a margin become New England ancestors as I. If my dear mother had not persuaded my father to remain for a year or two after his first invitation to go into the remote West, I should myself no doubt have been able to look back upon New England ancestors, but not myself to have been a New England ancestor. I was for two very brief years resident in Vermont. I feel that it cannot be alleged that I have seriously injured New England by my residence.

I was brought up to believe that my mother's ancestry traces back to Peregrine White, the first white child, so called, born in the New England colony. I have never been quite sure whether Peregrine was male or female, but I am proud to trace my descent from him or her, and I have always had and cherished a little supercilious feeling for those unfortunate persons whose ancestors came in with Endicott and with Winthrop, not to mention those who came with that great migration from 1845 to 1850, which nearly reduced the Emerald Isle to a desolate wilderness, of whom so many descendants are now discernible among us. New York seems to have fallen chronically in love with one, and I observe that Boston has just taken to her bosom another.

And on my father's side I trace back nine generations to Roger Williams' party. Roger, like certain other strong-minded gentlemen, Mr. Chairman, found it quite impossible to live in the Massachusetts Zion, and he repaired to Rhode Island, where apparently many other dissenters and separatists and individualists and cranks retired. And it is not uncommon in the domestic circles in which I move, to find that certain traits in my own character are sometimes referred to this ancestry.

At all events, I cherish with great pride my connection with

Vermont, a state in which, as you well know, a relatively larger portion of the landscape is vertical, or at least on edge, than any other New England state; a state which also, besides the credit which has been given it to-night, enjoys the credit of having first written into its constitution the absolute interdict of slavery. And now I have the very great honor of finding myself a resident of Connecticut, the state which, as you will well recall, first discerned the great economic possibilities of the nutmeg. So I feel, Mr. Toastmaster, that perhaps I may present myself among you with some conviction that my claims to New England connections are *bona fide,* and that even as concerns the Pilgrim Fathers I need not stay far in the rear of your plaque.

Now, if the hour were earlier, I should venture to enter upon an extemporaneous exposition of the more serious thoughts which I had designed for this occasion, and I might perhaps have followed the procedure which a dear teacher of mine used to be alleged by his better half to follow. She described his performance in this way. She said, "Mr. R., when he speaks, first tells you what it is he is going to say. Then he says it. Then he tells you what it is he has said, and he concludes his address with great satisfaction to himself by pointing out to you that he has now said what he was going to say." I think I shall confine myself merely to saying it. And having put down on a few brief sheets these thoughts, I proceed to deliver them to you, hoping that your endurance will be equal to the occasion, and assuring you that they are really brief. If I were to allow myself to offer these same observations without this control, my terminal facilities being a trifle unreliable, I might find that I had lost all of my audience.

If I seem in these few comments to traverse the historical accuracy of some of my distinguished predecessors on the program this evening, I trust you will attribute it to my purely academic point of view. When the college professor meets the statesman, we know always what the result will be. I wish to say, however, that the distinguished senator, in intimating to you that some of the remarks which the chairman made about him were untrue, did not deny the assertion that he had been a college professor. Now, next to being a member of the Senate, that is perhaps as serious a charge as could well be made.

Twentieth century America takes but a languid interest in the golden age of antiquity. In the face of a torn and agitated world it is complacently disposed to believe that life is to-day fuller, more interesting and more agreeable than at any previous time in the history of man, and that to-morrow is likely to reveal still further promise. And yet at these dinners, and similar ceremonies held elsewhere, the Pilgrim Fathers are extolled in terms which would have brought the blush of shame to their tanned and sallow cheeks; and this despite the fact that their descendants could by no possible means be induced to exchange their present lot for that of these heroic ancestors. We praise, but we do not envy.

Not only is praise lavished upon the Pilgrims, but often it is ludicrously misconceived and misdirected, as who should praise Napoleon for his modesty, or Henry VIII for his domestic virtues. It has been said that it is better not to know so much than to know so much which is not true, and similarly it may be advisable to praise our forbears less or to praise them more justly.

The Pilgrim is often lauded as the founder of religious liberty; and it is true that by his struggle to secure opportunity to worship according to his conscience he contributed to this great cause. But the liberty he sought for himself he was reluctant to grant to others. A witty commentator has observed in regard to the Massachusetts Bay Colony, that after ten years its members had so far secured religious liberty that any one who agreed with the Elders was at perfect liberty to say so.

Others were irresistibly urged to return to England or to cultivate their heresies among the savages. As the Indians commonly scalped the heretic first and examined his theology afterwards, few dissenters elected this alternative. Again there is often much unfounded accrediting to these glorious forbears of ours of the establishment of democratic government. It is true that in Connecticut there was at the outset a form of democratic town government, but it was hardly more than a form, and for many a long year democracy, as we now know it, was not only wholly lacking in New England, but was generally despised and distrusted. At Plymouth there was originally something closely approaching the communism apparently practiced in certain of the earlier Christian communities, but even this quickly passed away, being found impracticable. No one would deny that liberty of conscience and the forms of democracy both grew up in New England. But equally no informed persons can truthfully assert that these achievements were characteristic of the earliest New England communities. What we do find in the Pilgrims is the most superb devotion to religious convictions. For them the real world was the world of the spirit compared with which the world of material things was but ephemeral dross. They feared not death nor physical suffering. Their dread was for sin, for the weakness of their souls in the face of temptation. Their heroic venture into the unknown wilderness across a wintry sea will always stand as one of the immortal landmarks in the onward march of the human soul, an enduring proof of the unconquerable power of complete moral and religious devotion. If we have that good fortune at all, we may well pride ourselves less on being their blood descendants than on being in some measure the worthy heritors of their undaunted spirit and their consecration to their vision of truth and righteousness. They respected law and human personality. Rank and social position as known in the polite world were to them an abomination and in turn, as was not unnatural, they were despised and persecuted by the leaders of that world. Liberty they valued above all, but only as a prerequisite to the fulfillment of duty, to obedience to Divine Law, fealty to the Maker of all things. Thoroughgoing democracy, universal suffrage and the like, were far from their ideals. We find among them also a position assigned to the family which made it the very foundation of the religious life of the individual and the community. He would be bold who should assert that our contemporary status of the family is an advance upon theirs. Moreover, they valued education and from the first moment set themselves to provide schools and shortly even a college for the education of their leaders. And if these men and women have sometimes been praised for qualities they either did not possess or did not esteem, it is equally true that they have been blamed for faults which were peculiar to other men of their time as well as to themselves.

The period was not one of large tolerance, either in politics or religion, and in these matters they fought fire with fire. They were undoubtedly serious and some of them presumably hard and sour, like certain of their descendants; but they were also certainly brave and wholly conscientious. Their domestic life may have been bleak, but at least it was sturdy and pure. Surely these traits have some meaning for us to-day. We do not see God with their eyes, but we know that justice and mercy shall endure forever. We do not apprehend Satan in the material forms which they made so vivid, but we do know that, with nations as with men, injustice breeds strife and loose morals spell national decay.

We can never return to their literalistic interpretation of the Scriptures, nor to the austerities of their daily life, but we may well inquire whether something of their sense of the deeper, spiritual values of experience would not soften the hard and cynical gaze with which so many a modern looks out upon life, would not enable a deeper and more enduring foundation for our social relations and our national vigor.

Is it too much to hope that those superb impulses of high spiritual purpose which possessed our entire nation during the late war may once more sweep over our people and imbed themselves forever in our national fiber? Such a moral victory would indeed be a fitting tribute to the dauntless men and women whose memory we honor to-night.

IRVING BACHELLER

THE YANKEE

Irving Bacheller, born in Pierpont, N. Y., 1859, was for many years actively connected with the press of New York. His novel "Eben Holden" in 1900 won him a wide reputation which has been sustained by many subsequent novels. The two speeches which follow were given at dinners of the New England Society of New York; the first on December 22, 1909; the second on December 22, 1917.

MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY: —How often a man's virtues are improved by his remoteness. No man was ever so great as on the hundredth anniversary of his birth. It takes centuries to make a saint and only a minute to make a sinner, and neither is apt to be a self-made man. In my youth I had some confidence in my own capacity for sainthood, and I boldly entered a contest with the Pilgrim Fathers, who were the shining examples of all history in the land of my youth. I ought to have known better. Sometimes I found a man who was easy, but, as a rule, no live man can compete with a dead one in the matter of keeping the Ten Commandments. If I lied everybody found it out. I was utterly disheartened until I heard one day that old Captain Smith himself claimed to have been stung by the tail of a codfish, and that a brother who used to sleep with the captain in the same pew had told of meeting a lion in the forests of Plymouth. My mother explained the matter by saying that probably they had dreamed it. Now, that may account for the fact that I became a dreamer instead of a saint. I resumed my contest with the Forefathers, but along new lines. Even then I was no match for them, they made such astonishing strides in the art of dreaming. Well, the fact is, to sum it up in a word, our Forefathers were very human, and I for one can see no discredit in that. They had been the weapons of Providence, and now they were to be its heavy tools—axes, plows, harrows—and, rightly, they were made of iron. Sometimes it was rather rough and rusty iron and very plain, but they were good people. If any of you are looking for ancestors I recommend them. There are none more accommodating and successful. Why, as I explored the slopes of history I used to find fifteen children in a family and not one servant. Now, we have fifteen servants in a family and not one child.

Of course, ladies and gentlemen, life those days was a prolonged battle and every house a recruiting station. They were so different. I don't want to blame anybody, but the fact remains that if we had lived in their day every one of us would have been hanged—gladly and gratefully hanged before sunset, it may be. You had to go to meeting five times a week, for one thing, and be yelled at for hours. On the whole we may congratulate ourselves that the place of our Forefathers in history is so secure that they are not likely to escape from it. They were grand, heroic warriors. Theirs had been the shield of the faith and the sword of the spirit. Naturally they needed enemies, and had them, and wore them out rapidly. It was their one extravagance. They were almost wasteful in their use of their enemies, but of course they knew how they could get new ones, and they enjoyed the discovery and even the manufacture of enemies, such as the witch and the Indian, to say nothing of the stinging cod and the lion of Plymouth.

Now when they had arrived at last and king and nobles had ceased to harry them, they began their long campaign against Nature: the smoothing and planting of the hills and valleys of New England. They discovered that a certain ancient trapper had arrived in advance of them and taken possession of the land, and set his snares around about it. They declared war upon him, and then began that long series of battles with Satan to which I shall have some occasion to refer again. Now when the family had scored against him and the heat of the fight was over the young men began to look for new battlefields. On came the first rank of the movers going west, feet of ox and men in the trails of the buffalo, the first of a million marches toward the setting sun, the occupation of the hilltops, the clearing of the farms, that era of neglected hair and whiskers when every man grew his own halo. The head of the Yankee was never so fertile inside and out. The war continued in many an outpost on the hills. Some had gone far from the Church and its penalties; some had neglected the tactics of their religion for the strategy of the horse trade. The Devil had entered many a man's heart in a counterfeit horse, even as the warriors of Agamemnon had entered Troy. Some had kept their faith in prayer, but had experienced the temporary consolation of profanity.

Many of the traps of the enemy had sprung and were no longer dreaded, but the rum trade had begun to flourish and Satan had invented a new snare. It was red, and baited with the spicy odor of tropic isles. But the divorce court had not yet arrived, nor the "best sellers"—to be the storehouses of unmentionable, if not unreadable, crime—they were as yet undug. It may well be that they thought they had gone low enough. Oh! If Satan had only known—but he was never a prophet.

Well, as I have said, the sons were ever moving to new scenes; there they separated, each choosing his own battlefield and fighting with ax and fire and like weapons. It was a little Gettysburg of stress and peril; its drum was the floor and flail, its bugle the dinner-horn. At the sound of the latter they charged upon base, insidious enemies—the baked bean, the salt pork, the West India molasses. Indoors, what a battle! Have you heard the droning of the spindle from morning till night—siz-z-z-z; and the rock of the cradle and the mother pacing back and forth the livelong day and singing as she rocked and spun songs of rest, but never resting, it would seem? Old John Robinson, to whom my honored friend has so eloquently referred, had written in a letter designed to convey comfort to the colony: that in a battle it was to be expected that divers should die.

And they did. My friends, life was so hard in places that a day of sickness was a luxury. The straight and narrow way was like a tight rope across a chasm with Hell in all directions save one. Men clung to life, but death cut them down. Then followed a wonder and a mystery that has made America what it is. Those men and women could not desert their posts. Each had chosen his battlefield and there he must remain, were it only for the precious dust in its bosom; for, mind you, the souls of their beloved were there under the sod of the old farm waiting the sound of the last trumpet that should wake the quick and the dead. Some might go, but some must remain to guard their sleep and, by and by, to join it. So the dead held the living to their tasks and the land became smooth and fruitful.

Now, through it all a wonderful thing had happened. As the lower fields were sown so were the upper—the fields of thought. In lonely places these men and women had had to do their own thinking, and one lesson they had learned well: that a man reaps as he sows. They had found that kindness may increase like corn.

Have you ever heard of the piazza? These days we would call it a small veranda. What a symbol of change it has been! The Yankee had always lived in a darkened house. It would not have done to fade the carpet. Oh, these men and women were so careful to save things, from their souls down to the rag carpet under their feet! They used to tell the Yankee that he was a worm. "The stars are not pure in His sight; how much less man that is a worm," said the Prophet. In those dark rooms it was easy to believe this or at least to misunderstand it. Many did. That is the reason there are so many old maids and bachelors in New England. Why, when a young man met an angel he naturally hesitated about offering her a worm. But by and by there was a flicker of wings against the darkness of the Puritan home. The worm had come out of his chrysalis and was a butterfly. They made a little place for him outside the house, all overgrown with flowers and vines. He reveled there in the air and the sunlight. The piazza had arrived. It was a watchtower of New England—a place of counsel and refreshment, of song and story. From it they could see the cars, the teams, the beauty of the fields and the glory of the sky and the movements of their neighbors.

The Yankee had lifted his eye from his own soul which had been ever as a watched and beaten captive. He discovered many things outside himself, and chiefly, the fact that his neighbor's soul was perhaps better than his own. Then for the first time he came out of Samaria and Egypt and entered into New England. He turned from the Israelites to the Americans, from death to life. The age-long war with the hosts of Mystery had ended: peace came, the deep, pervasive peace. The poets entered the schoolbooks and the houses, as did the sermons of my revered friend, Doctor Lyman Abbott. The Yankee thought of the time when his wormhood had been greater than his manhood, and he laughed and humor was born in him.

My patient, indulgent friends, may I have a moment more? I have briefly tried to suggest, all too inadequately, the sowing of two fields; but I would especially ask you to consider what has happened in the upper fields. Of the fruit of that vineyard we have seen much, and its last crop has been the host of the young coming out of college, the great upreach for light. There are some who say that this has gone too far, but I want to tell you that the Yankee is a farseeing man. He has observed the hoards of human oxen pouring in from Europe, men who can sleep in a pigsty and dine on an onion and a chunk of bread, and he has been unwilling to enter his sons in that sort of competition; and so he has sent them to college. I know a farmer whose income would excite the envy of high finance. He said to me: "Don't be afraid of education; the land will soak up all we can get and yell for more." My friends, if I knew half the secrets in ten acres of land I believe I could make my fortune off them in five years. We have sent the smart boys to the city and we have kept the fools on the farm. We have put everything on the farm but brains. Anybody can learn Blackstone and Greenleaf, but the book of law that is writ in the soil is only for keen eyes. We want our young men to know that it is more dignified to search for the secrets of God in the land than to grope for the secrets of Satan in a lawsuit. One hundred thousand young men will be leaving college within a year from now. If the smartest of them would go to work on the land with gangs of these human oxen, we could make the old earth lopsided with the fruitfulness of America.

Ladies and gentlemen, the hayseed is no more. I propose the health of the coming farmer who is to be a gentleman, a scholar, a laird, a baron. I propose the health of the many who have taught and shall teach him

To sow the seed of truth and hope and peace
And take the root of error from the sod,
To be of those who make the sure increase
Forever growing in the lands of God.

SENSE, COMMON AND PREFERRED

An address to the New England Society of New York, Dec. 22, 1917.

Mr. President, and Members of the New England Society: —For ages man has been afflicted with a fever of the spirit the most alarming symptom of which has been a sense of inherited superiority.

Of all the defects that flesh is heir to, inherited superiority is the most deplorable. It is worse than insanity or idiocy or curvature of the spine. There are millions of acres of land in Europe occupied by nothing but a sense of inherited superiority; there are millions of hands and intellects in Europe occupied by nothing but a sense of inherited superiority while billions of wealth have been devoted to its service and embellishment. A man who has even a small amount of it needs a force of porters and footmen to help him carry it around and a guard to keep watch for fear that some one will grab his superiority and run off with it when his back is turned.

A full equipment of inherited superiority decorated with a title, a special dialect, a lot of old armor and university junk stuck out so that there wasn't room for more than one outfit in a township. Most of the bloodshed has been caused by the blunders or the hoggishness of inherited superiority. It has been the nursing bottle of insanity—the Mellen's food of crime.

There are two kinds of sense in men—Common and Preferred, plain and fancy. The common has become the great asset of mankind; the preferred its great liability. Our forefathers had large holdings of the common, certain kings and their favorites of the preferred. The preferred represented an immense bulk of inherited superiority and an alleged pipe line leading from the king's throne to Paradise and connected with the fount of every blessing by the best religious plumbers. Always it drew dividends whether the common got anything or not. The preferred holders ran the plant, and insisted that they held a first mortgage on it. When they tried to foreclose with military power to back them, some of our forefathers got out.

We, their sons, are now crossing the seas to take up that ancient issue between sense, common and preferred, and to determine the rights of each. We are fighting for the foundations of democracy—the dictates of common sense.

To save time, I ask your license to resort to the economy of slang. A man might do worse these days. There is one great destroyer of common sense. It is hot air. Now, hot air has been the favorite dissipation of kings. James the First was one of the world's great consumers of hot air. He and his family and friends took all that Great Britain could produce—never, I am glad to say, a large amount, but enough to put James into business with the Almighty. To be sure it was not a full partnership. It was no absolute, Hohenzollern monopoly of mortal participation. It was comparatively modest, but it was enough to outrage the common sense of the English. After all, divine partnerships were not for the land of Fielding and Smollett and Swift and Dickens and Thackeray. Too much humor there, too much liberty of the tongue and pen, too great a gift for ridicule. Where there is ridicule there can be no self-appointed counselors of God, and handmade halos of divinity find their way to the garbage heap.

Now, if we are to have sound common sense, we must have humor, and if we are to have humor, we must have liberty. There can be no crowned or mitered knave, no sacred, fawning idiot, who is immune from ridicule; no little tin deities, who can safely slash you with a sword unless you give them the whole of the sidewalk. Humor would take care of them—not the exuberance that is born in the wine press or the beer vat. Wit is not a by-product of the brewery. It comes out of a sane mind in the act of vindicating common sense with ridicule. Solemnity is often wedded to Conceit and their children have committed most of the crimes on record. You may always look for the Devil in the neighborhood of some solemn and conceited ass who has inherited power, and who, like the one that Balaam rode, speaks for the Almighty. Asses have that habit. So when the Devil came back he steered for William II of Germany. Through William he began to destroy the common sense of a race with the atmosphere of hell-hot air. We have seen its effect. It inflates the intellect. It produces the pneumatic, rubber brain—the brain that keeps its friends busy with the pump of adulation, the brain stretched to hold its conceit. It is a noisy thing. The divine afflatus of an emperor causes as much disturbance as a leaky steam pipe. When the pumpers cease because they are weary, it becomes irritated. Then all hands to the pumps again. Soon there is no illusion of grandeur too absurd to be real, no indictment of idiotic presumption which it is unwilling to admit. Under the leadership of William II, Germany has been inebriated with a sense of its mental grandeur and moral pulchritude. For thirty years, Germany had been on a steady dream diet. It had taken its morning hate with its coffee and prayers; its hourly self-contentment with its toil; its evening superiority with its beer and frankfurters.

It is easy to accept the hot air treatment for common sense—easy even for sober minded men. The cocaine habit is not more swiftly acquired and brings a like sense of comfort and exhilaration. Slowly the Germans yielded to its sweet inducement. They began to believe that they were supermen—the chosen people; they thanked God that they were not like other men.

Their great leader, in their name, had claimed a swinish monopoly of God's favor. His was not the contention of James the First, that all true kings enjoy divine right—oh, not at all! Bill had grown rather husky and had got his feet in the trough and was going to crowd the others out of it. *He* was the one and only. And as he crowded, he began to pray, and his prayers came out of lips which had confessed robbery and violated good faith and inspired deeds of inhuman frightfulness. His prayers were, therefore, nothing more nor less than hot air aimed at the ear of the Almighty and carrying with them the flavor of the swineyard.

Now the thing that has happened to the criminal is this. In one way or another he loses his common sense. He ceases to see things in their just relations and proportions. The difference between right and wrong dwindles and disappears from his vision. He convinces himself that he has a right to at least a part of the property of other people. Often he acquires a comic sense of righteousness.

I have lately been in the devastated regions of northern France. I have seen whole cities, of no strategic value, which the German armies had destroyed by dynamite before leaving them in a silence like that of the grave; the slow wrought walls of old cathedrals and public buildings tumbled into hopeless ruin; the châteaux, the villas, the little houses of the poor shaken into heaps of moldering rubbish. And I see in it a sign of that greater devastation which covers the land of William the Second—the devastation of the spirit of the German people—for where is that moral grandeur of which Heine and Goethe and Schiller and Luther were the far-heard, compelling voices? I tell you it has all been leveled into heaps of moldering rubbish—a thousand times more melancholy than any in France.

When I went away to the battle front, a friend said to me, "Try to learn how this incredible thing came about and why it continues. That is what every one wishes to know."

Well, hot air was the first cause of it. The second cause was bone head—mostly plumed bone head.

Think of those diplomats who were twenty years in Germany and yet knew nothing of what was going on around them and its implications. You say that they did know and that they warned their peoples? Well then, you may shift the bone heads on to other shoulders. Think of the diplomatic failures that have followed.

I bow my head to the English people and to the incomparable valor of their fleets and armies. All good Americans are glad to be standing with them at last under mingled flags in the defense of liberty. But a certain weakness in the English has become apparent to us and to all the world. They still give a limited encouragement to supermen.

Now if the last three years have taught us anything it is this: The superman is going to be unsupered. Considering the high cost of upkeep and continuous adulation he does not pay. He is in the nature of a needless tax upon human life and security. His mistakes even, to use no harsher word, have slaughtered more human beings than there are in the world. The born gentleman and professional aristocrat, with a hot air receiver on his name, who lives in a tower of inherited superiority and looks down at life through hazy distance with a telescope has and can have no common sense. His disposition is above reproach; he is a brave soldier; he knows the habits of the grouse and the stag; he can give an admirable dinner; he is acquainted with the history and principles of international law; he can obey orders, but when international law becomes international anarchy and the orders are worthless, he is not big enough to disobey them and find the way of common sense through an emergency. He has not that intimate knowledge of human nature which comes only of a long and close contact with human beings. Without that knowledge he will know no more of what is in the other fellow's mind and the bluff that covers it, in a critical clash of wits, than a baby sucking its bottle in a perambulator. He fails and the cost of his failure no man can estimate. He stands discredited. As a public servant, he is going into disuse and his going vindicates, at last, the judgment of our forefathers regarding like holders of sense preferred. It is a long step toward democracy and the security of the world.

Now is the time when all men must choose between two ideals; that of the proud heart filled with a sense of superiority on the one hand, that of the humble and contrite heart on the other.

My friends, be of good cheer. The God of our Fathers has not been Kaisered or Krupped or hurried in the least.

> The tumult and the shouting dies,
> The Captains and the Kings depart,
> Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
> An humble and a contrite heart.
> Lord God of Hosts, be with *us* yet,
> Lest *we* forget—lest we forget!

EARL BALFOUR

INTRODUCING CHIEF JUSTICE TAFT

Address by Arthur James, Earl Balfour, proposing the health of Chief Justice Taft at a dinner in London, June 19, 1922, given by the Pilgrims. His address on "The Pleasures of Reading" is printed in Volume VII and two other speeches in Volume XII.

I AM profoundly honored at being permitted to propose to you the toast of the evening. I will ask you to join me in congratulating ourselves upon the presence of Mr. Taft here, and in offering him the warmest welcome in our power. I suppose that the fundamental duty of this great association of Pilgrims, whether they sit in London or whether they sit in New York, is to draw ever closer the bonds that unite our two countries. The particular method in which they carry out that great duty, or one of the methods, is that of giving a welcome to distinguished visitors, whether they be from the United States to Great Britain or from Great Britain to the United States, on the occasion of their traversing the three thousand unkind miles which separate the two countries. I gather that to Mr. Taft the voyage has been an agreeable holiday, a pleasant yachting expedition. I have never been able to look at it in that light.

But when the journey is accomplished we, at all events, who start from this side, have ever found upon the other side the warmest and the kindest welcome. I hope we have not been unmindful of those kindnesses, and to the best of our ability we have returned them. We have returned them, perhaps, more in the nature of social intercourse and moral aspiration than in the form of agreeable physical surroundings.

Last week, during the cold snap which afflicted this country, I trembled to think of the kind of welcome the British climate was going to give to our distinguished guest. It has slightly

Reprinted from the London *Times*, June 20, 1922.

improved, and I hope to-day he will not cherish too unkind thoughts of what the British climate can do for even our greatest visitors. I met a lady, an American friend of mine, yesterday, and I have never heard from anybody more sincere invective against what Nature could do to those who were accustomed to a June sun in the United States and to the warmth of an American house in the winter months.

However, it is not upon the British climate that it is my business to address you. That is the most changeable of elements. I think we may say that if our climate is changeable we are constant, and that the regard we have for our American friends, and for the particular American friend in whose honor we are assembled here to-night, is not something that veers with every changing wind. It is based on solid ground; it has its roots in ancient memories; and he may be certain that, however often he may cross those three thousand miles of ocean, he will always receive from an English audience a welcome worthy of his great gifts and his great position.

Mr. Taft is, I believe, the only man who has ever occupied an executive position above which there is none existent in the world and a judicial position of which precisely the same thing may be said. The President of the United States and the Chief Justice presiding over great Federal courts are each of them men who have, by the Constitution of their country, and by the greatness of their country itself, unique positions in the world. Those two unique positions have been successively occupied by our guest. In that respect I believe he stands alone.

But we do not welcome him merely as one who has been the head of that great Republic, nor as one who occupies as president of the courts a position which in some respects, I imagine, is superior to that of President of the Republic. I take it that Chief Justice of the United States is a position which in its own respect has no rival in the United States, whether you consider the President of the Republic or Congress itself. That position is occupied now by our guest, and it is not merely occupied by him, but by universal consent it is well occupied—and the great functions with which he has been intrusted are carried out from day to day in a manner which will sustain the reputation of a court which is second to none in the world.

I should feel I had not risen to the height of my duties if I excluded all personal reference to Mr. Taft as a man and not merely as ex-President or presiding Chief Justice. I returned not many months ago from Washington, and in Washington there was no individual more kind, more sympathetic of all the work of the Conference, to those who took part in it, and to the members of the British delegation, than was the Chief Justice of the United States.

By the nature of his office he was, of course, debarred from taking part in our proceedings, but many of us, and I was among that privileged number, had the good fortune to meet him constantly, and those meetings have left upon me an indelible impression of kindness, of tact, of great capacity, and of the sympathy of the distinguished man whose health I now ask you to drink.

GEORGE BANCROFT

TRIBUTE TO WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Speech delivered by George Bancroft, president of the Century Association, New York, November 5, 1864, on the occasion of its celebration of the seventieth birthday of William Cullen Bryant, one of its founders and trustees. His address on "The People in Art, Government and Religion" is given in Volume VII.

Mr. Bryant:—The Century has set apart this evening to show you honor. All its members, the old and the young, crowd around you like brothers around a brother, like children around a father. Our wives and daughters have come with us, that they, too, may join in the pleasant office of bearing witness to your worth. The artists of our Association, whose labors you have ever been ready to cheer, whose merits you have loved to proclaim, unite to bring an enduring memorial to your excellence in an art near akin to their own. The noble band of your compeers, in your own high calling from all parts of the country, offer their salutations and praise and good wishes. Others who could not accept our invitation keep the festival by themselves, and are now, in their own homes, going over the years which you have done so much to gladden.

It is primarily your career as a poet that we celebrate. The moment is well chosen. While the mountains and the ocean-side ring with the tramp of cavalry and the din of cannon, and the nation is in its agony, and an earthquake sweeps through the land, we take a respite to escape into the serene region of ideal pursuits which can never fail.

It has been thought praise enough of another to say that he "wrote no line which dying he could wish to blot." Every line that you have written may be remembered by yourself and by others at all times, for your genius has listened only to the whisperings of the beautiful and the pure.

Moreover, a warm nationality runs through all your verse; your imagination took the hue of the youth of our country and has reflected its calm, contemplative moods when the pulses of its early life beat vigorously but smoothly, and no bad passions had distorted its countenance. The clashing whirlwinds of civil war, the sublime energy and perseverance of the people, the martyrdom of myriads of its bravest and best, its new birth through terrible sufferings, will give a more passionate and tragic and varied cast to the literature of the coming generations. A thousand years hence posterity will turn to your pages as those which best mirror the lovely earnestness of the rising Republic, the sweet moments of her years of innocence, when she was all unfamiliar with sorrow, bright with the halo of promise, seizing the great solitudes by the busy hosts of civilization, and guiding the nations of the earth into the pleasant paths of freedom and of peace.

You have derived your inspiration as a poet from your love of Nature, and she has returned your affection, and blessed you as her favored son. At threescore and ten years, your eye is undimmed, your step light and free, as in youth, and the lyre, which ever responded so willingly to your touch, refuses to leave your hand.

Our tribute to you is to the poet; but we should not have paid it, had we not revered you as a man. Your blameless life is a continuous record of patriotism and integrity; and, passing untouched through the fiery conflicts that grow out of the ambition of others, you have, as all agree, preserved a perfect consistency with yourself, and an unswerving and unselfish fidelity to your convictions.

This is high praise, but the period at which we address you removes even the suspicion of flattery, for it is your entrance upon your seventieth year. It is a solemn thing to draw nearer and nearer to eternity. You teach us how to meet old age; with each year you become more and more genial, and cherish larger and still larger sympathies with your fellow men, and if Time has set on you any mark, you preserve in all its freshness the youth of the soul.

What remains but to wish you a long-continued life, crowned with health and prosperity, with happiness and honor? Live on till you hear your children's children rise up and call you blessed. Live on for the sake of us, your old associates, for whom life would lose much of its luster in losing you as a companion and friend. Live on for your own sake, that you may enjoy the better day of which your eye already catches the dawn. Where faith discerned the Saviour of the world, the unbeliever looked only on a man of sorrows, crowned with thorns, and tottering under the burden of the cross on which He was to die. The social skeptic sees America sitting apart in her affliction, stung by vipers at her bosom, and welcomed to the pit by "earth's ancient kings"; but through all the anguish of her grief, you teach us to behold her in immortal beauty, as she steps onward through trials to brighter glory. Live to enjoy her coming triumph, when the acknowledged power of right shall tear the root of sorrow out of the heart of the country, and make her more than ever the guardian of human liberty and the regenerator of the race. [Applause.]

SIR JAMES BARRIE

AN INOFFENSIVE GENTLEMAN ON A MAGIC ISLAND

Sir James Barrie (born at Kirriemuir, Scotland), one of the most eminent novelists and dramatists, appears only rarely as a public speaker but always with complete success. One famous speech of his is that made in presenting Ethel Barrymore with the rights of his comedy "The Twelve-Pound Look." The speech consisted of a single sentence—"Not that I love Barrie less, but that I love Barrymore." Another famous and longer speech was his rectorial address at Edinburgh University on "Courage." Shortly after that address, on May 27, 1922, he spoke at a dinner of the Critics' Circle at the Hotel Savoy, London. The speech which follows recalls the words which Barrie applied to Stevenson, and which often have been applied to the creator of Peter Pan—he is "the spirit of boyhood tugging at the skirts of this old world of ours and compelling it to come back and play."

Mr. A. B. Walkley, the veteran dramatic critic, presided and proposed the toast of "The Drama and Barrie." He said:

I fear I am going to disappoint most of you at the outset, though I hope to bring unlooked for relief to our honored guest, Sir James Barrie. I am *not* going to address him as McConnachie. [Laughter.] Since you raised that Frankenstein's Monster, sir, at St. Andrews—you were once a journalist yourself, and will not have forgotten those journalistic favorites, Frankenstein and his Monster—since you raised that monster, you have been powerless to lay it. You have been McConnachied here and McConnachied there; McConnachied with damnable iteration. Sir, let us drop it to-night. It is not, for one thing, the easiest of after-dinner words. And then, I fancy, it was an article intended for local consumption, for the people of Fife and Forfar. You told them in Fife how some of their queer words amazed you people in Forfarshire. Well, sir, we are Southrons and are apt to be—I won't say amazed—but rather puzzled by the queer words of both

Reprinted from the London *Times*.

Fife *and* Forfarshire. We are like Mr. Micawber when he quoted Burns about the "gowans"—"I don't know exactly what gowans may be," said Mr. Micawber.

So I will not address you as McConnachie but simply as Sir James Barrie—and say that we have welcomed you to our board to-night as the best beloved of our dramatists. I avoid the word "great," still more the word "greatest," because those are idle words, characterizing nothing. Also, I am warned by a story I lately came across about Mr. Booker Washington, the great negro philanthropist. A Southern gentleman of the old school met Mr. Washington and said to him—"Well, sir, I guess you must be the greatest man in these United States." Mr. Washington modestly thought there must be some greater man, and instanced President Roosevelt. "No, sir," said the Southerner, "I did think him a great man, until he asked *you* to dinner." Well, sir, after that, as we have asked you to dinner, I feel that to use the word greatest would be an ambiguous compliment to both you and to ourselves.

It is peculiarly pleasant to me to have this privilege of toasting you as a dramatist, because I carry my mind back many, many years—let us say to a moment in the reign of Queen Victoria—when you walked with me through a little Surrey pine-wood (I remember it was a pine-wood, because you told me the fir-cones were called "needles" in Scotland) and you confided to me how very much you wanted to write for the stage. Well, sir, you have had your heart's desire! Heaven forbid that I should attempt at this moment to appreciate, even in a bird's-eye view, the work you have done for our stage. This is not, I am sure you will all agree with me, an occasion for dramatic criticism; we have enough of that on other nights in the week; this is an off-night. Yet it would perhaps be just a little paradoxical if, in proposing the toast of "The Drama and Barrie," I should be entirely silent about the relation between the two. One word, then, on that relation I must say.

You seem to me, sir, to have *transfigured* our drama. I mean that, under the most familiar and homely features, you have revealed to us unsuspected shapes of beauty. I am not thinking of your lighter moods, when "Queen Mab hath been with you," your fun and whim and quaint impish fancies, your "Barrieisms," as we have to call them, because they are unlike anything else. I am thinking of your graver moods. But I do not forget that this is a festive occasion and I must not be out of harmony with it. You remember Dickens' story of Cruikshoul at the funeral. He was on his knees, when the parson said something that annoyed him, and he whispered to his neighbor, "If this weren't a funeral, I'd punch his head." If this weren't a festive occasion, sir, I

> would say that you have wrung our hearts, almost beyond pardon. If this weren't a festive occasion, I would say that you have given us glimpses into the mysteries of life and death and time that have sent us away strangely shaken, almost beside ourselves. There, I think, is your magic, your fascination. It is a fascination. Our oldest veteran of the stage—he was with you at St. Andrews—told me he had been some dozen times to "Mary Rose"; he simply couldn't tear himself away. [Cheers.]

SCUM! [Loud laughter.] Critics to right of him, critics to left of him, critics upper entrance at back leading to conservatory, critics down stage center—into that Circle some one has blundered. How I wish I could keep it up, dealing blows all around in this author's well-known sledge-hammer style. "Barrie gives them Beans"—*Evening News*. "A Roland for an Oliver"—*Daily Chronicle*. "Swashbuckler Barrie swashes on his Buckler"—*Mail*. "Barrie spells Walkley with a small 'u'"—*Morning Post*. [Laughter.] That is the kind I should like to give you. But, alas! in the words of the poet Pewelli of the blessed isle, so familiar to you all, Poga, *mema allalula*, which means that your chairman has spiked my guns. . . .

I remember once going the length of very nearly telling a critic that quite possibly he was mistaken. It was many years ago, before I had written any plays, when red blood boiled in my veins. It is not a bad story, though unfortunately the critic comes rather well out of it, indeed I would not repeat it here except that I come rather well out of it also. It marks the night when I decided upon a rule of conduct with regard to you gentlemen, which, so far as I can remember, I have never broken. A historic occasion for me, therefore, and I am sorry I cannot remember what the weather was like. The criticized was one of my first books, a Scotch novel, and the critic was a man to whom I suppose every one here would take off his hat in homage and in proud memory—Andrew Lang. He not only slaughtered my book, but attacked my Scotch and picked out one word in particular as not being Scotch at all. To be as particular as that is perhaps always a mistake in criticism, and I thought I had him. I wrote a brief letter to that paper saying that this word was not only good Scotch but was in frequent use in the Waverley novels, that I could tell

Mr. Lang in which, but that as he was at present editing them he would find them all worth reading. I then put the letter in my desk and went exultantly to bed. But there was something wrong about it and I could not sleep and somewhere in the early hours I made up my mind to tear up that letter and never in my life to answer criticism. These two vows I have kept, and in both cases with a happy result. A few days afterwards Mr. Lang wrote in that same paper—and you are good men if you can do what Lang did—saying that he was rather unhappy about his review because he considered, on reflection, that he had not been quite fair to the book. Well, that led to a friendship much valued by me, though the word was never, never referred to between us. As for the other half of my vow, I like to think it is part of the reason why you have done me the honor of asking me here to-night.

Not, of course, that there is anything objectionable in our arguing with one another, but the other way seems to suit me best. Sometimes I must admit it has been rather a close thing. Several times I have indited a reply saying "Oh indeed!" or something stinging like that; but my post-box is at the far end of the street and there is also time for reflection when one is putting on one's muffler. So the retort is never sent, though if the post-box were nearer or the muffler were not one of those that goes round twice, there is no telling. I have never even answered Mr. Shaw, though in the days when he was a critic he began an article on a play of mine with some such words as these, "This is worse than Shakespeare." I admit that this rankled. I wish I could think, gentlemen, that my forbearance toward you is owing to deeply artistic reasons; but no, it is merely because I forever see the fates hanging over you and about to stretch forth a claw. However you may ram it in—I refer to the rapier—I have a fear that something disastrous is about to happen to you in the so much more important part of your life that has nothing to do with the pen—bad news, ill health, sudden loss; and so I forgive you and tear up. I am even letting you off cheaply to-night in case one of you is run over on the way home, as I have a presentiment is going to happen. How easy it would be for some incensed author to follow a critic or two to their office on a first night and give them a sudden push as a bus came along. But I dare say you are all rather nippy at the curbstones.

So you see it is no use my attempting to talk to you about the drama of to-morrow. That secret lies with the young, and I beg of you not to turn away from them impatiently because of their "knowingness," as Mr. Hardy calls it in his new book. The young writers know as much about nothing as we know about everything. Yet they suffer much from the abominable conditions of the stage. Through them only shall its salvation come. Give them every friendly consideration, if only because they belong to the diminishing handful which does not call a play a show. "Have you seen our show?"—"I call that a nice little show." Heigho. Has the time come, gentlemen, for us all to pack up and depart? No, no, the drama will bloom again, though it will not be in that garden. Mr. Milne is a very fine tulip already, and there are others for you to water. Miss Dane has proved that the ladies have arrived. For my part, anything I can suggest for the drama's betterment is so simple that I am sure it must be wrong. I feel we have all become too self-conscious about the little parts we play—they are little parts even in our own little lives. If we talked less about how things should be done there might be more time for doing them. Suppose we were to have a close season, in which we confined ourselves to trying to write our plays better, act them better, produce them better, criticize them better? But it can't be so simple as that.

I wish I could write mine better, and I presume I am revealing no secret when I tell you that the only reason I don't is because I can't. If there were any other reason I should deserve the contempt of every one of you. I remember my earliest lesson in that.

For several days after my first book was published I carried it about in my pocket, and took surreptitious peeps at it to make sure that the ink had not faded. I watched a bookshop where it was exposed on a shelf outside the window, and one day a lady—most attractive—picked up my book and read whole paragraphs, laid it down, went away, came back, read more paragraphs, felt for her purse, but finally went away without buying. I have always thought that if my book had been a little bit better she would have bought it. "The little more and how much it is." In that case a shilling. But what should be written up behind the scenes is "The little less and how much it is."

You have all in the course of earning your livelihood applied adjectives to me, but the only criticism that makes me writhe is that observation of Mr. Shaw's which I have already quoted. I wonder if he has changed his mind? He has changed all sorts of things. Here I must begin to be gloomy. None of your adjectives gets to the mark as much as one I have found for myself—"Inoffensive Barrie." I see how much it at once strikes you all. A bitter pill: but it looks as if on one subject I were the best critic in the room.

Your word for me would probably be fantastic. I was quite prepared to hear it from your chairman, because I felt he could not be so shabby as to say whimsical, and that he might forget to say elusive. If you knew how dejected those terms have often made me. I am quite serious. I never believed I was any of those things until you dinned them into me. Few have tried harder to be simple and direct. I have also always thought that I was rather realistic. In this matter, gentlemen, if I may say it without any ill-feeling, as indeed I do, you have damped me a good deal, and sometimes put out the light altogether. It is a terrible business if one is to have no sense at all about his own work. Wandering in darkness. To return to cheerier topics. I don't often go to the theater though I always go to Mr. Shaw's plays, not so much for the ordinary reasons as to see whether I can find an explanation for that extraordinary remark of his. But I will tell you what I think is the best play written in my time. My reason for considering it the best is that it is the one I have thought most about since, not perhaps a bad test. I mean Pinero's "Iris." One more confession—I will tell you what has pleased me most about any play of mine. It is that everything included and the dresses coming from the theater wardrobe, the production of one of them, a little one, it is true, "The Twelve Pound Look," cost just under £5.

My not going often to the theater is not because I don't like it, but because the things I like best about it can be seen without actually going in. I like to gaze at the actors, not when dressed for their parts, but as they emerge by the stage door. I have never got past the satisfaction of this and it is heightened when the play is my own. The stage doorkeeper is still to me the most romantic figure in any theater, and I hope he is the best paid. I have even tried to dart past him, but he never knows me, and I am promptly turned back. I wait, though, in the crowd, which usually consists of about four or six persons, not of the *élite,* and when the star comes out they cheer and I hiss. I mean just the same as they do but I hiss. This sometimes leads to momentary trouble with the other loiterers, but in the end we adjourn inoffensively to a coffee stall, where I stand treat, and where we were caught by a cinema machine a few months ago.

You may sometimes wonder why I write so much about islands, and indeed I have noticed a certain restiveness in some of you on the subject. There are more islands in my plays than any of you are aware of. I have the cunning to call them by other names. There is one thing I am really good at, and that is at slipping in an island. I dare say it is those islands that make you misunderstand me. I would feel as if I had left off clothing if I were to write without an island. Now could there be a more realistic statement than that? At present I am residing on an island. It is called Typee, and so you will not be surprised to hear that my companion's name is Fayaway. She is a dusky maid, composed of abstractions but not in the least elusive. She is just little bits of the golden girls who have acted for me and saved my plays. There is not one of them whom I have not watched for at the stage door and hissed ecstatically. She moves about my coral isle with the swallow-flights of Ellen Terry, and melts into the incomparable Maud Adams. She has Irene Vanbrugh's eyes to light the beacons to scare the ships away; and there are bits in her of many other dear sirens who, little aware of what I have plucked, think that they are appearing complete to-night in London.

> With here and there a Peter Pan,
> And here and there Fay Compton,
> And everywhere Trevelyan.

Forbes Robertson retired so that he could lend to us, on the island, his silver voice, and du Maurier pulls in with Bancroft to make sure that we are not acting. There is no theater as yet, but Charles Frohman is looking for a site. For the dead are here also, and you can hardly distinguish them from the living. The laughing Irving boys arrive in a skiff, trying to capsize each other; and on magic nights there is Sir Henry himself pacing along the beach, a solitary figure. If Shakespeare were to touch upon our shores he would offer to sell us Fame at a penny the yard--no bidders. Sometimes a play is written and put into a bottle and cast into the sea. I expect it never reaches you; at any rate if it is whimsical that is not it. Fayaway has a native name for me which means "The Inoffensive One."

Come to our island when you feel you have been sufficiently mauled by the rocks of life, and we will give you grassy huts. You can still write your criticisms. Bring your bottles. As I may not pass this way again, I may say that A. B. W.'s hut stands waiting him, a specially attractive one with palms and a running stream. We had a long discussion about Mr. Shaw, but we have decided to let him land.

I thank you heartily, gentlemen, for the high honor you have done me. Mutual respect is, I am sure, all we ask of each other. It must be obvious to you that in making such a long speech I had two main objects, to try a new title on you—"The Inoffensive Gentleman"; and to watch whether I thought you could stand one more island. [Cheers.]

BARRIE BUMPS STEVENSON

The following address by Sir James Barrie was delivered in response to a toast to "Literature and the Press," proposed by Winston Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer, at the annual dinner of the Printers' Pension Corporation in London.

MAJOR ASTOR, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, GENTLEMEN—ESPECIALLY MR. CHURCHILL [laughter]:—What worries me is those two suspicious objects that have been put upon the table in front of me. [Laughter.] [Two microphones had been placed on the table to broadcast the speeches.] I do not know what they are, but I presume that one of them represents literature, and the other the press. [Laughter.] I think we should all feel very beholden to an eminent politician for coming here and talking to us so delightfully about literature and the press, especially at a moment when the country is on the eve of a general election [laughter]—I mean to vote this time. [Laughter.] But, though Mr. Churchill has been very nice about it, I know the real reason why I have been asked to reply for this toast. It is because I am the oldest person present. [Laughter.] Many years ago I saw, in an American "Whitaker," my name in a list headed "Interesting Octogenarians" [loud laughter], and I think therefore that the best thing I can do is to give you some literary recollections of far past days. [Laughter and cheers.] I dare say I may sometimes get a little muddled between past and present, between father and son, but then I notice that you have done that also to-night. [Laughter.] You have been congratulating Mr. Churchill on being Chancellor of the Exchequer. Of course, it was his father who was that. [Laughter.] I will tell you a secret—I know quite well what has been happening to Mr. Churchill, and I think that he is only wearing the laurels that he has so splendidly earned. [Cheers.] But let us couple with him to-night the father [cheers], who must be proud of his boy. [Hear, hear.]

Those of you who are at present writing your reminiscences, and that must mean the greater number of you [laughter], I warn you that there is not much use having reminiscences nowadays unless you can remember Robert Louis Stevenson. [Laughter.] The only time I met Stevenson was in Edinburgh, and I had no idea who he was. It was in the winter of 1879; I well remember the wind was "blawin snell" when I set off that afternoon with my notebooks to the Humanities class of the University of Edinburgh. As I was crossing Princess Street—a blasty corner—I ran against another wayfarer. Looking up, I saw that he was a young man of an exceeding tenuity of body, his eyes, his hair, already beginning to go black, and that he was wearing a velvet jacket. He passed on, but he had bumped against me, and I stood in the middle of the street, regardless of the traffic, and glared contemptuously after him.

He must have grown conscious of this, because he turned around and looked at me. I continued to glare. He went on a little bit, and turned round again. I was still glaring, and he came back and said to me, quite nicely: "After all, God made me." [Loud laughter.] I said: "He is getting careless." [Renewed laughter and cheers.] He lifted his cane, and then, instead, he said: "Do I know you?" He said it with such extraordinary charm that I replied, wistfully: "No, but I wish you did." [Laughter.] He said, "Let's pretend I do," and we went off to a tavern at the foot of Leith Street, where we drank what he said was the favorite wine of the Three Musketeers. [Laughter.] Each of us wanted to pay [laughter], but it did not much matter, as neither of us had any money. [Laughter.]

We had to leave that tavern without the velvet coat and without my class books. When we got out it was snowing hard, and we quarreled—something about Mary Queen of Scots. [Laughter.] I remember how he chased me for hours that snowy night through the streets of Edinburgh, calling for my blood. [Laughter.] That is my only reminiscence of R. L. S., and I dare say that even that will get me into trouble. [Laughter.]

It may interest Major Astor to know that I was the man who bought the first copy of the *Times* containing the news of the victory of Waterloo. [Laughter.] I happened to be passing Printing House Square at the time, and I vividly remember the editor leaning far out of his window to watch the sales [laughter], and I heard him exclaim exultantly, "There goes one copy, at any rate." [Laughter.] Waterloo! I never knew Napoleon in his great days [laughter], but I chanced to be lodging in the same house that he came to, as you remember, as a stripling, just for a week, when he was trying to get a clerkship in the East India Company. [Laughter.] The old connection between France and Scotland brought us together. I remember well taking him one evening to Cremorne Gardens, then at the height of its popularity, and introducing him to a stout friend of mine, whom some of you may remember, Jos Sedley. What fun we had in the fog driving Jos home in his coach to Russell Square! Napoleon was singing gayly, and

Jos was bulging out at both windows of the coach at once. [Loud laughter.] This is perhaps only interesting as being the first encounter between these two figures, who were afterwards to meet on the tented field. [Laughter.] Napoleon, as is now generally known, did not take up that clerkship in the East India Company. [Laughter.] I dissuaded him from it. [Loud laughter.] Looking back, I consider that this was one of my mistakes. [Laughter.]

Gentlemen, the unenviable shades of the great, who have to live on here after they have shed this mortal tenement! Not for them the dignity of dying and being forgotten, which is surely the right of proud man! Who knows that where they are fame is looked upon as a rather sordid achievement? The freer spirits may look upon those immortals with pity, because they have to go on dragging a chain here on earth. It may be that the Elysian Fields are not a place of honor, but of banishment!

"Literature and the press!" It is a noble toast, and never can it be drunk more fittingly than in honor of the best friend that literature and the press ever had—the printer. [Cheers.] All seems well with the press. We are gathered to-night around a Chairman not unconnected with a journal of which we can perhaps say, without vainglory, that it is a possession which all the nations envy us. [Loud cheers.] The press nowadays, as Mr. Churchill has said, takes all the world in its span. I cannot look at Mr. Churchill, because I have been told to look at these two things [the microphones] [laughter], but one who was very lately a Lord Chancellor, and now another, a Chancellor of the Exchequer, have both—I do not know whether Mr. Churchill is beginning to look a little nervous about what I am going to say next [laughter]—all I am going to say is in glorification of the press—when it is garbed in its Sunday best [laughter]—they are the two brightest jewels on its proud bosom.

Literature, when it can be heard at all above the sirens—Mr. Churchill has had a good deal to say about literature and the press, and has found that they are very much the same thing. He used an expression about there being no arbitrary dividing line between literature and the press. I should like to give a definition of what I think is the arbitrary dividing line [laughter] just in half a dozen words. It is this—Literature used to be a quiet bird. All, I think, is very well with literature, especially with the young authors. From its looms comes much brave literature, devised by cunning hands, women's equally with men's. There is no question whether a woman is worthy of a place in our Cabinet. Those young authors! All hail to them! Happy they! Multitudinous seas incarnadine boil in their veins. They bear the thousand nightingales which we once thought we heard. They have a short way with the old hands, but in our pride in them we forgive them for that.

JAMES M. BECK

FOURTH OF JULY

Speech by the Hon. James M. Beck, Solicitor General of the United States, at the Independence Day dinner of the American Society in London, held on July 5, 1920. The reference in the second paragraph is to the American Ambassador, Mr. John W. Davis, who was supported in the Democratic Convention for the presidential nomination. Another speech by Mr. Beck is printed in Volume XII.

YOUR EXCELLENCIES, MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN:—Possibly no speaker ever commenced an address with a greater claim to the indulgence of his audience than myself at this moment. May I add that no one here present is less equipped to rise to the height of the great argument suggested by the toast than is the present speaker. That is not said in an excess of modesty on my part, nor is it an affection of humility. When I explain to you the reason, I think you will agree with me that of all the men who have gathered on this high festal occasion, I am for the moment the least qualified to give to this toast its due significance. To explain my meaning, as my good friend, His Excellency the American Ambassador, has said, I am just off an ocean liner. I landed at Plymouth only six hours ago. I did not know until yesterday morning that I was even expected to speak, and when I found it seemed impossible for me to reach London before night, I sent a wireless with my declination, and then dismissed the possibility of even attending the dinner from my mind. On my arrival at Paddington, I found that I could not easily escape your generous hospitality. I quickly changed my traveling costume, and so, like Phineas Fogg on the termination of his eighty-day trip around the world, I can say "Gentlemen, here I am." I, therefore, have a very special claim to your indulgence.

And now let me explain why I am the least qualified to respond to the toast. I have been eleven days on the high seas, incidentally about the only peaceful place in the world, but fortunately the water covers about three-fourths of the globe, so that there at least peace prevails upon the common pathway of the nations. While some fragments of news came to us by the "invisible couriers of the air" of the Marconi system, I have been quite out of touch with the world for eleven days. I was not sure, when I reached Plymouth, whether I would have the privilege of praising Mr. Davis as a very admirable candidate for President and later voting against him, or not. Ordinarily, the loss of eleven days out of one's life would be nothing, but we are living in a time in which years are compressed into days, decades into years, centuries into decades, and—it is not an American exaggeration to add—epochs into centuries. I remember, many years ago, knowing a very estimable clergyman in my native city of Philadelphia, who was 94 years of age in the year 1894. He was, therefore, 15 years of age when the battle of Waterloo was fought. That man had seen during his life, between 1800 and 1894, more stupendous changes than the world had ever witnessed in all the unrecorded centuries of the past, for it is literally true that the 19th and the beginning of the 20th century have witnessed a revolution, industrial and political, which is more profound than any change in human society since the age of Pyramids. When, therefore, each day is crowded with a thousand significant happenings, which would in former times have made a chapter of history, how absurd it is for me, fresh from a steamer, and ignorant of what has taken place in this tumultuous and distracted world during these eleven days, to deal with this toast without the danger of some violation of the proprieties of the occasion through ignorance. If I do, you will bear with me in the spirit of Hamlet when he said "Use me after your own honor and dignity, the less my deserving, the more merit will be in your bounty."

Fortunately, I am asked in proposing this toast to refer to something which did not happen in those eleven days, but took place 144 years ago. It has already been touched on with eloquence by the preceding speakers. Let me echo the remark of Sir John Simon, that it is true that our English brothers, who each year come here in the most gracious spirit of hospitality on each recurring 4th of July to join with us in celebrating this festal event of a great nation at the hearthstones of the English-speaking race, that they do not come as victims of a great disaster, but as joint participants in a great triumph, and I may emphasize this thought for a little different reason from the one he gave. Burke and Chatham and Adam Smith and many others, to whom Sir John alluded, did sympathize with the grievances of the Colonies, and deprecated the force which was exerted against them. But the greater fact is—and one never to be forgotten—that if the deed, which we celebrate to-night, is a great deed, an epoch-making deed, then it was a deed wrought by Englishmen. The men who fired the shot at Concord Bridge, which was "heard round the world," were Englishmen. The men who met in the first Continental Congress, of which the elder Pitt said he had read of Thucydides and studied the master states of the world, and that in his judgment for force of reason and soundness of conclusions no body of men in history surpassed that first Congress in Philadelphia, were Englishmen. The men who, until July 2nd, to the very moment that they adopted the Declaration, did so much for their country, did not cease to be Englishmen. They could not cease to be Englishmen by a mere change in political allegiance. Out of the travail of that struggle there emerged another document, the Constitution of the United States, of which the younger Pitt said that it would be the admiration of all the future ages, and the model for all future building, and a later Prime Minister of Great Britain, Gladstone, said it was "the greatest work ever struck off by the brain and purpose of man at a given time," this too, was brought by Englishmen, even though they were no longer English subjects. Therefore, it is true, Sir John, that the triumph of to-night is the triumph of Englishmen and of the English-speaking race, and belongs to the common "Treasury of the Saints," which both branches of the English-speaking world so dearly cherish.

When I reached Plymouth I had a heart-breaking experience. I had left a land where our freedom-loving people had decided that we are to drink nothing but water, and when I reached

Plymouth I found that London was about to be deprived of all water whatever, and when I reached here at 9:30, my worst fears were realized, for tables were clear and bottles empty, so I speak on an empty stomach and with a still emptier mind. Let me, however, inadequately call your attention to two things. The statement of grievances in the Declaration that was announced on Independence Day is now of such slight importance in the relations of our two countries that I doubt whether one in a thousand Americans could tell you more than a few of Thomas Jefferson's severe counts in his Indictment of the misrule of the Colonies. But the Declaration contained, in its Preamble, a noble principle. It stated that "when in the course of human events," it became necessary to take so great a step, "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires" that a nation should justify such action at the bar of history. A great philosophic and a great moral truth. Let me give it one application. I believe that Anglo-American relations will be greatly promoted if on both sides of the Atlantic we simply remember the golden rule of international comity, to which Thomas Jefferson thus gave eloquent expression 144 years ago. And the first and most obvious application of that is a consideration to which his Excellency the Ambassador alluded, but which I, with perhaps less restraint than a diplomat, can speak of more specifically. The primary, or at least the most immediate, application of the principle of a "decent respect for the opinions of mankind," requires that each of these two divisions of the English-speaking race, as indeed all nations, shall refrain from interference in the internal affairs of other nations. We are two strong, self-respecting nations, and each of us, please God, should and will be master in his own household. Nothing can be more prejudicial to the lasting amity of these two great peoples, upon whose unity of spirit the welfare of the world predominantly rests, than for either of them to attempt to manage the affairs of the other household. We have our class and racial difficulties in America, bitter and terribly acute. North as well as South of Mason and Dixon's line, great explosions of racial passion at times occur, owing to the seemingly incurable ethnic difficulties of the black and the white races. But we must solve that by ourselves. Similarly, you on this side have your labor, class and racial difficulties. That American is false to the destinies of the English-speaking race, is not even true to his own country, if he so far usurps the prerogative of another country as to attempt to meddle and intervene in a settlement—whether wise or unwise—of another nation's internal difficulties of a like character. That is probably as far as a man just off a liner ought to go.

Let me add another suggestion with regard to this question of Anglo-American relations. There are a great many in this present hour who are pessimistic about these relations. I say that bluntly, because when I came here in 1916 as a voluntary interpreter of the feeling in America and the good-will of my people, and spoke, I trust, within the limits of discretion, I remember that one of your most distinguished British statesmen, whose name I will not quote, said that "Mr. Beck had a happy facility of getting round the sharp corners of a discussion." To-night I will not ignore the sharp corners; I am optimistic with respect to the present status of Anglo-American relations, and for the very reason which has been suggested by his Excellency the Ambassador. Perhaps it would be better for me to leave the matter with his well-chosen words. Let me, however, suggest to the distinguished English statesmen, judges, and lawyers, who greatly honor us to-night by their presence, not to attach undue significance to the windy vociferation of a vocal minority in America. There is nothing so liable to misinterpretation as the vociferous element in any great community where freedom of opinion and its expression exist. We can recall, in American history, how Genêt came to America, and was greeted with enormous receptions by mayors of cities, and, for all I know, governors of commonwealths, until he felt that with a single breath of his displeasure he could push George Washington from his throne in the popular affection. But one word from George Washington and the bubble was pricked. I could give many similar instances in American history. Some one will say recent expressions in America are something more than the irresponsible talk of individuals, and seem to be the official expression of subordinate political divisions of the American nation. Only remember this fact: The price that we pay for universal suffrage is the tolerance of and even seeming acquiescence in the vaporings of organized minorities. It is just as true on your side of the ocean as on ours. It is the occasional compromise of principle to please a vociferous minority, which at times may hold the balance of power between parties. It is unfortunate it is so. But when the time ever comes that the Government of the day, whether in the State, or the city, here or elsewhere, is not obliged to take into account these organized minorities, which subordinate all issues to one, then democracy will have seen its millennium, which, unfortunately, has not yet dawned. Think less of the clouds which at present temporarily obscure the heavens.

Let me again illustrate by the beautiful analogy which my friend, the American Ambassador, gave you. He spoke of the Gulf Stream. Let us not forget its genial beneficence by thinking too much of the idle seaweed which floats in its current. I crossed the Gulf Stream, your Excellency, and I could not tell when I entered it or where it ended. On its surface it was much the same as the wide surface of "old ocean's gray and melancholy waste." And yet it was there, bringing geniality in the atmosphere, and making your lovely island that precious jewel "set in a silver sea"—to use a Shakespearian expression, and making it the lovely land of "Merrie England" that it is. Whence the Gulf Stream comes we know not, whither its ultimate destination is we know not, but what we do know is that running through the wide reaches of the cold, inhospitable sea there is this great current of warmth that brings life and happiness to distant peoples. Coursing through the great ocean of life of over one hundred millions of Americans, a people as virile as any people, with a destiny which makes the imagination stand in pause as to its future, there is a Gulf Stream of warmth and sympathy and admiration and appreciation for Great Britain such as has never existed before in like measure from the very beginning of the American Republic. In his classic work, Admiral Mahan exalted the sea power, but some of us forget a significant sentence to which the profound thinker also gave utterance, when he said that two of the most potent elements in the life of nations were sympathy and appreciation. That Gulf Stream, coursing through America, with admiration and appreciation of all that Britain did in the most titanic struggle that the world has ever witnessed, has brought about this appreciation in America of what England did, and admiration for an unconquerable valor such as the world had never known before. Our Roman Catholic brethren have—or had—a beautiful idea, which I have read in ancient church histories, called "The Treasury of the Saints." I used the expression, I think, a little while ago. The idea of "The Treasury of the Saints," as I understand it, is that there were some saints, whose lives were so virtuous and holy that their superfluous merits vicariously aided less holy men to salvation. These superfluous merits constituted the Treasury of the Church, which it used for the benefit and the salvation of others. The English-speaking race has its "Treasury of the Saints," and never was that Treasury so heaped up and overflowing with the superfluous merits of the great, good and heroic as since this titanic struggle of the nations.

Let me illustrate this with the mention of a single name, that of an English gentleman. I will venture to say he was not known outside of England prior to August, 1914. When the British and the French Armies retreated from Mons—one of the most terrible retreats in history—when beaten back, with flaming villages behind them and roads clogged with civilian refugees before them, with nothing but the brave courage of despair in their hearts, who was it who safely shepherded the left flank of the British Army, and therefore the left flank of the whole Allied Army? It was Allenby's cavalry. On the 9th of September, 1914, when there was the gravest doubt whether the Allied forces would hold, when Foch was bent though not broken and Mannowry was considering a retreat on Paris, Lord French's men were pressing to the rescue to cross the Marne. Who was it who first reached the Marne on that day and saved two of the three bridges for the passage of the rescuing armies of French and D'Espery? It was Allenby. Who was it that, in the Battle of the Somme, rendered distinguished service? Again it was Allenby. Need I recall to you that final epic, which is connected with the immortal name of Allenby and which will appeal to the imagination of men a thousand years from now? There is an old legend which I took occasion to utilize two years ago when I was in London. It was said of

Arthur, sleeping at Avalon, that he "would come again and draw his knightly sword if England were in desperate need." The Arabs, too, had a legend that one day a conqueror would enter Jerusalem, whose name would be Allah-Nabir, but not until the water was piped from the sea to Jerusalem. In the fulness of time, down the oldest road in the world, the road along which Mary took her little Child from Jerusalem from the wrath of Herod, the road which Jacob had trod on his way to Joseph, down which in later centuries came Godfrey, only to enter the Holy City after he had seen on the Mount of Olives the figure of St. George, clad in silver mail. In the fulness of time, water from the sea, piped by English engineers in Allenby's Army, came to Jerusalem and down that historic road, not riding pompously as the Kaiser, but humbly entering on foot, like a courteous English gentleman, a true crusader, came Field Marshal Allenby. What superfluous merits he has given to our "Treasury of the Saints." There were Allenbys in America also. There were those marines of ours who. on the last German onrush to Paris in 1918, flung themselves through the fleeing French divisions and broke the impact of the Prussian Guard. Think of those thousands of half-trained American boys, who broke through the Argonne and reached, on Armistice Day, to Sedan itself. Their achievements are also part of the "Treasury of the Saints." Need I mention the great silent commander, whom I always liken, in my imagination, to Ulysses Grant, I mean Sir Douglas Haig? These men, and that which they did, constitute a "Treasury of the Saints" whose superfluous activities will be the salvation, in these times of temporary clouds, when you on this side feel irritated at pin-pricks from the other, and we feel irritated at pin-pricks from this side. Against the valor that was wrought in the years between 1914 and 1918 by our soldiers, neither the marplots nor all the gates of Hell can prevail.

I have trespassed far too long on your patience. ["No."] That is always a penalty which an audience pays when it conscripts a speaker at the eleventh hour. The man who drafted the Declaration of Independence wrote in the last days of his life, a sentence which has especial reference to that which I have just said. When Canning proposed the Monroe Doctrine, James Monroe referred it to Jefferson at his home on the crest of Monticello, where he was about to enter the land of the hereafter. Jefferson took it, and in the course of a most sagacious and prophetic reply, said—I can only paraphrase his language, giving the purport with substantial accuracy—"Let us take the proffered hand of England. No nation can do us more harm, no nation can do us more good." And then he added that the best way to maintain unity between the two nations would be for them to fight side by side in a common cause. The time did come: the time came when we could say, as Henry V said on the eve of Agincourt, "We few, we happy few, we band of brothers, for he who sheds his blood this day with me, he is my brother."

When I was on the seas, I read for the first time—and I say it with shame, because I should have read it long before—Lord Charnwood's most beautiful and eloquent tribute to one of the greatest of all Americans, Abraham Lincoln. It recalled the words, with which that noble man concluded his first inaugural address. It will give me a fitting ending. Lincoln said:

> I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will again swell the chorus of the Union when touched, as it will be, by the better angels of our natures.

How could I better end my little speech than with that benediction of one of the noblest spirits that ever lived in our time? "The mystic chords of memory," what a phrase! These "mystic chords of memory," coming from a thousand battlefields in France, from the Marne, the Yser, the Meuse, will keep not merely America and England together, but will join all the victors in the greatest triumph ever won by the valor of men by the noblest of ties, a tie that rises above all political institutions and artificial conventions, the blood comradeship of arms.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM

Speech of Henry Ward Beecher at the sixty-eighth anniversary banquet of the New England Society in the city of New York, December 22, 1873. The president of the society, Elliot C. Cowden, presided, and announced that the seventh regular toast, "Religious Freedom," would be responded to by Mr. Beecher, "that most gifted son of New England." One of Mr. Beecher's famous lectures is given in Volume XIII and another address in Volume XI.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—I have attended many New England dinners [laughter], I have eaten very few. [Laughter.] I think I have never attended one in which there has been such good speaking as to-night, and so much of it [laughter]; and as I bear in memory a sentence from the Book with which I am supposed to be familiar [laughter], that "a full soul loatheth a feast," I do not propose to stuff you at this late period with a long speech [laughter], for I have been myself a sufferer under like circumstances. [Laughter.] It does seem a pity, and would to you if you had ever been speech-makers, to cut out an elaborate speech with weeks of toil in order that it may be extemporized admirably [laughter], and then to find yourself drifted so late into the evening that everybody is tired of speeches. What must a man under such circumstances do? As he abhors novelty, he cannot make a new one, and he goes on to make his old speech, and it falls stillborn upon the ears of the listeners. I do not propose, therefore, to give you the benefit of all that eloquence that I have stored up for you to-night. [Laughter.] I merely say that if you had only heard the speech that I was going to deliver, you would pity me for the speech that I am now delivering. [Laughter.] One of the most precious elements of religious liberty is the right of a sensible man *not* to speak [laughter], or even to make a poor speech.

To go back to the New England days and to our fathers who have been—well, I have no doubt of the communion of the saints, and, therefore, I have no doubt that the blessed spirits that have got rid of this world pay good attention in the other land to what is going on here, and are interested in all the compliments they receive [laughter]; and though I suppose heaven to be a very busy place, and the Pilgrim Fathers to be exceedingly busy all the year round, yet, on the twenty-second of December, earthly reckoning, they must have the hardest day of the whole period which we call a year. [Laughter.] I can imagine them going around with fragments of these speeches on their heads as extemporized crowns [laughter]; and far be it from me who, I believe, have some ancestors there—I hope it is there [laughter]—far be it from me to impose any additional burden of sympathy upon them. [Laughter.] The old New England divines were good fellows in their day, jovial men—not on public occasions [laughter]—men given to the cup and to the pipe in due measure, and to good stories as well as to good conduct, but always with discretion—always at home after the door was shut, because the example to the flock must be reverend—the flock must be led by sobriety; but really, as I recollect the days in my father's parlor, when I used to be sent for the tobacco and for the rum, when the ministers came around, in old Connecticut, before the temperance days, when the parlor was blue with the smoke and uproarious with laughter, I am sure that I have never been in any assembly anywhere, where there was so much good-fellowship, nor anywhere else—except here—where I thought there was so much wit as there used to be in old New England [laughter]; and much of that which has been witty to-night I attribute to the proximity of the generals, statesmen, and lawyers to the clergy. [Laughter.]

In regard to the subject matter of the toast which I was to speak to, I wish to say this: that those who have oppressed men by religion have only done by that instrument what everybody else has been trying to do by every other instrument. [Laughter and applause.] Everybody that has any gumption is a pope, or would be glad to be. That spirit of self, with a consciousness of power, with an intense sense of right and of truth, and a disposition to project it upon others, is of necessity a domineering spirit, and it is that that attempts to make men bend to your sense of what is true and what is right. I do not, therefore, wonder that there is a spirit of despotism. I do not wonder at it any more than I wonder that mankind love to govern and be governed; for there are two sides. It is not the fault of the dry pole that is put into the ground that the morning-glory twines round about it, and won't stand up itself. I would like to be a dry stick myself, and have a convolvulus twining around me with its ineffable beauty. [Applause.] It is not the fault of the minister that the true and comely and excellent ones lean on him and insist upon being led by him, and thought for by him. It is not strange that clergymen think they hear angel voices, even among their own parishioners, under such circumstances. If you take a man out from the common people and tell him he is something wonderful, tell him that he is a man of—his mother?—no, but a man of God, and therefore so far different from his neighbors, that he stands in the electric chain, and gets his inspiration fresh from the apostolic age, as then it was had fresh from heaven; that he is, by reason of having this extra dose of good sense and infallibility, something more than other men—only tell him so long enough, put your hand on his head so as to rub it into him, make him feel it in his heart, bring round about it his conscience, and you have made a despot.

It may be a despot that turns the ecclesiastical machinery of the church, so that everybody has to keep step to the music exactly. It is not his fault; his parishioners make him do it. He may turn that despotism into dogma; it is not his fault. He himself became first the subject, and then the master, and then the despot. If there were not men who wanted to be governed, there would not be so many men who wanted to govern them; and if men in the Church, administering the Church as an institution, administering its ordinances or its doctrines, are imperious, if they are arrogant, you make them so. They did not set out to be so. It is inherent in the fundamental falsity of this idea, that any body of men on earth are commissioned to govern any other body of men by reason, or by their conscience, on the supposition that they are nearer to God than others. [Applause.] It is not the New Testament idea, which says, "Ye are all brethren!" There is democracy for you! Brotherhood never harmed anybody, because brotherhood proceeds ever with justice for its instrument, in the spirit of benevolence and love, and works by sympathy, works by the heart more than by the head. Now, the moment that any man stands among his fellow men and says, "I own God, and I own all God's decrees and I am empowered to enforce them upon you, and I bring down all that is terrible in the world to lay it upon the imagination and upon the fear and upon the conscience and upon the conduct and the life of men"—the moment that any man has taken possession of that vast and populous invisible realm, that very moment, of necessity, he becomes an enemy to liberty, a leader toward captivity, and men are bound by him to be servants.

So, then, if men are oppressed by the Church, it is only because, through weakness, they invited it; it is because, through indifference, they permitted it. Who are the makers of ecclesiastical despots? Weak men. Power is not easily oppressed! It is weakness that is oppressed. Strong, robust, round, and all-sided men are not often oppressed as citizens; they always escape. It is the poor, the ignorant, those that do not know how to defend themselves, that in civil things or in intellectual realms are oppressed, and in moral realms as well; and the remedy for ecclesiastical oppression is, make the common people stronger and wiser. [Applause.] Give them intelligence, and make them understand that indifference to religion is invitation to despotism [applause]; that those men who have faith in God and have faith that God is Father, believe also in manhood and men. Give to men earnestness, consciousness of their own affairs, self-respect and knowledge, and then insist upon it that they shall use them; give to men this spirit, and there shall be found no priest and no bishop that shall govern them except as the air governs the flowers, except as the sun governs the seasons, for the sun wears no scepter, but with sweet kisses covers the ground with fragrance and with beauty. One soul has a right to govern another if it loves it; but by authority and machinery and systematic creeds or dogma, no man has a right to govern another, nor can he, if those other men are not weak, effeminate, indifferent, infidel.

So, then, our New England fathers, although failing here and there in some points in the administration of religious liberty, were preëminent for the time in which they lived, and, at the bottom, they were really the workmen that brought in the doctrine of religious freedom, because they undertook to make intelligent men, they educated men, they tried to make them larger, to make them more knowledgeable, to make them able to stand on their own feet without being held up by priests or by any other preacher; and so, working to make larger manhood and larger liberty in manhood, they tended to set men free from spiritual just as much as from civil domination. I regard all men who are working toward the enlargement of their fellow men as being truly guides toward emancipation from spiritual despotism. He that is gone, Agassiz, was also a priest of God—not in the church which men's hands have built, but in that great circle which Divine Providence marks out, where men find out the footsteps and the handiwork of God, and take that which they find to make men larger and richer and truer and better. He, too, is a priest of God; and that glorious company of men who are saying to the rock and to the sky and to the realms of nature, "What secret hath God told you? Tell it to us," they too are making men free, and are emancipating the human mind. And every artist who works upon his canvas or upon the stone, or rears up stately fabrics, expressing something nobler to men, giving some form to their ideals and aspirations—every such man also is working for the largeness and so for the liberty of men. And every mother who sits by the cradle, singing to her babe the song which the angels sing all the way up to the very throne, she too is God's priestess, and is working for the largeness of men, and so for their liberty. Whoever teaches men to be truthful, to be virtuous, to be enterprising; in short, whoever teaches Manhood, emancipates men; for liberty means not license, but such largeness and balance of manhood that men go right, not because they are told to, but because they love that which is right.

THE GLORY OF NEW ENGLAND

Speech of Henry Ward Beecher at the second anniversary banquet of the New England Society in the city of Brooklyn, December 21, 1881. The president of the society, Hon. Benjamin D. Silliman, presided and said by way of introduction: "Our next toast is in a few words: 'New England.' This is a vast theme—but the very incarnation of New England is with us to-night, and we invoke him to its consideration. It is our privilege to call upon the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher."

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—There is no other contest I enjoy beholding so much as to hear different nations tell which of them has been foremost in the contest for liberty. And when the representatives of the various European nations come together, I like to see—I like to hear—France tell what she has done, Germany what she has done, and Holland what she has done. And it gives me courage at last to tell a little of what New England has done.

The age in which Holland showed her great light, was an age that was pouring oil into more lamps than hers; one in which intellect broke at last and began to lead, seemingly, the nations toward the rising of the sun. And if you look over the world to-day, there is scarcely a nation of central Europe not stirred by this resurrection trump to the intelect of mankind. What should they do with this intellect? All Europe was thralled. Chruch fetters and social fetters, and the various fetters of nobility and caste held them all.

They forged the arrows of light on the anvils of Holland, and France and Germany, but there was no bow to send the arrows home; and God looked all around to see what should be done with these silver arrows that were being forged, but there was only one land where the oaks grew tough enough to form the bow to send the arrow home, and that was old England. She dominated the empires of the world then, as America does to-day.

I boast then—and there is not another city on this continent where it is more fit that we should boast, and where their honor and ours is combined, where the Dutch and the Yankee are so nearly at one, as this very city of Brooklyn, that has for its city flag the sublimest flag known on the face of the globe—not the United States flag which is barbaric only by the flag of the city of Brooklyn, no double-headed eagle, no twining serpent, simply this motto and symbol, "Right makes might!" [Applause.] And with such a flag as that, we have a right to trace the history of these men and these institutions which sprung from the loins of no man, but from the heart and the soul of Almighty God.

And when I speak of the Puritans, I know perfectly well that they were not theorists; they were not philosophers; they never sat down to write addresses. They had but just one theory—that every man before God was a man, with a right to himself and to open himself; that was the whole theory. They had no splendid Utopian idea of a republic drawn out, they had no Platonic theory of life, but simply the declaration, "I am a man because Christ is in me, and I have a right to everything that makes manhood." Contrast this with Proudhon and Fourier and other socialists who eternally sit, and who eternally never lay an egg. [Laughter.] They had simply the innate, intense, and ineradicable sense of the right of a man to himself before God and his fellow men. And in that spirit they came to New England; not to build air castles and reform political theories. They came here only to be free and to secure to all their posterity freedom here. And out of that simple consideration of the inherent dignity of man as a child of God, out of that grew New England. They sat down there and opened schoolhouses, they sat down in New England and built churches, and made laws that should suit their consciences and the rights of the individual. They had no such forecast as we now have backcast. [Laughter.] They did not anticipate the future any more than we perfectly read the past, but out of that little leaven grew all the institutions of New England. Taking the best things that had served old England, they brought out such as served them—that was a good deal; such as did not, they left behind, and that was a good deal more. You call them "State builders." You never hit it more perfectly in your life. Though that was not their trade, yet, like the universal Yankee, they could turn their hand to almost any trade when the time came. They scarcely, like the Jews, ever separated patriotism from religion.

Now we have had a great many people who have tried to build States. A good many tried it before they came. There were the mound builders. No doubt the mounds were built for political history, but the mound builders are not to be found. There were the Aztecs, the temple builders of Mexico, with an astonishing development of a certain civilization. They have left no history, nothing but a memory. Then the Spanish undertook to colonize, and they have left South America what she is. The French undertook to colonize, and as they were when they landed at Quebec, so they are to-day. They have not sprouted, nor has one branch grown from that day to this. They went west through Indiana and Ohio, and it is perfectly ludicrous to hear how they took saws and cut down trees, taking four days to cut down one good-sized tree. They hacked and hewed all day and fiddled and danced all night. They tried it in Florida and Louisiana. All the nations of Europe, pretty near, tried their hand at it, even the Dutch at New Amsterdam; and they were swallowed up at one mouthful. But no harm came of it, there was no violence done them, for there was no resistance. We took them and married their daughters, and so subdued them.

There is only one nation on this continent, and that is New England. There is not a State nor a Territory whose constitution to-day, laid alongside the New England constitution, varies one-tenth of an inch from its fundamental principles. Their essential laws, their constitutions, are identical. New England has built America. You may like it or not like it, there are the facts. And we are not here to celebrate New England in any sense of making a provincial celebration. Where is New England? Wherever New Englanders live, from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic Ocean; from the northern lakes to the Mexican Gulf. We are celebrating the whole country. We are the grandfathers of every State in the Union, and this is a national gathering, and therefore a family gathering.

There is a great deal more important question—Are we going to maintain what our fathers received? Are the children worthy of their fathers? I say they are. [Applause.] You and I will leave ourselves all out, and settle this matter impartially [looking at Judge Tracy who was present] as if we were judges upon the bench. I hold that the industry of New England has not gone out, except to all the ends of the earth. The old settlers of New England lived on rock and ground granite, and really committed burglary on Nature to get a living out of it. You don't know anything about industry; you don't know even as much about it as I do, for I used to get up at four o'clock in the morning at this season of the year to do the chores and make the fires. I used to break out the road with the oxen to break a path in the snow, before the horses could tread the path they broke. I used to go two miles to school, and used to sit on Sundays in a church in which they thought a fire was sacrilege. I used to live where the old fireplace would hold logs ten feet long, which required two men to roll them in. You were not brought up in that way; I was. I know what it was to work. Did you ever hoe potatoes on a hillside just after the alder bushes had been cut off? [A voice—"Yes, sir!"] I am glad there is one real Yankee here. [Laughter.] I have.

Did you ever have but one single holiday in all the summer's vacation, and that the 4th of July? I have. Were you ever shut up in your dooryard and not allowed to go down town to see the training? I was. One of the great sorrows of my life, that can never be lifted from me, was to hear the bass drum down in the village, and have a father who was so solicitous for the morals of his son, that he would not allow him to go out of the yard to see the soldiers train! [Laughter.] We have two sons of New England here that know more about soldiering, but then they have descended a good way.

The industry of New England has not ceased. All the most fertile enterprises on this continent, and almost all that exist in every part of the globe have in them either the capital or management of New England men, and the commercial and manufacturing interests of this continent reflect honor on the posterity of the Puritans and the Pilgrims.

When it was sought to inaugurate a dynasty and an aristocracy, and make slavery essentially the master of this country, it was the spirit of New England that resisted that despotism and that tyranny. And so was it recognized, that it was actually in the council of Southern men to dissolve the Union and re-compose it, leaving New England out. A greater honor never was conferred upon New England than that. When the war broke out—I shall leave my friend on the left to speak of that—when our very best men in every walk of life answered their country's call, the first soldier that went through here was a son of New England.

There was one remarkable incident that happened in Baltimore, that I recall: When the Massachusetts Sixth was there and being mobbed, and stood for a long time perfectly patient till their officers commanded them to fire, a long Yankee—who had stood watching this crowd and saw that the poor ruffians round about were merely the tools of the respectable scoundrels standing away across the square on boxes and barrels—stepped out from the ranks and drew his bead and sent a bullet through one scoundrel's heart, and knocked him like a pigeon off a branch. In Baltimore I heard the other side of that story, when a clergyman of that city told me, "We lost a good deal out of our church that day." "Ah?" said I. "How was that?" "Well, one of the class leaders of our church was down there looking on. He stood on a box on the other side of the square; he was not amongst the crowd at all, but a stray bullet came across the end of the square and shot him!" [Laughter.] He was one of those broadclothed scoundrels, with a gold-headed cane, surrounding those poor fellows, and ought to have been shot.

Afterwards there came up the question of Repudiation, and the spirit of New England rose against it and put that down as a fatal heresy all over the country.

And when the question of the redemption of the currency came up, the New England conscience and spirit showed itself again, and that question has been fortunately settled for honesty and for good morals. When the New England spirit is rife in any community, it respects the law, it respects government, it respects parties. But there is that same plucky personal independence, and when the managers of parties forget that they are the servants of the people, and decree that the people shall do as they want to have them do, instead of their doing what the people want to have them do, the old New England pluck rises up against it, and they "bust the machine," and elect to the magistracy of every city where this takes place, the man who expresses the will of the people. I think we may say therefore that the spirit of liberty, essential in religion and in philosophy, the spirit of civil government, the spirit of enterprise, inhere in the posterity of New England; that we have come into a larger place, and that we are carrying on the great work inaugurated by our fathers, on a continent and not in a province. I think we may say that the glory of New England is not alone in the institutions that they founded and gave to the continent, but her glory is also in that posterity which has descended from them, and which is thoroughbred, and has carried with it the heart, the conscience, the will and the power of the fathers of New England. [Prolonged applause.]

MERCHANTS AND MINISTERS

Speech of Henry Ward Beecher, delivered in New York City, May 8, 1883, at the 115th annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York.

Mr. President and Gentlemen Merchants:—It may seem a little strange that, in one toast, two so very dissimilar professions should be associated. I suppose it is partly because one preaches and the other practices. [Laughter.] There are very many functions that are performed in common. Merchants are usually men forehanded; ministers are generally men empty-handed. [Laughter.] Merchants form important pillars in the structure of the Church. Ministers are appointed often to go forth to councils and associations, and a delegate is always sent with them. The object of the delegate is to keep the minister sober and to pay his expenses. [Laughter.] They are a very useful set of men in the Church. [Laughter.] But there are some moral functions that they have in common. It is the business of the minister to preach the truth. It is the interest of the merchant to practice it. I hold that not even the Church itself is more dependent upon fundamental moralities than is the whole commercial structure of the world. [Cries of "That's so!"]

There are three great elements that are fundamental elements. They are the same everywhere—among all people and in every business—truth, honesty and fidelity. [Applause.] And it is my mission to-night to say that, to a very large extent, I fear the pulpit has somewhat forgotten to make this the staple of preaching It has been given too largely, recently, from the force of education and philosophical research, to discourse upon what are considered the "higher" topics—theology—against which I bring no charge. [Laughter.] But theology itself, that is not based on the profoundest morality, is an empty cloud that sails through the summer air, leaving as much drought as it found. I believe that there is a theology that pertains to the higher experiences of the human soul. As profoundly as any man, I believe in that.

To-day I have been transplanting magnolia trees. I am speaking to-night as the farmer of Westchester County. [Laughter.] There is one that stands among the earliest I planted, twenty years ago, and now it is a vast ball of white. I suppose five hundred thousand magnificent cups are exhaling thanksgiving to God after the long winter has passed. Now, no man need tell me that the root that nestles in the ground is as handsome or smells as sweet as these vases in the air; but I should like to know what would become of all these white cups in the air, if the connection between the dirt-covered roots and blossoms should be cut to-night. The root is the prime provider, and there can be no life and no blossom where there is no root connection.

Theology and all the rhetoric of preaching is well enough in its place, provided there is a clean and clear passage from all beauty, and all speculations, and all doctrine, down to fundamental common, practical moralities without doubt. [Applause.] I hold, then, that it is the interest both of the Church and the Store to see to it that truth is spoken, and that honesty and equity prevail between man and man, nation and nation, people and people, and that men should be worthy of trust all over the world. [Applause.]

Speaking the truth is an artificial matter. [Laughter.] Men are no more born to speak the truth than they are to fire rifles, and, indeed, it is a good deal like that. It is only now and then that a man can hit the bull's-eye, and a great many can't hit the target at all. [Laughter.] Speaking the truth requires that a man should know a little about what is truth. It is not an easy thing to be a true man. We part with our fancies and call them truth. We part with our interests and call them truth. We part with our consciences more often and call that truth. [Laughter.]

The reason why these are fundamental moralities, and why they are so important to the commercial interests of men is this: commerce dies the moment, and is sick in the degree in which men cannot trust each other. [Applause.] That is the case in the smallest community, and it is more marked, the greater the magnitude of commercial enterprises. And it is one of the evidences that things are not so far gone as some would have us suppose, that men are willing to trust each other so largely in all parts of the earth. If a man can invest his hundreds of thousands of dollars on the ocean or in distant countries, where men cannot understand the documents we write, it shows that there is trust between man and man, buyers and sellers; and if there is trust between them it is because experience has created the probabilities of truthfulness in the actions of men and all the concordant circumstances. If men did not believe in the truth of men, they never would send to China, Japan or Mexico their great properties and interests, with no other guarantee than that the men are trustworthy. The shipmaster must be trustworthy, the officers of the government must be trustworthy, and that business goes on and increases the world over is a silent testimony that, bad as men do lie, they do not lie bad enough to separate man from man. [Laughter.]

Now, I wish to call your attention to one unpleasant state of affairs. It is not to me so very surprising that men intrusted with large interests are found to be so breakable. There is nothing in the make-up of a president that should cause him to make off with the funds committed to his management. There is nothing in being a cashier or director that ought to rot out a man so that he snaps under temptation. I admit that all men are breakable. Men are like timber. Oak will bear a stress that pine won't, but there never was a stick of timber on the earth that could not be broken at some pressure. There never was a man born on the earth that could not be broken at some pressure—not always the same nor put in the same place. There is many a man who cannot be broken by money pressure, but who can be by pressure of flattery. There is many a man impervious to flattery who is warped and biased by his social inclinations. There is many a man you cannot tempt with red gold, but you can with dinners and convivialities. One way or the other, every man is vincible. There is a great deal of meaning in that simple portion of the Lord's prayer, "Lead us not into temptation."

No man knows what he will do, according to the nature of the temptation as adapted to the peculiar weakness of his constitution. But this is that which is peculiar—that it requires piety to be a rascal. [Laughter.] It would almost seem as if a man had to serve as a superintendent of a Sunday School as a passport to Sing Sing. [Laughter.] How is it that pious men are defrauding their wards? That leading men in the Church are running off with one hundred thousand or two hundred thousand dollars? In other words, it would seem as if religion were simply a cloak for rascality and villainy. It is time for merchants and ministers to stand together and take counsel on that subject. I say the time has come when we have got to go back to old-fashioned, plain talk in our pulpits on the subject of common morality, until men shall think not so much about Adam as about his posterity [applause], not so much about the higher themes of theology, which are regarded too often as being the test of men's ability and the orthodoxy and salvability of churches.

Well, gentlemen, in regard to what men think in the vast realm of theology, where nobody knows anything about it, does not make any difference. [Laughter.] A man may speak and be lying, and not know it, when he has got up overhead in the clouds. But on the ground, where man meets man, where interest meets interest, where temptation pursues every man, where earthly considerations—greediness, selfishness, pride, all influences are working together—we need to have every man, once a week at any rate, in the church, and every day at home, cautioned on the subject of the simple virtues of truth and honesty and fidelity; and a man that is, in these three respects, thoroughly educated, and education has trained him so that he is invincible to all the other temptations of life, has come not necessarily to be a perfect man, because he is ignorant of all theology; but I say that, over all the theories of theology, I think that education will lead more men to heaven than any high Church theology, or any other kind that leaves that out. [Applause.]

What, then, are we going to do? It seems to me there are three things that must be done. In the first place, the household must do its own work. The things that we learn from our fathers and mothers we never forget, by whichever end they enter. [Laughter.] They become incorporated into our being, and become almost instincts, apparently. If we have learned at home to love and honor the truth, until we come to hate, as men hate filth, all lying, all double-tongued business—if we get that firmly ingrained, we shall probably carry that feeling to the end of life—and it is the most precious thread of life—provided we keep out of politics. [Laughter.]

Next, it seems to me that this doctrine of truth, equity and fidelity must form a much larger part and a much more instructive part of the ministrations of the Church than it does today. Wonder is a great many times expressed why the churches are so thin, why men do not go to meeting. The churches are always popular when people hear something there that they want to hear—when they receive that which gives them light, and food for thought, and incitement in all the legitimate ways of life. There they will go again and again. And if churches are supported on any other ground, they are illegitimate. The Church should feed the hungry soul. When men are hungry and get what they need, they go every day to get such food as that. [Applause.]

Next there must be a public sentiment among all honorable merchants which shall frown, without fear or favor, upon all obliquity, upon everything in commerce, at home or abroad that is violative of truth, equity and fidelity. [Applause.] These three qualities are indispensable to the prosperity of commerce. With them, with the stimulus, enterprise, opportunities and means that we have in our hands, America can carry the world. [Applause.] But without them, without these commercial under-strata in the commerce of America, we shall do just as foolishly as other people have done, and shall come to the same disasters in the long run as they have come to. [Applause.]

So, then, gentlemen, this toast, "Ministers and Merchants," is not so strange a combination after all. You are the merchants and I am the minister, and I have preached to you and you have sat still and heard the whole of it; and with this simple testimony, with this foundation laid before you for your future prosperity, I have only to say, if you have been accustomed to do what the Mosaic law wisely forbids you must not twine the hemp and the wool to make a thread under the Mosaic economy. You, merchants, must not twine lies and sagacity with your threads in weaving, for every lie that is told in business is a rotten thread in the fabric, and though it may look well when it first comes out of the loom, there will always be a hole there, first or last, when you come to wear it. [Applause.] No gloss in dressing, no finishing in bargain or goods, no lie, if it be an organic lie, no lie that runs through whole trades or whole departments, has any sanity, safety or salvation in it. A lie is bad from top to bottom, from beginning to end, and so is cheating—except in umbrellas, slate-pencils and such things. [Laughter.] There is a little line drawn before you come quite up to the dead line of actual transgression. [Laughter.] When a young man swears he will teach a whole system of doctrines faithfully, no one supposes he means it, but he is excused because everybody knows that he does not know what he is saying, and doesn't understand. Of course, there is the lying of permission, as when a lawyer says to a jury, in a bad case: "On my soul, gentlemen of the jury, I believe my client to be an injured man." We know he is lying; he knows it, and the jury knows it, and so it is not lying at all, really. [Laughter.] And even when engineers make one estimate [glancing humorously in the direction of the gentleman[1] who had eulogized the bridge management]—but we pay up another bill. [Prolonged laughter.] Leaving out these matters, lies of courtesy, lies of ignorance, professional lies, lawyers' lies, theologians' lies—and they are good men [laughter]—I come to common, vulgar lies, calico lies, broadcloth lies, cotton lies, silk lies, and those most verminous and multitudinous lies of grocers'. [Roars of laughter.]

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[1] Hon. James S. T. Stranahan who had responded to the toast: "The Great Bridge—the engineering triumph of the nineteenth century."

Gentlemen, I have been requested to say a word or two on monopoly. I wish, on my soul, there were a few men who had the monopoly of lying, and that they had it all to themselves. [Applause.] And now I go back to my first statement. The Church and the Store have a common business before them, to lay the foundation of sound morality, as a ground of temporal prosperity, to say nothing of any other direction. The minister and the merchant have a like interest. The minister for the sake of God and humanity, and the merchant for his own sake, to see to it that, more and more, in public sentiment, even in newspapers—which are perhaps as free as any other organs of life from bias and mistake [laughter]—lying shall be placed in the category of vermin. [Applause.] And so, with my benediction, gentlemen, I will leave you to meditate on this important topic. [Applause.]

HOME RULE FOR IRELAND

Speech of Henry Ward Beecher at the 102nd anniversary dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, New York City, March 17, 1886. Joseph J. O'Donoghue, president of the society, was in the chair, and proposed the toast "Ireland," to which Mr. Beecher spoke.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—There is a great deal more in this struggle in Ireland than lies on the face of it. She is small in territory, but large in men and brains, and Ireland today happens to be the object of universal attention. She stands more nearly at the front than other European nations. The human race is not forever to be trodden down. Universal intelligence is drawing near. The nations are closer together. Nothing can any longer be done in a corner. The whole human family are under the influence of its most enlightened part. The whole of society is lifted when any part of it is aroused. All over the world men have heard God's trumpet. The mass of men at the bottom are coming up; they are going to make room for themselves. All the nations in Europe are feeling the throes which come from the rising of the under classes of men. [Applause.] A democratic representative race is working in all the nations of Europe. I do not blame the Nihilist. Oppression will drive men mad. But we know how to make States that will stand, and not merely stand still, but that will radiate, vitalize and illuminate the world. Liberty is catching; the nations of Europe have caught it, and we are bound to take an interest in the fruit of our hands.

Imperial Great Britain ought to give Home Rule to Ireland. God forbid that I should say aught irreverential of Great Britain. Her spirit has given more liberty to us than she has retained herself. There can never be a transfer of American institutions to Great Britain, unless there is a corresponding change in the make-up of Great Britain itself. I believe that Ireland will attain a step in advance, but it will be only preparatory to another step. Great Britain is not to be exempted from the change that is to overtake all nations; monarchy and democracy cannot exist together. [Applause.] With Parnell and Gladstone, I believe that Ireland will attain an improved condition, but it does not become Irishmen to tread under foot those, who like themselves, come here to make a living. Chinamen are children of God also. From the East, I believe, is to come a civilization that will yet make the nations of Europe tremble. Ireland is not the only aspirant for liberty. May the day come quickly when Great Britain will discover that Irishmen are her stanchest friends, and when Irishmen will learn that Englishmen are their brothers. [Applause.]

DAVID BELASCO

FORTY YEARS A THEATRICAL PRODUCER

David Belasco, dramatist, manager and producer, was born in San Francisco in 1859. He came to New York in 1880, and has since then been one of our foremost producers. This speech was delivered at the dinner given by the Society of Arts and Sciences in honor of his career in the theater, at the Biltmore Hotel, New York, on Dec. 11, 1921. Over a thousand persons were present. Mr. Otis Skinner served as toastmaster.

Mr. Chairman—Ladies and Gentlemen:—I do not—I cannot—accept this tribute for myself. No. Deeply grateful as I am for the generous, the hearty—I may say the affectionate—manner in which you have greeted me, I feel that this is a tribute to my adored calling.

As I look about me, I see the faces of many who are personal strangers, and yet in all the faces which I see, there is something which tells me that all are friends.

To-day marks an anniversary for me.

In all these years it stands to reason that I must have learned something—and it is this: it took years to learn it—and it takes but a moment to say it: Love is the only thing that matters, the one thing that counts.

It is the only thing that tells in the long run—nothing else endures to the end.

Love tells the whole story; love built my little theater; love puts on my plays; love guides my characters; and a glow of love for your society and its friends, brings me here to-night in answer to the glow of affectionate kindness in the hearts of your members and others which prompted this touching tribute.

Out of the depths of my experience, I can say that the longer I live, the more I despise the so-called material things and the more I see that love is the really big thing, the important eternal thing.

Another thing that I have learned in my experience in New York and it has grown to be my creed: I believe that God made us to work. I believe that He meant that we should earn our living by the sweat of our brows. And I believe that He made us to love our work so much that we might play at it; find real and profound pleasure in it; and so labor on until, tired out, we might sleep like little children at the end of each day.

And I believe that the last sleep is only the end of another day and there will be a to-morrow—to work again and to play again and to love again.

People say to me, the doctors and my friends: "You work too hard." I say: "No—I play a little hard, perhaps—my work is my play." And it is such good sport that I love it more and more; and since nothing is wasted—nothing is wasted—our love is the one real thing left behind us in the work we leave—for "the only things we really keep are those we give away," as dear Elbert Hubbard said.

Every day that dawns, I find greater pleasure in my life in the theater. The man who does not love his work—who finds no pleasure in it—who cannot toil at it till he drops—is a slave.

But to go on with our work, we all need loving encouragement, recognition. It is a great thing.

Encouragement we all long for. Need I say how much encouragement your kindly tribute to-night has given to me?

We are all human.

We pet the child, and when it grows up, we must not forget it and leave it to its fate; for it still needs love and tenderness and patience and encouragement to overcome the life storms, hardships and terrible disappointments. It must scratch its way through miles of mountains until it sees the light.

In my experience in the theater, the changes that have come about are almost inconceivable.

I marvel at the daily difficulties overcome, only to find increasing difficulties newly arisen—until sometimes, like a king of old, I say: "O Lord: remember David and all his afflictions."

Yet how much has been accomplished! What astonishing improvements have been and are taking place.

How can I but glory in my profession!

"I think I love and reverence all arts equally," our own dear Charlotte Cushman used to say, "only putting my own just a little above the others because in it I recognize the union and culmination of them all. To me it seems as if when God conceived the world, that was poetry; He formed it, and that was sculpture; He colored it, and that was painting; He peopled it with living beings, and that was the grand, divine, eternal Drama."

If the leaders of to-morrow will only bring love to their work and deal with truths—and only truths—our art in America will yet bear the torch and lead the way.

The curse of our times is the vast army of people who care nothing for their work—who labor solely for money. No one can do this and succeed.

We must carry affection into our work to bring inspiration, because "All that happens, happens again," as Peter Grimm said.

King Solomon said it before him: "There is nothing new under the sun."

This is felt by all artists, scientists, and men and women in the business world; so the best we can do is to take a fresh viewpoint of old matters.

Now, in the theater, we call this "treatment." And "treatment" performs miracles.

Love in the theater is taken very seriously. There is a certain element which is greatly to be desired in a play—we call that element "heart-interest."

The appeal to love is not only necessary to the drama—it is the keynote of all arts, of all science, of all business. It is the foundation, the mortar, the bricks, the beams and the thing itself. Even the hard-fisted financier has been made today to recognize its value—the very dust in the street knows it.

Why was John the beloved disciple—beloved above all others! Because he bore a love message.

Nothing in the world is so tremendous as a thought; and a love thought is overwhelming.

It was a love thought that my darling mother sent to me on the day she left this world. . . . She was in San Francisco—and this thought wakened me from a dream in New York and was so vivid that I saw her; and that thought was clothed and glorified.

Some one asked Queen Victoria to write her favorite text in the Bible; she wrote: "Love never faileth. . . . Love suffereth long and is kind." To which I add: "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it. If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would be utterly condemned."

I have an indexed Bible on my desk, which I very often consult and I find a great space given to the word "love."

There is another love besides the love of work—one which inspires work.

This love every man in the room has felt for some woman—let no man deny it—and it has been the incentive—the great incentive—to his success in business or his artistic career.

He may not realize it now—he may think he has got beyond the sentimental stage of life; but the fact remains that love for woman, wife, mother or sweetheart, is the basis of endeavor. How often is the picture painted because of the enthusiasm aroused by the love of a woman, and in turn, passed on to the work in hand.

Love is the controlling power in art and finance. Love rules the world.

I need say nothing of love of work to women. They are love itself. I will say but this: they best excel when working for those they love; but if they would apply the same love that they bear the home and their dear ones to the arts, to science, literature or business, the results would be so overwhelming as to revolutionize the universe.

The first sound we hear in the world is a voice singing: "Rock-a-by Baby in the Tree-top," and the singer of that song carries us as helpless children over the first years of our lives until we are grown and strong; and then we hear the call again and this time it is a girl's voice; and the singer of that song encourages us and cares for us and helps us over the hard road; and in time we hear the song again in our homes: "Rock-a-by

Baby in the Tree-top." But it is for our children the voice is singing now.

And so over and over again the divine story goes on! All that we are—all that we would be—we owe to women. In the home, in the office, in public life—everywhere. We must—we should—we do pay tribute to them.

I shall name no date in this anniversary. I am entirely indifferent to the flight of time—because I hold with those who perceive that time is an illusion.

Time may have dusted my hair, but I have never been over twenty-five—and I have never seen and I shall never see a woman looking older than twenty-one.

I am sure that my boy friend, dear Otis Skinner, is of the same opinion.

To go back to the date of which this to me is a happy anniversary, let me quote the old song:

> When I was young and had no sense,
> I bought a fiddle for eighteen pence,
> And the only tune that I could play
> Was "Over the Hills and Far Away."

After my wandering, barn-storming, poverty-stricken, hunger-pinched, youthful days, when I first saw New York, I knew that at last I had reached home; that next to California—God's own golden land that gave me birth—this was the dearest spot on earth, the spot where dreams come true.

This wonderful scene to-night is like a dream to me . . . a far cry from my shabby little garret in old Fourteenth Street where I first found shelter in this city.

The lights, the friendly faces, the wonderful welcome, form a moving and beautiful picture. A picture to stay fixed in the mind and to carry away with me.

As I stand here . . . all the teeming memories of the past come surging back and I seem to see among you many a friend and comrade of other days whose names have long been written in the Book of Death: John McCullough, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, the Wallacks, Augustin Daly, Richard Mansfield, Billy Florence, Charlotte Cushman, Adelaide Neilson, Ada Rehan, Henry Irving and Helena Modjeska.

I can scarce credit that it is I who am here; that all the strange, eventful experiences of my life have actually befallen me!

And now—a thousand affectionate thanks! A thousand times my gratitude.

Dear friends: it is not likely that we shall meet again—not all of us. No, that is impossible.

> Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
> Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;
> So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
> Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.

The beauty of life, and all the beauty of life, lies in the look and the voice before we pass each other in the silence—the courage and love we give to each other in the very brief years we are in this world. For each day we must say with the prophet, "How long shall I see the standard and hear the sound of the trumpet?"

And so, dear friends, I echo our own great Brutus: "If we do meet again, why, we shall smile. If not, why then the parting was well made."

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

THE REPUBLIC THAT NEVER RETREATS

Speech of Senator Albert J. Beveridge delivered at a banquet of the Union League Club, Philadelphia, Penn., February 15, 1899. The president of the club occupied the chair. His speech "The March of the Flag" is given in Volume XI and his introduction "Public Speaking" in Volume V.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—The Republic never retreats. Why should it retreat? The Republic is the highest form of civilization, and civilization must advance. The Republic's young men are the most virile and unwasted in the world, and they pant for enterprise worthy of their power. The Republic's preparation has been the self-discipline of a century, and that preparedness has found its task. The Republic's opportunity is as noble as its strength, and that opportunity is here. The Republic's duty is as sacred as its opportunity is real, and Americans never desert their duty.

The Republic could not retreat if it would. Whatever its destiny it must proceed. For the American Republic is a part of the movement of a race—the most masterful race of history—and race movements are not to be stayed by the hand of man. They are mighty answers to divine commands.

What is England's glory? England's immortal glory is not in Agincourt or Waterloo. It is not her merchandise or commerce. It is Australia, New Zealand, and Africa reclaimed. It is India redeemed. It is Egypt, mummy of the nations, touched into modern life. England's imperishable renown is in English science throttling the plague in Calcutta, English law administering order in Bombay, English energy planting an industrial civilization from Cairo to the Cape, and English discipline creating soldiers, men, and finally citizens, perhaps, even out of the fellaheen of the dead land of the Pharaohs. And yet the liberties of Englishmen were never so secure as now. And that which is England's undying fame has also been her infinite profit, so sure is duty golden in the end.

The dominant notes in American history have thus far been self-government and internal improvements. But these were not ends; they were means. They were modes of preparation. The dominant notes in American life henceforth will be, not only self-government and internal development, but also administration and world improvement.

The future of Cuba is to be worked out by the wisdom of events. Ultimately annexation is as certain as that island's existence. Even if Cubans are capable of self-government, every interest points to union. We and they may blunder forward and timidly try devices of doubt. But in the end Jefferson's desire will be fulfilled, and Cuba will be a part of the great Republic.

The Philippines are ours forever. Let faint hearts anoint their fears with the thought that some day American administration and American duty there may end. But they never will end. England's occupation of Egypt was to be temporary; but events, which are the commands of God, are making it permanent. And now God has given us this Pacific empire for civilized administration. The first office of the administration is order. Order must be established throughout the archipelago.

Rebellion against the authority of the flag must be crushed without delay, for hesitation encourages revolt; and without anger, for the turbulent children know not what they do. And then civilization must be organized, administered and maintained. Law and justice must rule where savages, tyranny and caprice have rioted. The people must be taught the art of orderly and continuous industry.

The frail of faith declare that those peoples are not fitted for citizenship. It is not proposed to make them citizens. Those who see disaster in every forward step of the Republic prophesy that cheap labor from the Philippines will overrun our country and starve our workingmen. But the Javanese have not so overrun Holland. New Zealand's Malays, Australia's bushmen, Africa's Kaffirs, Zulus and Hottentots, and

India's millions of surplus labor have not so overrun England.

Those who measure duty by dollars cry out at the expense. When did America ever count the cost of righteousness? And, besides, this Republic must have a mighty navy in any event. And new markets secured, new enterprises opened, new resources in timber, mines and products of the tropics acquired, and the vitalization of all our industries which will follow, will pay back a thousandfold all the government spends in discharging the highest duty to which the Republic may be called.

The blood already shed is but a drop to that which would flow if America should desert its post in the Pacific. And the blood already spilled was poured out upon the altar of the world's regeneration. Manila is as noble as Omdurman, and both are holier than Jericho. Retreat from the Philippines on any pretext would be the master cowardice of history. It would be the betrayal of a trust as sacred as humanity. It would be a crime against Christian civilization, and would mark the beginning of the decadence of our race. And so, thank God, the Republic never retreats.

Imperialism is not the word for our vast work. Imperialism, as used by the opposers of national greatness, means oppression, and we oppress not. Imperialism, as used by the opposers of national destiny, means monarchy, and the days of monarchy are spent. Imperialism, as used by the opposers of national progress, is a word to frighten the faint of heart, and so is powerless with the fearless American people.

The Republic never retreats. Its flag is the only flag that has never known defeat. Where that flag leads we follow, for we know that the hand that bears it onward is the unseen hand of God. We follow the flag and independence is ours. We follow the flag and nationality is ours. We follow the flag and oceans are ruled. We follow the flag, and in Occident and Orient tyranny falls and barbarism is subdued.

We followed the flag at Trenton and Valley Forge, at Buena Vista and Chapultepec, at Gettysburg and Mission Ridge, at Santiago and Manila, and everywhere and always it means larger liberty, nobler opportunity, and greater human happiness; for everywhere and always it means the blessings of the greater Republic. And so God leads, we follow the flag, and the Republic never retreats.

LORD BIRKENHEAD

WELCOME TO THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR

Lord Birkenhead, one of the most brilliant lawyers and influential statesmen of our era is held in high repute as a speaker in the United States as well as in England. He was Chancellor of Great Britain 1919-1922, created first Earl of Birkenhead in 1922, and became Secretary of State for India in 1924. The following speech, a model of a brief welcoming address, was given in proposing the health of the American Ambassador, the Honorable Alanson B. Houghton, to a gathering of seven hundred members of the English-Speaking Union and guests at a luncheon to welcome the new American Ambassador, in London, May 28, 1925.

Your Excellency has come among us to be welcomed, as it has been our pleasure to welcome the long line of distinguished men who have preceded you, at a moment when, as far as my observation stands, the relations, diplomatic, social, political, between the two countries were never more harmonious. It almost in perspective appears to belong to remote history that it should have been almost a common form at an election in the United States to perform that process which is commonly described as "twisting the lion's tail." I don't recall that the lion was ever seriously incommoded by this process, but the mere use of the expression, the mere habit of adopting a plank in a platform which could be described in the terms of this picturesque metaphor, showed that at that time it was considered good politics in the United States of America to speak unfavorably of Great Britain. We in this country never ventured to pluck a feather from the great eagle, and I am glad to think to-day that the memories of the War which brought us together still prevail to remind the citizens of both countries, and to warn the world that in the last resort, the ideals of civilization and of humanity which prevail in your great republic and in these islands, are identical. I have never doubted that the greatest safeguard for the peace of the world was, and is, the fact that our conception and yours, alike of international law and international morality, are the same. Never, so far as I know, in history has there been a case where two communities have had co-terminus boundaries extending for thousands of miles which neither has deemed it expedient or found it necessary to protect by fortifications or to surround with soldiers. Your neighbor, the Dominion of Canada, inferior to your republic in numbers as it has been, has depended not upon military defenses; it has depended upon the knowledge that your conception of rights was theirs and that you shared their conception of wrong. These beliefs have not been falsified through long generations.

But I will add, because after lunch one does not desire either to make or—give me leave to add—to listen to very long harangues. I will only add this, that with deep sincerity, making myself, as I am honored to do, the mouthpiece of the English-Speaking Union, I bid you welcome among us. We have an old practice when Mr. Speaker is elected at the beginning of a new Parliament that he asks that the best construction shall be put upon his acts and his speeches. We, sir, would ask you to put the best construction upon all that we say and all that we do. Accept from me, as the mouthpiece of this great Union, the assurance that we welcome you as we have welcomed those who have preceded you. We give you the assurance of our cordial friendship, and we thank you for coming among us to-day.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

THE TRANSMISSION OF DR. JOHNSON'S PERSONALITY

Address of Augustine Birrill, essayist, lawyer, cabinet minister, famous after-dinner speaker (born in Wavertree, near Liverpool, England, January 19, 1850,) delivered before the Johnson Club, a society which was formed by the admirers of Samuel Johnson on the 13th day of December, 1884, at the Cock Tavern, Fleet Street, London. Mr. Birrell was prior of the club in 1895. His address on "Edmund Burke" is printed in Volume IX.

To talk about Dr. Johnson has become a confirmed habit of the British race. Four years after Johnson's death, Boswell, writing to Bishop Percy, said: "I dined at Mr. Malone's on Wednesday with Mr. W. G. Hamilton, Mr. Flood, Mr. Windham, and Mr. Courtenay, and Mr. Hamilton observed very well what a proof it was of Johnson's merit that we had been talking of him all the afternoon." That was a hundred and ten years ago. We have been talking of him ever since. But what does this perpetual interest in Dr. Johnson prove? Why, nothing whatever, except that he was interesting. But this is a great deal; indeed, it is the whole matter for a man, a woman, or a book. When you come to think of it, it is our sole demand. Just now authors, an interesting class, are displaying a great deal of uneasiness about their goods—whether they are to be in one volume or in three; how the profits (if any) are to be divided; what their books should be about, and how far the laws of decency should be observed in their construction. All this is very wearisome to the reader, who does not care whether a book be long as "Clarissa Harlowe," or as short as "The Luck of Roaring Camp," provided only and always that it is interesting. And this is why Johnson is supreme, and why we go on talking about him long after we have exhausted the subject of our next-door neighbor.

Not many years ago, at our own annual gathering on the 13th of December, two of our guests were called upon (the practice is inhospitable) to say something. One was an Irish patriot, who had languished in jail during a now ancient *régime,* who on demanding from the chaplain to be provided with some book which was not the Bible, a collection of writings with which he was already, so he assured the chaplain, well acquainted, was supplied with Boswell, a book, it so chanced, he had never before read. He straightway, so he told us, forgot his own and his country's woes. "How happily the days of Thalaba went by!" and now, in the retrospect of life, his prison days wear the hues of enjoyment and delight. He has since ceased to be a patriot, but he remains a Boswellian.

The other guest was no less or more than the gigantic Bonnor, the Australian cricketer. He told us that until that evening he had never heard of Dr. Johnson. Thereupon somebody was thoughtless enough to titter audibly. "Yes," added Bonnor, in heightened tones, and drawing himself proudly up, "and what is more, I come from a great country, where you might ride a horse sixty miles a day for three months, and never meet anybody who had. But," so he proceeded, "I have heard of him now, and can only say that were I not Bonnor the cricketer, I would be Samuel Johnson." He sat down amidst applause, and the sorrowful conviction straightway seized hold of me that could the Doctor have obtained permission to revisit Fleet Street, his earthly heaven, that night, and had he come in amongst us, he would certainly have preferred both the compliment and the conversation of the cricketer to those of the critics he would have found at the table.

This, at all events, is what I mean by being interesting. But how does it come about that we can all at this distance of time be so infatuated about a man who was not a great philosopher or poet, but only a miscellaneous writer? The answer must be, Johnson's is a transmitted personality.

To transmit personality is the secret of literature, as surely as the transmission of force is the mainspring of the universe. It is also the secret of religion.

To ask how it is done is to break your heart. Genius can do it sometimes, but what cannot genius do? Talent fails oftener than it succeeds. Mere sincerity of purpose is no good at all, unless accompanied by the rare gift of personal expression. A rascal like Benvenuto Cellini, or Casanova, an oddity like Borrow, is more likely to possess this gift than a saint; and this is why it is so much to be regretted that we have fewer biographies of avowed rogues than of professed saints. But I will not pursue this branch of the subject further.

Johnson's, I repeat, is a transmitted personality. We know more about him than we do about anybody else in the wide world. Chronologically speaking, he might have been one of the four great-grandfathers of most of us. But what do any of you know about that *partie carrée* of your ancestors? What were their habits and customs? Did they wear tye-wigs or bob-wigs? What were their opinions? Can you tell me a single joke they ever made? Who were their intimate friends? What was their favorite dish? They lived and died. The truth is, we inhabit a world which has been emptied of our predecessors. Perhaps it is as well; it leaves the more room for us to occupy the stage during the short time we remain upon it.

But though we cannot acquire the secret; though we cannot deliberately learn how to transmit personality from one century to another, either our own personality or anybody else's, we may track the path and ask by what ways may personality be transmitted.

Dr. Johnson's case is in the main that of a personality transmitted to us by means of a great biography. He comes down to us through Boswell. To praise Boswell is superfluous. His method was natural, and therefore, I need not add, intensely original. He had always floating through his fuddled brain a great deal of portraiture. Johnson himself, though he does not seem to have had any confidence in his disciple, preferring to appoint the unclubable Hawkins his literary executor, nevertheless furnished Boswell with hints and valuable directions; but the credit is all Boswell's, whose one aim was to make his man live. To do this he was prepared, like a true artist, to sacrifice everything. The proprieties did not exist for him. Then, what a free hand he had. Johnson left neither wife nor child. I don't suppose Black Frank, Johnson's servant and residuary legatee, ever read a line of the "Biography." There was no daughter married to a country squire to put her pen through the fact that Johnson's father kept a bookstall. There was no grandson in the Church to water down the witticisms that have reverberated through the world. He was tendered plenty of bad advice. He coarsely rejected it. Miss Hannah More besought his tenderness "for our virtuous and most revered departed friend, I beg you will mitigate some of his asperities." To which Boswell replied that he would not cut off his claws nor make a tiger a cat to please anybody.

The excellent Bishop Percy humbly requested Boswell that his (the Bishop's) name might be suppressed in the pages of the forthcoming "Biography." To him Boswell—"As to suppressing your lordship's name, I will do anything to oblige your lordship but that very thing. I owe to the authenticity of my work to introduce as many names of eminent persons as I can. Believe me, my lord, you are not the only Bishop in the number of great men with which my pages are graced. *I am resolute as to this matter.*"

This sets me thinking of the many delightful pages of the great "Biography" in which the name of Percy occurs, in circumstances to which one can understand the Bishop objecting. So absurd a creature is man, particularly what Carlyle used to call shovel-hatted man. How easily might the greatest of our biographies have been whittled away to nothing—to the dull ineptitudes with which we are all familiar, but for the glorious intrepidity of Boswell, who, if he did not practice the whole duty of man, at least performed the whole duty of a biographer.

As a means of transmitting personality memoirs rank high. Here we have Miss Burney's "Memoirs" to help us, and richly do they repay study, and Mrs. Thrale's marvelous collection of anecdotes, sparkling with womanly malice. Less deserving of notice are the volumes of Miss Anna Seward's correspondence, edited by Sir Walter Scott, who did not choose for their motto, as he fairly might have done, Sir Toby Belch's famous observation to that superlative fool Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though you write with a goose-pen—no matter."

But whether we read the "Biography" or the "Memoirs," it cannot escape our notice that Johnson's personality has been transmitted to us chiefly by a record of his talk. It is a perilous foundation on which to build reputation, for it rests upon the frail testimony of human memory and human accuracy. How comes it that we are all well persuaded that Boswell and the rest of the recorders did not invent Johnson's talk, but that it has come down to us bearing his veritable image and superscription? It is sometimes lightly said that had we records of other men's talk it would be as good as Johnson's. It is Boswells who are the real want. This I deny.

To be a great table-talker—and be it borne in mind a good deal of what is sometimes called table-talk is not table-talk at all, but extracts from commonplace books and carefully doctored notes—you must have, first, a marked and constant character, and, second, the gift of characteristic expression, so as to stamp all your utterances, however varied, however flatly contradictory one with another, with certain recognizable and ever present marks or notes. The great Duke of Wellington possessed these qualifications, and consequently, though his conversation, as recorded by Lord Stanhope and others, is painfully restricted in its range of subject, and his character is lacking in charm, it is always interesting, and sometimes remarkable. All the stories about Wellington are characteristic, and so are all the stories about Johnson. They all fit in with our conception of the character of the man about whom they are told, and thus strengthen and confirm that unity of impression which is essential if personality is to be transmitted down the ages.

The last story of Johnson I stumbled across is in a little book called "A Book for a Rainy Day," written by an old gentleman called Smith, the author of a well-known life of Nollekens, the sculptor, a biography written with a vein of causticity some have attributed to the fact that the biographer was not also a legatee. Boswell, thank Heaven, was above such considerations. He was not so much as mentioned in his great friend's will. The hated Hawkins was preferred to him

—Hawkins, who wrote the authorized "Life of Johnson," in which Boswell's name is only mentioned once, in a footnote. But to return to Mr. Smith. In this book of his he records: "I once saw Johnson follow a sturdy thief who had stolen his handkerchief in Grosvenor Square, seize him by the collar with both hands, and shake him violently, after which he quickly let him loose, and then with his open hand gave him so powerful a smack on the face as to send him off the pavement staggering."

Now, in this anecdote of undoubted authenticity Johnson said nothing whatever, he fired off no epigram, thundered no abuse, and yet the story is as characteristic as his famous encounter with the Thames bargee.

You must have the character first, and the talk comes afterwards. It is the old story; anybody can write like Shakespeare, if he has the mind.

But still, for this talk Johnson possessed great qualities. Vast and varied was his information on all kinds of subjects. He knew not only books, but a great deal about trades and manufactures, ways of existence, customs of business. He had been in all sorts of societies, kept every kind of company. He had fought the battle of life in a hand-to-hand encounter; had slept in garrets; had done hack work for booksellers; in short, had lived on fourpence halfpenny a day. By the side of Johnson, Burke's knowledge of men and things was bookish and notional. He had a great range of fact. Next, he had a strong mind operating upon and in love with life. He never lost his curiosity in his fellow men.

Then he had, when stirred by contact with his friends, or inflamed by the desire of contradiction, an amazingly ready wit and a magnificent vocabulary always ready for active service in the field. Add to this, extraordinary, and at times an almost divine tenderness, a deep-rooted affectionateness of disposition, united to a positively brutal aversion to any kind of exaggeration, particularly of feelings, and you get a combination rarely to be met with.

Another point must not be forgotten—ample leisure. The Dr. Johnson we know is the *post-pension* Doctor. Never, surely, before or since did three hundred pounds a year of public money yield (thanks mainly to Boswell) such a perpetual harvest for the public good. Not only did it keep the Doctor himself and provide a home for Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Desmoulins and Miss Carmichael and Mr. Levett, but it has kept us all going ever since. Dr. Johnson, after his pension, which he characteristically wished was twice as large, so that the newspaper dogs might make twice as much noise about it, was a thoroughly lazy fellow, who hated solitude with the terrible hatred of inherited melancholia. He loved to talk, and he hated to be alone. He said: "John Wesley's conversation is good, but he is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have out his talk, as I do."

But, of course, Wesley—a bright and glorious figure of the last century, to whom justice will some day be done when he gets from under the huge human organization which has so long lain heavily on the top of him—Wesley had on his eager mind and tender conscience the conversion of England, whose dark places he knew; he could not stop all night exchanging intellectual hardihood with Johnson. Burke, too, had his plaguey politics, to keep Lord John Cavendish up to the proper pitch of an uncongenial enthusiasm, and all sorts of entanglements and even lawsuits of his own; Thurlow had the woolsack; Reynolds, his endless canvases and lady sitters; Gibbon, his history; Beauclerk, his assignations. One by one these eminent men would get up and steal away, but Johnson remained behind.

To sum this up, I say, it is to his character, plus his mental endowments, as exhibited by his talk, as recorded by Boswell and others, that the great world of Englishmen owe their Johnson. Such sayings as "Hervey was a vicious man, but he was very kind to me; if you call a dog Hervey I should love him," throb through the centuries and excite in the mind a devotion akin to, but different from, religious feeling. The difference is occasioned by the entire absence of the note of sanctity. Johnson was a good man and a pious man, and a great observer of days; but despite his bow to an archbishop, he never was in the way of becoming a saint. He lived fearfully, prayerfully, but without assurance or exaltation.

Another mode of the transmission of personality is by letters. To be able to say what you mean in a letter is a useful accomplishment, but to say what you mean in such a way as at the same time to say what you are is immortality. To publish a man's letters after his death is nowadays a familiar outrage; they often make interesting volumes, seldom permanent additions to our literature. Lord Beaconsfield's letters to his sister are better than most, but of the letter-writers of our own day Mrs. Carlyle stands proudly first—her stupendous lord being perhaps a good second. Johnson's letters deserve more praise than they have received. To win that praise they only require a little more attention. Dr. Birkbeck Hill has collected them in two stately volumes, and they form an excellent appendix to his great edition of the Life. They are in every style, from the monumental to the utterly frivolous, but they are always delightful and ever characteristic. Their friendliness—an excellent quality in a letter—is perhaps their most prominent feature. It is hardly ever absent. Next to their friendliness comes their playfulness; gayety, indeed, there is none. At heart our beloved Doctor was full of gloom, but though he was never gay, he was frequently playful, and his letters abound with an innocent and touching mirth and an always affectionate fun. Some of his letters—those, for example, to Miss Porter after his mother's death—are as moving as any ever written by man. They reveal, too, a thoughtfulness and a noble generosity it would be impossible to surpass. I beseech you to read Dr. Johnson's letters; they are full of literature, and with what is better than literature, life and character and comradeship. Had we nothing of Johnson but his letters, we should know him and love him.

Of his friend Sir Joshua's two most famous pictures I need not speak. One of them is the best known portrait in our English world. It has more than a trace of the vile melancholy the sitter inherited from his father, a melancholy which I fear turned some hours of every one of his days into blank dismay.

At last, by a route not, I hope, wearisomely circuitous, we reach Johnson's own books, his miscellaneous writings, his twelve volumes octavo, and the famous Dictionary.

It is sometimes lightly said, "Oh, nobody reads Johnson," just as it is said, "Nobody reads Richardson, nobody reads Sterne, nobody reads Byron!" It is all nonsense; there is always somebody reading Johnson, there is always somebody weeping over Richardson, there is always somebody sniggering over Sterne and chuckling over Byron. It is no disrespect to subsequent writers of prose or poetry to say that none of their productions do or ever can supply the place of the "Lives of the Poets," of "Clarissa," of the Elder Shandy and his brother Toby, or of "Don Juan." Genius is never crowded out.

But I am willing enough to admit that Johnson was more than a writer of prose, more than a biographer of poets; he was himself a poet, and his poetry, as much as his prose, nay, more than his prose, because of its concentration, conveys to us the same dominating personality that bursts from the pages of Boswell like the genii from the bottle in the Arabian story.

Of poetic freedom he had barely any. He knew but one way of writing poetry, namely, to chain together as much sound sense and somber feeling as he could squeeze into the fetters of rhyming couplets, and then to clash those fetters loudly in your ear. This proceeding he called versification. It is simple, it is monotonous, but in the hands of Johnson it sometimes does not fall short of the moral sublime. "London" and the "Vanity of Human Wishes" have never failed to excite the almost passionate admiration of succeeding poets. Ballantyne tells us how Scott avowed he had more pleasure in reading "London" and the "Vanity of Human Wishes" than any other poetical compositions he could mention, and adds: "I think I never saw his countenance more indicative of high admiration than while reciting them aloud." Byron loved them; they never failed to move Tennyson to cries of approval. There is, indeed, that about them which stamps them great. They contain lines which he could easily have bettered, verbosities a child can point out; but the effect they produce, on learned and simple, on old and young, is one and the same. We still hear the voice of Johnson, as surely as if he had declaimed the verses into a phonograph. When you turn to them you are surprised to find how well you know them, what hold they have got upon the English mind, how full of quotations they are, how immovably fixed in the glorious structure of English verse.

Poor Sprat has perished despite his splendid tomb in the Abbey. Johnson has only a cracked stone and a worn-out inscription (for the Hercules in St. Paul's is unrecognizable), but he dwells where he would wish to dwell—in the loving memory of men.

HUGH BLACK

RELIGION AND COMMERCE

This speech was given by the Rev. Hugh Black (born in Scotland, 1868), of the Union Theological Seminary, at the 138th annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York held at the Waldorf-Astoria, November 22, 1906.

Mr. President, Chairman and Gentlemen of the Chamber of Commerce:—I often hear of late days much about the many problems that are before this generation in America. We are fond of speaking of our many problems, and chief among them is the problem you call the problem of immigration. When I hear it discussed (and I cannot help hearing it discussed), I am inclined to feel as if it were a personal matter, for I am one of those million or more immigrants who are annually dumped upon your shores and constitute to you such a very great danger, though General Porter assures me that as the millions arrive the employers of labor are down at the docks fighting with each other as to who is to get them. [A cry: "That is right."] But the last time I stood here—had the privilege to be here, which was last year, as your guest—I was merely a visitor, as your president has said, upon these shores; but now I have a somewhat humble stake in the country. In a sense, a fairly wide sense, your Chamber of Commerce is responsible for this, for I suppose it is your great commercial prosperity which has made room for me and the many other immigrants. But, in a closer sense, you are responsible, for the chair which it is my honor to fill in the Union Theological Seminary of the city was founded by your president, Mr. Jesup [applause], who has, as you know, many wide interests, from an expedition to the North Pole to the establishment of a theological chair. But in all his varied life I am sure—and after what he said to-night you must all be sure—that nothing lies closer to his heart than an advance in sincere religion among his fellow countrymen.

As to the subject presented to me to speak on to-night, I only wish I were as good a representative of religion as the British Ambassador is of diplomacy. Perhaps it is easier to be a diplomat than to be a religious man. [Laughter.] The first time I visited America I felt somewhat as Sir Mortimer Durand described so feelingly how much at home an Englishman who really has sympathy with America can feel and how soon. There was never a feeling of strangeness to me. I suppose it is, after all, due to the fact that we have so much in common —the same language, the same literature, the same common law, much of the same history, and, above all, the same ideals of life. It stands for a lot, I believe, that we talk the same tongue, that a man can make pretty much the same speech here that he can make in London or Edinburgh, and, I am willing to confess, I can make pretty much the same sermon—preach it, at least. [Laughter.] When I say that I get along pretty well—with the exception of the accent—with the language, I am not so sure but that my greatest trouble is going to be with the spelling. [Laughter.] To my mind deeper than the common language which makes that fundamental resemblance in the practice and institutions of the two countries, is, I believe, the fact that we have a common faith and a common religion. That is what I meant by speaking about the same ideals of life. Certainly it is true that here, and in my native country, we do look at the big things in life from the same point of view. We have somewhat of the same conception of duty. Now, in this relation of commerce to religion, I suppose that some would say that the connection is after all pretty much a slight one, and that commerce would go its own gait and religion go hers without getting very near together necessarily. To my mind, however, that is a superficial view of the whole situation—a superficial view of the needs of commerce, or, at least, a narrow and false view of what religion really is; for, as your president has so well described, commerce is impossible without religion. Without the fruits of religion, to put it another way, without the fit ethical conditions it is impossible. Why, gentlemen, you could not do the world's business for a single day without religion. You, gentlemen of the Chamber of Commerce, will, I believe, agree with me, and will admit, that you could not do the world's business for one day without the existence of good faith between man and man, without mutual trust, and that trade goes to pieces when there is a lack of confidence. I suppose that would be accepted as a commonplace. And these things I assert are the fruit of real religion —these very things that alone make commerce possible.

We are the members of different churches where there are different forms of creed. I suppose almost all forms of creed are represented here, but we are not far apart, I am sure, in theory at least, whatever it may be in practice, and as you know, it is easier always to preach than to practice. [Laughter.] I say we are not far apart, for we will all recognize that the social bond depends just on those ethical qualities which are represented by and are the fruit of religion.

Sometimes, it is true, men will speak as if they could get along very well with some vague thing which they call civilization, and, of course, in it they include literature and science, and art, as well as the material well-being of the community, forgetting that even if it were possible for men to attain great distinction in those regions, there could be no true stability, no true permanence, either in art or literature or science, or true well-being without religion.

Civilization, after all, is held together by principles, by convictions, conceptions of duty, because society is held together by ideals of duty regarding the family and the estate and all other social relations. The more one thinks of social conditions the more one sees that often civilization and religion are really different names for the same thing, or, at least, we recognize when we go deep into both these subjects, that the social bond has many enemies—I don't mean enemies from outside —but many enemies in man's own nature, in anti-social feelings that naturally arise, in all forms of selfish passion. And I say, and you will agree with me, that all the restraints of law and of religion are needed to hold society together and to save it from utter collapse.

All the institutions and the sanctions that create good habits among men and enforce moral life in our midst are welcomed assuredly by all men who are interested in the true welfare and well-being of their fellows.

There are some things, gentlemen, a nation cannot question. There are some things a nation dare not question, if it is going to remain a nation in the true sense of the word. Criticism there may be a plenty. We are living in an age of criticism, when nothing is sacred. Religion is not kept from criticism by its sacredness, or law by its authority. And I dare say that is well. Criticism of all authority is probably necessary and is often useful. But criticism has its limits, indeed, and when the sanctions of moral life are destroyed, your civilization, no matter how great it is, no matter how high it has reached, no matter how stable it appears, your civilization will fall to pieces.

Religion stands as a protest against materialism, which is, after all, the great temptation of modern life. I don't mean materialism as a philosophic system, for that has gone to the wall absolutely, but I mean practical materialism of life. And we must all admit the force of this practically in our daily life, and the more prosperous we are the more we must admit it. And I say, I don't know myself a single barrier against these things which lay nations flat and lay cities waste except something which we must all call religion. And if this great people is to fulfill her great destiny, if this great people is to take her place as she is fitted by Providence, and as she has been shaped to take her place among the nations of the world for the betterment of the whole world, and for her own peace and prosperity, then she must be, I believe, fundamentally a religious nation.

That materialism I speak of, that is our great temptation. It is seen in every sphere of life. In one sphere you see faith in force—the creed of the big battalion, or it may be faith in mere machinery of some sort, and failure to realize what are, after all, the biggest things in life, the greatest things in human nature.

And if, sir, it is given to me, even in the humblest way, to say anything to that young life of these great universities and colleges which it is my privilege to visit, then I think I will be happy that I left my own country home for the great opportunity which you, sir, have enabled my seminary to put in my hands. [Applause.]

RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG

PHILADELPHIA

Address by the Mayor of Philadelphia given at the twenty-third meeting of the Economic Club, held at the Hotel Astor, February 24, 1913.

Mr. President, Members of the Economic Club, Ladies and Gentlemen:—If this is a pulpit, I shall deliver a sermon; if it is a platform, it will be an address. It was whispered in my ear that a sermon would be quite in order in New York. [Laughter.] Now, it is for you to decide whether I shall preach a sermon or just talk any way I choose. Sermon?—No? [Laughter.] You may need it [laughter], but if you do, perhaps the Mayor from Cincinnati, who looks more like a clergyman than I do, will accommodate you. [Laughter.]

I was exceedingly interested in the address delivered by His Honor, Mayor Gaynor, who is, perhaps, to-day the most abused man in the United States. He hopes that the Mayor of Cincinnati and the Mayor of Philadelphia fare better. Well, we might, but we don't. [Laughter.] The trouble is, and always has been that a man who tries to please everybody pleases nobody; therefore I made up my mind, from the day of my entering office, that as I could not please everybody I would try to please myself. And that I have religiously done [laughter]—sometimes, perhaps, to the great injury of the feelings of my supporters, who were with me when I was a candidate for office. But that is the fate of all men. The more eager they are to do right, the more complaints are lodged against them. We have a subway problem in Philadelphia; not quite as serious and extensive a one as you have in New York, for we are very modest; in fact, entirely too modest; that is the reason why you New Yorkers got ahead of us. [Laughter.]

One hundred years ago, Philadelphia was the greatest city in the Union. To-day it is only the third city. We intend to build subways and elevated railroads, and we will be satisfied to spend thirty or forty million dollars, while you spend three or four hundred, or even five or six hundred million dollars. It was one of the promises made by me that I would do everything to give Philadelphia subways—about fourteen miles. I had not been in office six months before I was publicly charged with the fact that I had done practically nothing so far, because even the subways had not been finished. [Laughter.]

It may interest you to hear from me about my thirty years' labors as a militant reformer, as well as of my fifteen months' efforts to carry into execution my principles and ideas as the head of a great municipality, after having been carried into office by a wave of civic regeneration that seems to be spreading all over our land.

During thirty years' active political work in the ranks, I expounded my own theories regarding government—municipal, state, and national; but to-day, my address must be confined entirely to municipal government. It has always been my thought that municipal government and politics should be absolutely separated; that municipalities should be governed and administered like great corporations. Is there a greater, a more important corporation in the state of Pennsylvania than the city of Philadelphia, or one of greater magnitude in your own state than the city of New York? The Pennsylvania Railroad has, perhaps, seventy thousand stockholders, a majority of whom, it is said, live abroad. Its marked success is owing to the application of business principles and practical civil service in its management. Were politics permitted to rule at any time, the stockholders would soon realize the result. Philadelphia, as a community, comprises more than a million and a half stockholders, for every man, woman, and child is a stockholder in the corporation which we call the city of Philadelphia. Why, then, should politics be permitted to govern the administration of our city, or of any city in the land? The sad results of political rule have been so detrimental to every city governed by partisan usurpers of municipal power that they should never be tolerated even in any half barbaric municipality.

Political patriots, as a class, seek to further their own ends, and to feather their own nests; that, at least, has been my experience. Of course, I speak of Philadelphia; far be it from me to apply this criticism to your own city; I might be accused and convicted of *lèse-majesté* were I to do so. To grow rich on the labors of others is the prime object of that rather interesting but undesirable entity whom we call the "boss" of the town. He is aided in his efforts for political power and control by three regrettable failings conspicuous in the character of a large number of our citizens—selfishness, indifference, and cowardice.

Selfishness is an altogether too prevalent trait and is the second nature of public officials who never look beyond their personal advantage, whose efforts are directed toward making fortunes for themselves and whose main source of strength is the indifference of the so-called good citizens, who are really very bad citizens, for they shrink from participation in public affairs, either because they lack courage, are indifferent, or have too many rocking chairs in their comfortable homes.

The indifferent citizen is a menace to our country. If, in a large community with 350,000 legal voters, only 250,000 go to the polls, while 100,000 stay away, often using the expression "Politics is too tainted and unclean for us," they become a menace to the country. The juror who evades service is punished, and justly should be. The citizen who declines to exercise the elective franchise should be punished as is the juror. This fine should be doubled or trebled for the second offense, and for the third dereliction he should be disfranchised. Then, and not till then, the disfranchised citizen would learn to value American citizenship, for then he would be a "man without a country," and when too late would appreciate the priceless jewel he has lost.

The moral coward is one of the mainstays of the political boss. Many men, knowing what is right, fear to do right because their action might displease and bring them into conflict with the political boss and their business might be made to suffer. We meet well-to-do business and professional men who are not physical cowards, but who fear to offend the ward leader and his backers, who they imagine and are made to believe, have more influence than they actually possess. I know of the president of a trust company who once was an ardent reformer, but when elected to the presidency of that company, commenced to spell reform with a very small "r." On my taking him to task for his change of ground, he said, "Well, you see some of the leading politicians are among our depositors and we cannot afford to offend them in any way." Such dollar cowardice should be stamped out of existence, for upon it the political boss largely depends for his success.

The reform wave which swept me into office in November, 1911, was irresistible, although the success of the campaign could never have been accomplished had it not been for the vast majority of stockholders in our municipality who are not voters, who, however, believe in good government, want good government and are entitled to good government—I refer to the women and children. Children in many schools were divided into opposing factions, and without exception so far as my knowledge goes, the Blankenburg children were in an overwhelming majority. Children have an indirect influence upon their parents, sometimes even more natural than that of the parents upon the children. The Bible says, "Babes shall rule over them," and, spurred by their mothers, these two forces, the women and children, exercised an influence never before known in our city. While the majority returned for me was less than 5,000 the actual majority could be multiplied many times by five. We have not had an honest election in Philadelphia for years until the presidential election of last November. At that election the honest voters were protected instead of being bulldozed and coerced by the police.

This is a short resumé of conditions prior to the successful campaign of November, 1911, and will throw light upon the task before the new administration.

The first question, after the great success at the polls, was the selection of my cabinet—the directors of the five departments: Public Safety, Public Works, Public Health and Charities, Supplies and Wharves, Docks and Ferries. My troubles commenced immediately. As has, from time immemorial, been the case, defeated candidates and active leaders and participants in the campaign thought that I owed them appointment to at least two of these five important posts in my administration. It is the bane of public life for any man, be he president, governor or mayor, that political service is generally held supreme over conspicuous fitness. Such claims should be met by peremptory declination to recognize political or even personal service in the filling of important administrative offices. The pressure brought to bear in favor of certain men was so strong that I at last declared: "I would as soon permit you gentlemen to select a wife for me, were I unmarried, as I would permit you to select the members of my cabinet." That settled the question. This, the first step toward making my administration either a success or a failure, was firmly taken and will be resolutely upheld. Next the question arose, whom to select for the important cabinet positions. The names of many men who had been in the public eye and who had stood the test came to my mind. In determining their selection, neither politics, nor religion, nor the locality in which they lived was considered. And thus I appointed five men, four of whom are young enough to be my sons, to help me in the arduous task before us, and I believe no municipality can point to five men better fitted for the work allotted to them.

One is, politically, a regular Republican; one is a Democrat; and three are of independent proclivities. Three are Protestants, one is a Catholic, and one a Hebrew, so with myself as a Quaker by affiliation through Mrs. Blankenburg, we are quite a cosmopolite body.

The task before us was not an easy one. With a depleted treasury, many unpaid obligations, current expenses having for years in part been paid from permanent loans, we faced a financial proposition that might have discouraged even the most courageous. Systematic, earnest, and intelligent application was employed from the beginning to unravel the difficult problem.

Let me say here that a necessary qualification or accomplishment, for any official occupying high position, is to learn to say "No" pleasantly. While it may be emphatic, it should always be pleasant. The man who has learned to say "No" has won half the battle.

At least one cabinet meeting is held every week, besides which the directors call on the mayor whenever they have matters of interest or importance to discuss. This gives us what is so essential in any municipal government—teamwork. We all work together for the same purpose; every director has complete charge of his own department, without interference by the mayor, and is himself responsible for the work of his department. In this way we get good results.

The Taylor system of efficiency has been adopted as the groundwork upon which we base the management of the city's affairs, and the adoption of this scientific system has resulted not only in great savings in actual money, but, far more important, better work is being done in every department; in fact, the efficiency established far outweighs in importance any savings in dollars and cents.

The hours of work formerly were practically at the pleasure of the occupants of many of the offices. To come after nine and leave before three was not considered out of place. On assuming office, therefore, the hours were at once fixed from nine until four, and shortly afterwards, from nine until five o'clock, and nobody seems to object to this time.

We are trying to get closer to the employees of the city; to make them feel that they are part of us and we are part of them. A dollar banquet, attended by 1200 employees in the public-works department, was held a few weeks ago, at which were present mayor, directors, heads of bureaus; and a spirit of comradeship and friendliness was developed and manifested that is bearing good fruit and will surely help to promote coöperation from top to bottom.

The police have been taken out of politics. They are now guardians of the peace, where formerly they were guardians of political interests and instruments of the political bosses to strengthen their hands. Assessments of policemen and firemen have been forbidden. They now carry their wages home to their families, instead of leaving part of their scant earnings for the benefit of the political masters. They were compelled to live in certain districts under previous administrations; to-day they may live where they choose. Formerly they were organization slaves; to-day they are American freemen. Nearly all of the thousands of city positions are under civil service. Were they not, it would be impossible to carry on efficient business. Practical but not autocratic civil service will largely solve the problem of municipal government.

The machinery of city government is decidedly lacking in certain features essential to good government. I have found, through my own experience in Philadelphia, that it is hard for a business man to inaugurate and carry on a business administration under laws designed and enacted wholly by the legal profession and reflecting the views of men who have had legal but no business experience.

Let me cite, as a practical illustration, our own Board of Revision of Taxes. This board of three members, having full charge of assessing for taxation purposes all real estate, is appointed by the Judges of the Board of Common Pleas, fifteen in number. If they have been nominated on account of conspicuous ability, that fact has never come to my notice. The incongruity of this situation is that the Board of Revision of Taxes is not responsible to the power that appointed them; not responsible to the mayor who administers the affairs of the city; not responsible even to the legislative body or councils. They are a law unto themselves and they know it, for their decisions are final, and the city has for years suffered from an antiquated assessment of real estate that, I believe, even the cave dwellers would have repudiated.

Fortunately, under an awakened civic spirit, this board has seen a new light, largely owing to the masterful exposition of how real estate should be assessed, at the hands of your own Lawson Purdy, than whom there is probably no greater expert in our country. Philadelphia's thanks are due to him for his lucid exposition of the taxing problem.

Many municipalities suffer because they have not sufficient home rule to provide for changing conditions that may occur. The delay incident to appeals to a legislature which perhaps convenes only every two years, is a great drawback and often prevents action that should be taken without an appeal for a change in the law. The intelligent thought of the business community should be concentrated on the subject of improving the machinery whereby their municipality is governed, and then establish laws that meet the demands of the day.

The surest way to purify, energize, and elevate national ideals is to concentrate our thought and best endeavor upon a purification and energization of municipal affairs. Give me a good honest municipal government in cities, towns, and hamlets, and good state and national government are sure to follow.

Great reform movements must begin with the individual. It will not do to simply quote from the pure and patriotic thoughts of Washington and Lincoln and to applaud to the echo their sentiments. We must, within our own hearts, feel that it is our duty to emulate their example, no matter in how feeble a way, no matter in what position in life. For we should not forget that everybody has some mission to perform in this world, and to this mission he should dedicate the best there is in him.

We speak, you and I, with love and reverence of *my mother*, of *my father*, of *my child*. Let us speak in the same spirit of love and veneration of *our city*, of *my city*. You love your families; you would sacrifice your all for them. Do the same for your greater city of New York as we are trying to do for our Quaker City, Philadelphia. Gentlemen, let us dedicate ourselves to this patriotic object,—let us all strive to be good citizens and to leave a name, each one according to his power, that will redound to the glory and benefit of our whole country. We, in this great American Republic, are, and should be, the guiding star for all the world; and if, united with the other nations related to us in spirit and aspirations, we do our full duty, progress will be assured, the peace of the world will be conserved, and we shall set an example that will be emulated all over the world. [Applause.]

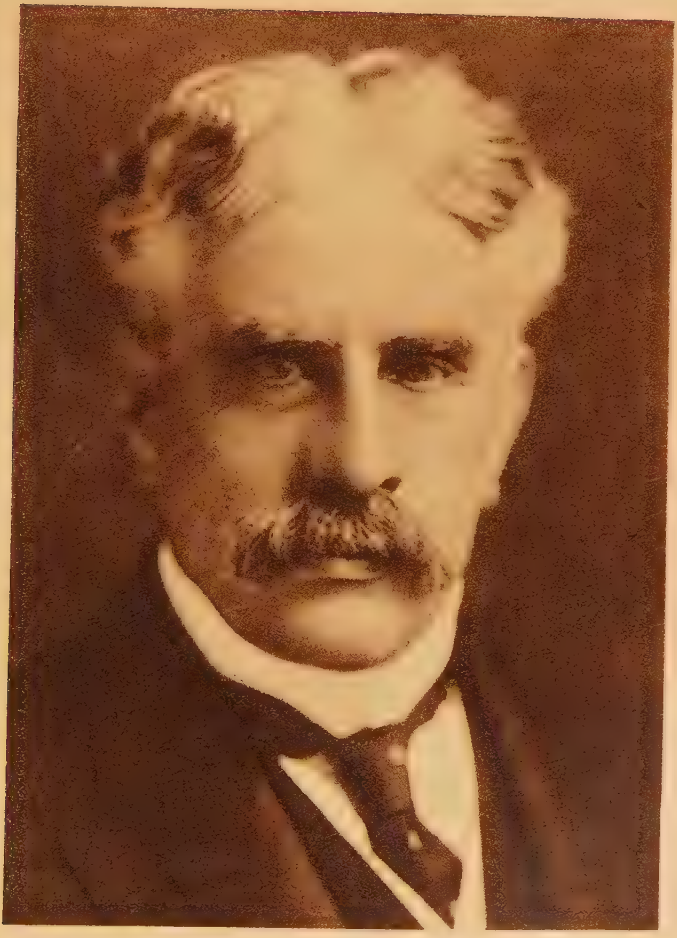
SIR ROBERT LAIRD BORDEN

CANADIANS AT THE FRONT

Address by Sir Robert Laird Borden, Prime Minister of Canada, delivered before the Canadian Club of Ottawa, on September 16, 1915. The speech, here considerably abridged, recalls vividly the fighting of the Canadian troops during the first year of the War. Sir Robert had recently returned from a visit to Great Britain and France. His address "Walk and Not Faint" is given in Volume VIII and another in Volume XII.

From time to time during the past two years or more I have been honored with invitations to address the Canadian Club of Ottawa, but, for one reason or another, it has not been my good fortune to have that privilege. Upon my return from Great Britain the invitation was renewed, and while I really do not intend to make an address to you to-day, because that would have required more time than I have been able, by reason of urgent and pressing public duties, to devote to preparation, still I did consent to speak conversationally and intimately to you, my neighbors and friends in this city, with which I have been associated more or less for nearly twenty years, in which I have lived during the past ten years, and in which I hope that the remaining years of my life may be spent. Indeed, it is said that to prepare even an entirely extempore address requires a good deal of careful preparation. So you will thoroughly understand that I am not making an address to you to-day, but that I shall merely attempt to give to you my impressions of my recent visit to Great Britain and France.

I am thoroughly conscious that even if I took the utmost limit of time for preparation, and if I were most brilliantly and exceptionally gifted with expression, I could hardly hope to make you feel those incidents as they did impress me from time to time.



ROBERT L. BORDEN

It was a great satisfaction to me that I was able to make the voyage across the Atlantic from this continent to the other under the ægis of that flag which floats over the whole Empire, and to do that without hindrance or interruption. During the course of the voyage I was given to understand that more or less difference of opinion prevailed as to the effect upon the lives and fortunes of all of my presence on board, and I deeply regret to say that so far as I was able to estimate the situation the vote was rather heavily against me. As we began to approach the danger zone, however, the presence of some British destroyers on the morning of Thursday greatly comforted those on board, some of whom had been equipping themselves with waistcoats which, upon the proper utilization of a little tube attached, would swell out into a very comfortable life-buoy, and which were said to be equipped not only with tablets of concentrated food but with a small flask of brandy, so that the person thus fortunately prepared might in case of accident put to sea in every possible safety and comfort.

We landed on the morning of Friday, and my first realization of what the war meant was in meeting two Canadian officers at Liverpool, both of whom had been severely wounded, one of them wounded by a shell which had destroyed two captains in the Canadian forces, of whom one was his dearest friend.

You may recall the review which was held at Shorncliffe not long after my arrival in England. We had the privilege on that occasion of seeing the Second Canadian Division. I well remember the appearance they presented, fifteen or sixteen thousand bayonets glistening in the morning sun, as we drove over from Folkstone and crossed the brow of the hill which brought the review ground into immediate observation. Their bearing and their spirit are all that Canada could desire. When they are called upon to undergo the supreme test at the front their record will be not less worthy than that of the First Canadian Division.

Let me illustrate to you the spirit of these men. When I visited France afterwards, I found that fifteen hundred of them whom I had not seen at Shorncliffe were near Boulogne and I had the privilege of inspecting them. They marched before me, two hundred and fifty of them as reinforcements for the Princess Patricia's Regiment and the remainder to fill gaps in the ranks of the First Canadian Division. With these units were at least a dozen men from units not authorized or ordered to go forward, who had stowed away on board the ship in order to reach the front. When I arrived I found that these men were being sent back to Shorncliffe. That is merely an illustration of the spirit which inspires these men—a spirit which animates also those at the front, the wounded in the hospitals and the convalescents.

But besides the sixteen or seventeen thousand—I am not sure of the exact number—who constitute the Second Canadian Division, there were also at Shorncliffe about as many more under training, from whom, as occasion demands, reinforcements go forward to the Division at the front. These men were also under review that day, and their bearing, their demeanor, their spirit were all that one could desire.

An officer of Lord Kitchener's staff, a very distinguished soldier, Sir Archibald Murray, was at Shorncliffe on that occasion. I had the privilege of being with him in his motor car, both going to and coming from Shorncliffe, and of standing near him at the review. He told me that he had seen at least four hundred thousand men of the new army now organized in the British Islands pass before him under inspection and under review during the past four or five months, and he said to me very frankly that among all the four hundred thousand he had seen no finer body of men than the Canadians who had passed before him on that day.

I had the opportunity later of going to France. We went from Dover to Boulogne. At Dover and on the way to Boulogne we saw a great many very interesting things, of which it would not be proper for me to speak. Upon arriving there we were welcomed by the French military and naval authorities. The French naval commandant had visited Canada about three years before in a French ship called the *Descartes*. When I mentioned to him that there was a Canadian brigadier at Shorncliffe of French descent, Brigadier General Landry, he told me that at Montreal three years before he had had the privilege of meeting General Landry's father. We inspected at Boulogne some heavy guns which were on their way to the front.

We passed on toward the front and came to a hill, called the Scherpenberg, which has historic memories for all Canadians, indeed for all the Empire, because it looks out over the renowned valley in which the city of Ypres is situated. That was the hill which Lord Roberts ascended just before his last illness. In mentioning his name let us not omit a just tribute to the splendid patriotism, the noble devotion, and the fine insight which characterized that great man throughout his life. From this hill we could look forth on the city of Ypres and through a field glass we could see the ruins of some of the great historic buildings which had been shelled by the Germans. It was our hope to have gone through the city afterwards, but we were detained so long in our visit to the Canadian Division and the Princess Patricia's Regiment that we got no nearer the city of Ypres. It lay at the foot of the distant hills. To the right of it was Hill Number 60. There was not very much happening at the front that day. We saw a few shells, and while we were on the Scherpenberg we saw a German mine—we didn't know at the time whether it was a German or British mine—we saw a German mine explode on the celebrated Hill Number 60. Sir John French told me in the evening that it did little or no damage.

I do not think that any Canadian, or indeed any Briton or Frenchman, could look upon that valley without being very greatly moved. In the country toward which we looked, around Ypres, following the sweep of the hills to Messines on the right, and another town the name of which I do not recall, on the left, we were told that at least one hundred thousand, perhaps one hundred and twenty thousand men, had fallen and found their graves within ten months. When we remember that all this is due to the insensate and criminal ambition, to the lust for power and prestige, of perhaps not more than a score of men; when we recall the efforts that Sir Edward Grey made, almost successfully, to stay the hands of the German Emperor on the eve of the outbreak of war; when we remember the pledge that Sir Edward Grey then gave; when we realize that Austria at the last moment was willing to draw back, and that the mobilization ordered by Germany without any further conference with the other European powers brought on a war which, I believe, was intended from the first, surely all of us will agree that the awful cemetery of the Ypres valley will be a monument of everlasting infamy to the memory of the men who forced this war upon Europe and upon the world.

Briton and Frenchman may well be stirred in looking down upon that valley. I hope there will never come a day when any Canadian can look forth upon it without the deepest emotion. While we realize that the achievements of the First Canadian Division have perhaps been more fully told than those of any British troops during the war, still we know the story has not been completely told—that perhaps it has not been half told. Picture to yourself for a moment the condition. The Turcos and Algerians who were holding that line next to the Canadians veritably believed that the deluge which overwhelmed them had really come from the lower regions, from hell itself. No one who has not been through the hospitals can realize the effect of that gas attack. In the hospitals I have seen thousands of Britons and Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders, and the only men in whom I ever found any depression were the few that I met who had experienced and survived the full severity of this gas attack. It must have been horrible in its intensity. No one can wonder that the division on the Canadian left broke and yielded up the line under the veritable impression, to which I have alluded, that all the powers of the lower regions were conspiring with the Germans for their destruction. And then came a terrible test to the Canadian troops, men taken, mark you, from the civil avocations of life and having had no previous experience of war. Then came a test to them such as perhaps was never before applied to any troops in the world. And those who prophesied that our race was decadent, let them remember that the Canadians stood firm not for hours but for days. Men lay down in agony under the gas which was poured upon them, but they did not retire, they held on; and from those who are best qualified to judge, from the military commanders of the British and French forces, from Lord Kitchener, from the King, from the President of the French Republic, I have had but one word as to what the Canadians did on that day: they saved the situation for the Empire and for the Allies.

One man—I do not think his story has been told—found himself in command of a regiment, or what was left of a regiment. He had, as he told me, one hundred and eighty rifles, but he had from four to six machine guns, some of which had come to him from another regiment that had been almost decimated. He was told to retire in the middle of the afternoon, but took upon himself the responsibility of not retiring until just about twilight. And first he buried his dead and arranged to bring off his wounded. When he did retire he saw Germans massing on his flank, to attack him on the flank and in the rear. He opened with his one hundred and eighty rifles and his six machine guns, which had been kept masked by his troops, and he told me that not more than a dozen of that column of Germans escaped. That man—I will tell you something of him later on—came untouched through that awful battle, but he was wounded as few men have been wounded and lived, in the battle of Festubert. Ypres, Festubert, Givenchy—those were the words we heard in the hospitals of England, everywhere. . . .

We proceeded back through Amiens and thence to Chantilly. In the afternoon, sitting on the veranda, we could hear even there, only about twenty or twenty-five miles from Paris, the booming of the guns at the front. Senlis, just a few miles away, was devastated terribly by the Germans, and its mayor and seventeen of its citizens shot. Creil, through which we passed, and which we afterwards visited that afternoon—a large part of it also was destroyed by the German shell fire. And so we left Chantilly and came on to Paris.

Only one incident of what took place at Paris have I time to mention, and that is my visit to the hospital which is maintained for wounded soldiers of the French army by municipalities of the Province of Quebec and by the subscriptions of public spirited citizens in those municipalities. It is a very handsome building, No. 7, *rue de la Chaise.* I had the privilege of meeting Dr. Dubonnet, and the nurses, and of seeing several distinguished French soldiers, some of whom had been decorated with the Legion of Honor. We also visited the splendid British hospital at Versailles, and a small Australian hospital which is maintained by four Australian ladies, in Auteuil.

Next morning we left Paris for Treport, where a well equipped Canadian hospital—No. 2, General Hospital—under the command of Colonel Bridges is situated. There also is a fine British hospital, in which I found several Canadian wounded. In the Canadian hospitals also there are both British and Canadians, because all these hospitals are for all the soldiers of the Empire; there is absolutely no distinction as to who shall be received. After inspecting the staff of that hospital, I briefly addressed them, and as their cheers died away, the Last Post sounded over the grave of a British officer who was buried in the little cemetery below, which I had the opportunity afterwards of visiting, and where I had the privilege of planting the seeds of Canadian maples upon the graves of Canadian dead.

There were then in the British Islands between six and seven hundred hospitals, counting great and small. It was my hope and my desire when I crossed the Atlantic to see all the Canadian wounded. I found that they were scattered in the British Islands in no less than one hundred and forty-three hospitals; in many of these hospitals, of course, there might be only a few. I selected those hospitals in which the largest number could be visited—forty-three, in all. It would be quite impossible to convey to you the impression made upon me by the wonderful patience, the abounding courage and the remarkable fortitude of these men. I found them wonderful, absolutely wonderful, and everywhere one met the desire and the determination to do still their part.

Might I relate one or two brief incidents? Those visits were so crowded with incidents which never can escape my memory that I could speak of them to you all the afternoon.

One Canadian officer, who had passed through the great battle of Ypres untouched, was wounded at Festubert. He received three bullets in his right arm, four in his left shoulder, four in his left leg. I saw him when he was just out of hospital. He could hardly use his right arm at all. He was returning to his home in the West, in order to assist in harvesting the crop on his farm, and thence to the front as soon as his wounds would permit. He had offered his services—not only offered but pulled wires to get to the front—in the very first week of the war.

I said to him, "Did the surgeon remove all these bullets at one operation?"

"Well, sir," he said, "he missed a few of them the first time —he missed a few."

"Tell me about it," I said.

He replied: "My left shoulder pained me and it would not heal."

"What happened?"

"I insisted that the surgeon should open it up again."

I asked: "With what result?"

"Well," he said, "he found three little pieces of shell and a piece of my shirt, and after that I got well."

I saw another Canadian—let me speak of him for just a moment—a man who was wounded in the most shocking way, in the brain, with shrapnel, while he was delivering an order under the direction of General Currie. I would not undertake to describe to you that wound as it was described to me. That man walked between three and four hundred yards to give a message to General Currie, and then fell unconscious. Every one thought he was dead. His wife, almost frantic, succeeded in getting to France through the indefatigable efforts of Sir Max Aitken, who went to Lord Kitchener himself before he accomplished it. She found him in a British hospital in France. They had to remove parts of his brain, and the physicians said, "That man will never be able to speak." He was not able to speak for a long time, but, fortunately, as the wound healed speech came back. I had him at my rooms in London; took him to dinner at a celebrated inn, "Ye Cheshire Cheese," and so far as I could observe, he had thoroughly regained his speech except for the occasional misplacing of a word, which he usually corrected.

An Australian, in that gallant, wonderfully gallant, feat of arms, the landing at Gallipoli, was shot through the head, paralyzed, unconscious. When he regained consciousness he heard the stretcher bearers going around, and the man next to him told them that he was dead. As in a nightmare, he made frantic attempts either to move or speak. He thought himself unsuccessful and relapsed into unconsciousness, but must have either moved or spoken, because five days afterwards he regained consciousness at Alexandria.

I spoke to a British soldier in Lady Sargent's Hospital at Deal. They said he was a character. I asked him, "How are you getting along?" He said to me, "I was a sniper and I was sniped." "Tell me about it." "Well," he said, "I had gone out and done some sniping. There was a little clump of bushes and I knew there was a German sniper beyond it. I went out and I crawled to these bushes under fire." "How did you get along?" I asked. "I lowered the other fellow," he said, "but in coming back, as I lifted my leg, crawling along, they put a bullet through here: the most fortunate thing in the world that ever happened to me. They couldn't have wounded me in a better place; didn't touch a bone; and I was most anxious indeed for six weeks' rest. I am going back to the front in about two weeks."

And so I come back to you from the men at the front, from the French people, from the British people, with a message not only of determination, but of confidence. One cannot tell what in the final sifting may come from this war. The events through which we are moving are so wonderful, so tremendous, so world-compelling, that we hardly realize their significance. One of my colleagues said to me a year ago that this war seemed to him as the suicide of civilization. Let us hope rather that it may prove to be the death of much that marred and hindered the progress and development of civilization and democracy. Shall we not hope and indeed believe, that this war may prove to be the birth-pang attending the nativity of a truer and nobler civilization, in which this country, as one of the great free nations of the Empire, will have no inconsiderable place and play no unworthy part?

A GROWING CONFIDENCE

On August 1, 1918, the Canada Club and the Canadian Association joined in a luncheon in honor of Sir Robert Borden, the Canadian War Cabinet, and the Imperial Ministers attending the Imperial War Conference. Field Marshal His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught presided. Sir Robert Borden spoke as follows.

During more than two years of this war the Duke of Connaught served as Governor General of Canada, and no man ever fulfilled more truly the highest ideals of duty and of service. The same ideal has been splendidly illustrated in the devotion of the men whom I see around me. To them and to all Canadians, both men and women, who have labored here without respite in every mission of aid and mercy I yield a grateful tribute.

It is not without inconvenience and even difficulty that Canadian Ministers have crossed the Atlantic this year, for many matters at home have demanded the gravest consideration and the most active attention. I hope I am fully conscious that my first duty is to the Canadian people; yet I am equally conscious that even from that standpoint, and not forgetting the four hundred thousand Canadians who during the past four years have crossed the ocean to fight for freedom, no duty could be more serious or more compelling than that in which I have been engaged throughout my present visit to London.

Last year we met for the first time in the Imperial War Cabinet. This year its labors have been even more unremitting and certainly not less important. In the Cabinets of the several British self-governing nations the heads of great departments of state sit around the council board; in the Imperial War Cabinet the heads of governments deliberate on matters of common concern. Each government, each nation, preserves unimpaired its perfect autonomy, while on the other hand a common purpose is maintained and effective coöperation is secured. The system has been found not only useful and efficient but absolutely necessary in time of war. It may be found to serve also the needs of peace; but that remains to be determined by a constitutional conference summoned after the conclusion of the war, pursuant to the resolution passed by the Imperial War Conference last year.

Meanwhile the whole purpose of all the nations of the British Commonwealth must be concentrated upon the war. Into the scale of victory have been thrown during the past fifteen months the amazing energy and vast resources of the most powerful nation in the world. Germany is beginning to realize that for many months the splendid youth of the United

States have been disembarking on the shores of Great Britain and France at the rate of ten thousand per day; if she is well advised she knows that this rate will be maintained for many months to come. Her troops have good reason to realize and to dread the magnificent valor, determination and vigor of these new antagonists.

And the men from the American Commonwealth have learned to appreciate the mighty task sustained and endured by the Allied Nations for four years. To them the unconquerable heroism of France, the glorious spirit of Italy, the dauntless soul of Belgium and of Servia, and last but not least the mighty effort of this Motherland and of all the nations of this Commonwealth, will not appeal in vain. At first hand they have come to realize more vividly than would otherwise be possible the fiendish malignity of the German campaign of frightfulness; for in all the annals of history there is nothing more horrible than the methods by which Germany has waged this war. Consider the systematic murder of civilian populations on land and on sea, the violation of women, the desecration of churchyards, the burning of towns and cities, the wanton destruction and annihilation of every vestige of civilization, the brutal treatment of prisoners, the bombing of hospitals, the sinking of hospital ships! In wars of the past among nations that were regarded as barbarous cities have been pillaged; but when was an entire nation so systematically pillaged as by the Germans in Belgium? The German militarists are possessed by the devils whose name is legion; to Germany no less than to all humanity the world owes the duty of casting out those devils, and this war will never be well won until that task is accomplished. We Canadians know what it is to have our hospitals bombed, not only recently in France but eighteen months ago in the Balkans. The intent was as certain as its accomplishment was successful. If any one should doubt, what shall he say of the sinking of our hospital ship, the murder of nurses and doctors and the persistent attempts to destroy every survivor so that there should be no trace and no report?

It is horrible to reflect that all this has been brought about by the devilish ambition of the Kaiser and of the military caste that surrounds him; but the Kaiser and his militarists could never have undertaken or carried out such a purpose if they had not succeeded in casting the unholy spell over the German people that has made their name accursed among the nations. A ruder shock than any yet experienced is necessary to break that spell. There are, however, premonitory indications that the shock may not be far distant.

Probably no military expert of even the highest authority would undertake to forecast the future events of this war, and certainly it is not my purpose to make that attempt; but one may be pardoned if he feels a growing confidence as the gathering legions from beyond the Atlantic are rapidly and surely taking their place in the battle line. The Austrian has met recent defeat in Italy, and the German in France. Apart from the battle shock of armies there are, however, resources and powers available to the Allies upon which attention is being centered as the war proceeds. From first to last there has been the keenest of struggles for mastery of the air; unless all present indications are deceptive that mastery is passing and will more and more pass to the Allies. By that means, if not by the breaking of the German battle line, war can be carried into German territory with vigor and with effect; if war cannot be carried into Germany by land or sea, it can be hurled upon her from the air. Those who rejoice over the martyrdom of other nations must learn the real meaning of the horror that they forced upon the world and through which they sought to subject the nations to their will.

There is another most powerful resource at the disposal of the Allies, and especially within the power of the British Empire and of the United States. Its possibilities are beginning to be realized by the enemy. The Germans undertook this war to secure through world domination control of world resources and thereby a commercial and industrial supremacy that would brook no rivalry and could successfully defy all competition. Notwithstanding all German successes in Russia and in the East, it lies within the united purpose and power of Great Britain and the United States, through the command of natural resources and raw materials and by other means, to place upon the industrial and commercial development and expansion of Germany restrictions against which she would struggle in vain. Germany must be made clearly to understand that this tremendous world-wide power of these two nations will be exercised relentlessly and mercilessly, not against a regenerate Germany—if even Germany may become regenerate—but against Germany as she is to-day. Let her prove herself regenerate by works and not by words alone; let her cast out the unclean spirit of militarism and the sordid lust of world domination; let her make such poor compensation as is humanly possible for all the horror and suffering and evil that she has wrought. Then shall we listen to her; until then let her name be Anathema!

CHARLES HENRY BRENT

FINDING GOD AMONG THE TOMMIES

Bishop Brent was consecrated Bishop of the Philippine Islands in 1901 and in 1918 accepted the bishopric of Western New York. He was chief of the chaplain service at General Headquarters of the A. E. F. in France in 1918-1919. The following address, which touches on his experiences in the Philippines and in France, was given at a dinner of the Church Club held in honor of Bishop Burch at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, October 28, 1919. Another address by Bishop Brent is printed in Volume VI.

Mr. President, Bishop Burch, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I count myself very fortunate in being with you to-night and sharing in this very happy occasion. Not only in my own behalf, but in behalf of the Diocese which I represent, I am glad to express to the Bishop of New York our joy in having him in his new Diocese, and to tell him that we who belong to the State of New York are going to stand beside him, to aid him in any way that we can. [Applause.]

I am not a New Yorker by birth [laughter], and I am not sorry [laughter], because I am too proud of my Canadian birth to wish that I were born anywhere else than where I was born. [Applause.] I toddled into American citizenship in the good old Commonwealth of Massachusetts—God bless it! [Laughter and applause], and then I learned a little wisdom, not much, but most of what I have got, out in the Far East; and now I have come back, and I find that I am becoming very rapidly a real citizen of New York State. I am very proud that this should be so, and I am especially proud to-night, because I have had the great privilege of joining in the services this morning, sharing in the worship before God's altar, at your great Cathedral, and thinking not only of your present Bishop, but also of the two Bishops that preceded him, who, though they are dead, yet live in their works and in our hearts.

I know it is dangerous for an aged man like myself to indulge in reminiscences [laughter]; but I can't help recalling the day of my consecration, so solemn, so happy, so full of hope, and Bishop Potter was one of the Bishops who officiated on that occasion. At the close of the service I was receiving greetings from the various Bishops and clergy who were present, and Bishop Potter came up to me, with his serious and dignified face, and he laid his hand on my shoulder and said, "My brother, I want to give you some advice." And I thought, "Now, how perfectly lovely! Here is this man out of the wealth of his experience, going to give me some good advice as I start out in my episcopacy." He came very close to me and said, "When you go out to the Philippines, take a good bed with you, because those Philippine beds find out every bone in your body." [Laughter.] I have since experienced the Philippine beds. I didn't follow his advice; I was just a little bit shocked for the moment; and I have found that the Philippine beds were not as bad as he pictured them.

That was one bit of advice I had from the Bishop of New York; and then I think of some other advice which preceded that given me by Bishop Potter, by one who was not a Bishop at the time, but who afterwards succeeded Bishop Potter as Bishop of New York, my dear friend, Bishop Greer, than whom I have had no more loyal supporter. His house was always my home when I was in this country. It was just after the General Convention at San Francisco in 1901, and I was very doubtful what I should do. In fact, I had almost decided that I could not go to the Philippine Islands. I had seen another dear friend of mine who had almost convinced me that I ought not to go, but I thought, "Well, I will go and see Dr. Greer and get his judgment," and, in a few moments, he had put me in a position where it was impossible for me to do anything except to go; and the advice he gave me was, "Now, Brent, when you have made your decision, live in the top story of your decision." I have never forgotten his advice, and it has carried me over many, many a difficult experience. I can't help thinking of the kings that are dead, as to-night I say, Long live the king! [Applause.]

I do not suppose that there is any man who has had a richer or a more wonderful experience, all unmerited, than I, during the years of the war. Among the great things that have occurred, I can't think of any greater than what I would call the *unity of understanding* that has been created among a large number of priests and ministers who served in the American Expeditionary Forces. You will note the term that I have used, *unity of understanding.* Our Chaplains' Corps, numbering about thirteen hundred all told, in France, was composed of representatives of almost every Church in the United States, including Mormons, and, of course, the Jews, and when we first organized our office, we who had been appointed to take charge of the chaplains—I had at that time associated with me a Congregationalist and a Roman Catholic—agreed that, if we were going to accomplish anything with such a complex situation, we would have to live in a relationship where there would be no secrets, and where each one would trust the other absolutely, and we agreed on two principles that were to control all we did—and I would say that those two principles were lived up to to the letter as long as this lasted and the office increased in numbers as the time went on: The first was that there were to be no official secrets; that every letter that came into the office was to be every man's property, and for a while, until our correspondence grew quite beyond our power, there was no important letter ever issued from that office that was not seen by every member in the office; that, of course, later on, becoming an impossibility, from the stress of work; and the other one was that no individual member of the office should look upon the affairs of the church or the churches with which he had special sympathy as his peculiar responsibility, but that he was to care for the chaplains of all the churches with equal considerateness, just as though they were his own; that we must learn to respect the religious convictions of others with the same degree of care and faithfulness with which we would respect our own. And those two principles controlled us throughout the course of our official life; and I would say that I cannot think, in my experience, of a more united or a more happy group than those of us who had the task of caring for the chaplains of the Army.

I learned afterwards—I believe that I am correct in saying this—that the two principles which we stood for, Mr. Hoover also stood for in his office, with similar results.

And not only was this true in the life of the office, but the chaplains themselves, in the different regiments, in the different divisions, in the different corps, and the different Armies related themselves together in such wise as to make life seem as though there were no great divisions in the Church; that there was such a thing as church unity, and men began to understand the other fellow's viewpoint in such a way that there grew up what I have called a *unity of understanding.*

Now I believe that is, that must be, the beginning of real organic church unity—an understanding of the other man's position, so that we will never do an injustice, always be loyal to our own, but giving it such respect as to be able to see at once the things in the other man's position that are of a kind that will be of help to ourselves, and immediately a link is established where at one time there was only an antagonism. [Applause.]

And that spirit has run through the lives of probably all the chaplains who served in the A. E. F. As I ponder over this question of unity and why this spirit was so prominent in our life in the Army, I have come to this conclusion: we were not struggling for unity, but we were all aiming at a common purpose and a common ideal, and unity was the result; and I believe to-day that the very moment all men aim their lives directly at Jesus Christ and the big principles which He enunciated by His example and His words, the churches will flow together as the rivers flow together and empty themselves into the sea. [Applause.]

I have that not only as a hope, but at times it comes to me as a vision, that there can be no other possible solution of the question of church unity.

When I was in France, I went to Lourdes, and I spent part of the morning that I was there with the saintly Bishop of Lourdes. We discussed the question of unity. Of course he could not see my standpoint, but he was full of sympathy and full of affection, and he said, "See if we cannot reach some common ground." He said, "Now there are three principles that I see as necessary in the Church of God: first, that we must will to do the will of God." I said, "Yes, we entirely agree on that." Then he said, "The second one is, that we must discover what God's will is, because God does not cover His will from men; He makes it known to man." I said, "Yes, I accept that as the second great principle." And he said, "Then the third is, that when you have discovered God's will, you must perform it at all costs." I said, "I accept your three principles." And he said, "When that has really been achieved, then church unity will result." And I believe he spoke God's solemn truth.

I speak about church unity, because it is the passion of my life, and although I can perceive that any direct effort to achieve unity may defeat itself, I am sure that such movements as have taken shape in the General Convention that has just closed cannot fail to aid us in the direction that we are all desirous to move in.

This is not the moment in which to speak at length about life in the Army. Your great courtesy and your great hospitality extended to me, as your president has said, an opportunity to tell you something about experience in the Army, but this is not the occasion. I am just going to mention one or two things relative to the service, and I would say this about life in the army, that the things that didn't happen, but which you are told did happen, are a great deal more wonderful than the things which actually happened. [Laughter.] And a story comes to my mind that the Secretary of War told me a short time since. He said that he had just received a letter from a woman's society somewhere out in the West; I think it was Kansas; I am not sure. At any rate this woman's society said they had been asking returned soldiers to come and tell them their experience, and, among the number, they had asked an Indian, and the Indian had given them a most thrilling account of the battle line, and he had told them how the Indians resorted to their method of warfare and they scalped all the Germans that they killed, and he said that he himself had scalped one hundred and thirty Germans [laughter], and the ladies asked him what he did with the scalps, and he said he had sent them to the Secretary of War [laughter] and these good ladies had written to the Secretary of War to find out whether he had those scalps. [Laughter.]

That is one of the wonderful things that didn't occur in the war.

But the things that did occur, that seemed to me most notable, were in the line of simple, humble service, the kind of work that was done by scores of self-effacing men in the Red Cross and in the Young Men's Christian Association, and in the Knights of Columbus and in the Salvation Army; and when I come to speak of the women's work, why, it was just as fine as it could possibly be. [Applause.] Whatever criticism there may have been about men's work, we are silent so far as the tongue of criticism goes, when we refer to the work of the women.

I remember, one night, when I was among the British, going into a hut that belonged to the "Tommies." It was in Rouen, and during a pause in the entertainment that was going on, I gave the men who were gathered together there a greeting from the American Army, which was very warmly received, and the head of the hut came to me and greeted me very warmly as an old friend, and he introduced me to his wife and to his son, who were aiding him in running this house and giving the soldiers amusement, and then I found out that this man was one of the most famous living Semitic scholars, and a professor at Cambridge, England, and he had left his desk to go to Rouen and entertain and help to cheer the soldiers; and that sort of thing was going on all the time.

I thought of another eminent scholar from England—and of course, these are illustrative of what the Americans did just as much as of what the English did—this man had lived for fifty years in his laboratory. Some of you know the name of Bateson, and he was induced to go to Rouen to give some lectures. He said, in semi-despair, "I, who have lived the life of a 'dry-as-dust scholar' cannot hope to interest the 'Tommies'," and his first lectures were such that, although the hall was full at the beginning, it was empty before he reached the end of the lecture, and he was quite in despair and said, "I told you I was no use"; but the head of the hut, a Y. M. C. A. man of unusual character named Callan, insisted that Professor Bateson could help these soldiers. He said, "Now I noticed to-night, in the course of your lecture, which would have been listened to with great interest by finished scholars, but, of course the 'Tommies' didn't understand—I noticed, in the course of your lecture you spoke about breeding pigeons and guinea pigs. Now," he said, "you tell the men to-morrow night all about that side of your life." Well, he did, and the result was that he enlisted the interest of those who came to hear him, and had a very successful winter, and was coming back again the next winter.

But here is the thing: This man, through all his life, had not been able to find God. In his laboratory, through fifty years, he had been studying the secrets of Nature, and yet he had not found God; and, before he left, he turned to Mr. Callan and said, "I who have not been able to find God in my laboratory, have found God in my service of those 'Tommies.'" [Applause.]

And that has been true, I am sure, in the case of many of us who served in France. It was not that we did not know God before, but we had come to know God in a way now, through service, that there is a fresh responsibility on us, and which makes it impossible for us, in the days to come, to do anything but serve. It is out of this American nation—some of the miserable selfishness that was eating out the heart of the nation before the war [applause]—and I believe that, among all the great lessons learned, whether we are in France doing work at the front, or whether here doing work behind the lines, which was just as important as the work we were doing in France—among all the great lessons that we have learned, no greater has been brought home to us than that service that costs, and costs much, is the only thing that will satisfy the craving of human life, and that we Americans now, with all the complex problems that are facing us, can only hope to solve those problems if we keep alive in our hearts and in our activities during the years to come that spirit of self-sacrifice that sent our young men to make the supreme sacrifice and that enabled us to strip ourselves of our possessions and of our personal interests in order that we might give all our best for the benefit of the commonwealth. [Applause.]

Again let me thank you for allowing me to be present here this evening, and permit me to wish this great diocese of which you are members Godspeed in the name of the Lord, under the leadership of your new Bishop. [Applause.]

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

AMERICA'S MISSION

Speech of William J. Bryan delivered at the Washington Day banquet given by the Virginia Democratic Association at Washington, D. C., February 22, 1899. His famous "Cross of Gold" speech is given in volume XI and two well-known lectures in Volume XIII.

Mr. Chairman:—When the advocates of imperialism find it impossible to reconcile a colonial policy with the principles of our Government or with the canons of mortality; when they are unable to defend it upon the ground of religious duty or pecuniary profit they fall back in helpless despair upon the assertion that it is destiny. "Suppose it does violate the Constitution," they say; "suppose it does break all the Commandments; suppose it does entail upon the nation an incalculable expenditure of blood and money; it is destiny and we must submit."

The people have not voted for imperialism; no national convention has declared for it; no Congress has passed upon it. To whom, then, has the future been revealed? Whence this voice of authority? We can all prophesy, but our prophecies are merely guesses, colored by our hopes and our surroundings. Man's opinion of what is to be is half wish and half environment. Avarice paints destiny with a dollar mark before it, militarism equips it with a sword.

He is the best prophet who, recognizing the omnipotence of truth, comprehends most clearly the great forces which are working out the progress, not of one party, not of one nation, but of the human race.

History is replete with predictions which once wore the hue of destiny, but which failed of fulfillment because those who uttered them saw too small an arc of the circle of events.

When Pharaoh pursued the fleeing Israelites to the edge of the Red Sea he was confident that their bondage would be renewed and that they would again make bricks without straw, but destiny was not revealed until Moses and his followers reached the farther shore dry shod and the waves rolled over the horses and chariots of the Egyptians. When Belshazzar, on the last night of his reign, led his thousand lords into the Babylonian banquet hall and sat down to a table glittering with vessels of silver and gold, he felt sure of his kingdom for many years to come, but destiny was not revealed until the hand wrote upon the wall those awe-inspiring words, "Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin." When Abderrahman swept northward with his conquering hosts his imagination saw the Crescent triumphant throughout the world, but destiny was not revealed until Charles Martel raised the cross above the battlefield of Tours and saved Europe from the sword of Mohammedanism. When Napoleon emerged victorious from Marengo, from Ulm and from Austerlitz, he thought himself the child of destiny, but destiny was not revealed until Blücher's forces joined the army of Wellington and the vanquished Corsican began his melancholy march toward St. Helena. When the redcoats of George the Third routed the New Englanders at Lexington and Bunker Hill there arose before the British sovereign visions of colonies taxed without representation and drained of their wealth by foreign-made laws, but destiny was not revealed until the surrender of Cornwallis completed the work begun at Independence Hall and ushered into existence a government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed.

We have reached another crisis. The ancient doctrine of imperialism, banished from our land more than a century ago, has recrossed the Atlantic and challenged democracy to mortal combat upon American soil.

Whether the Spanish War shall be known in history as a war for liberty or as a war of conquest; whether the principles of self-government shall be strengthened or abandoned; whether this nation shall remain a homogeneous republic or become a heterogeneous empire—these questions must be answered by the American people—when they speak, and not until then, will destiny be revealed.

Destiny is not a matter of chance, it is a matter of choice; it is not a thing to be waited for, it is a thing to be achieved.

No one can see the end from the beginning, but every one can make his course an honorable one from beginning to end, by adhering to the right under all circumstances. Whether a man steals much or little may depend upon his opportunities, but whether he steals at all depends upon his own volition.

So with our nation. If we embark upon a career of conquest no one can tell how many islands we may be able to seize or how many races we may be able to subjugate; neither can any one estimate the cost, immediate and remote, to the nation's purse and to the nation's character, but whether we shall enter upon such a career is a question which the people have a right to decide for themselves.

Unexpected events may retard or advance the nation's growth, but the nation's purpose determines its destiny.

What is the nation's purpose?

The main purpose of the founders of our Government was to secure for themselves and for posterity the blessings of liberty, and that purpose has been faithfully followed up to this time. Our statesmen have opposed each other upon economic questions, but they have agreed in defending self-government as the controlling national idea. They have quarreled among themselves over tariff and finance, but they have been united in opposing an entangling alliance with any European power.

Under this policy our nation has grown in numbers and in strength. Under this policy its beneficent influence has encircled the globe. Under this policy the taxpayers have been spared the burden and the menace of a large military establishment and the young men have been taught the arts of peace rather than the science of war. On each returning Fourth of July our people have met to celebrate the signing of the Declaration of Independence; their hearts have renewed their vows to free institutions and their voices have praised the forefathers whose wisdom and courage and patriotism made it possible for each succeeding generation to repeat the words:—

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing.

This sentiment was well-nigh universal until a year ago. It was to this sentiment that the Cuban insurgents appealed; it was this sentiment that impelled our people to enter into the war with Spain. Have the people so changed within a few short months that they are now willing to apologize for the War of the Revolution and force upon the Filipinos the same system of government against which the colonists protested with fire and sword?

The hour of temptation has come, but temptations do not destroy, they merely test the strength of individuals and nations; they are stumbling-blocks or stepping-stones; they lead to infamy or fame, according to the use made of them.

Benedict Arnold and Ethan Allen served together in the Continental army and both were offered British gold. Arnold yielded to the temptation and made his name a synonym for treason; Allen resisted and lives in the affections of his countrymen.

Our nation is tempted to depart from its "standard of morality" and adopt a policy of "criminal aggression." But, will it yield?

If I mistake not the sentiment of the American people, they will spurn the bribe of imperialism, and, by resisting temptation, win such a victory as has not been won since the battle of Yorktown. Let it be written of the United States: Behold a republic that took up arms to aid a neighboring people, struggling to be free; a republic that, in the progress of the war, helped distant races whose wrongs were not in contemplation when hostilities began; a republic that, when peace was restored, turned a deaf ear to the clamorous voice of greed and to those borne down by the weight of a foreign yoke spoke the welcome words, Stand up; be free—let this be the record made on history's page and the silent example of this republic, true to its principles in the hour of trial, will do more to extend the area of self-government and civilization than could be done by all the wars of conquest that we could wage in a generation.

The forcible annexation of the Philippine Islands is not necessary to make the United States a world power. For over ten decades our nation has been a world power. During its brief existence it has exerted upon the human race an influence more potent for good than all the other nations of the earth combined, and it has exerted that influence without the use of sword or Gatling gun. Mexico and the republics of Central and South America testify to the benign influence of our institutions, while Europe and Asia give evidence of the working of the leaven of self-government. In the growth of democracy we observe the triumphant march of an idea—an idea that would be weighted down rather than aided by the armor and weapons proffered by imperialism.

Much has been said of late about Anglo-Saxon civilization. Far be it from me to detract from the service rendered to the world by the sturdy race whose language we speak. The union of the Angle and the Saxon formed a new and valuable type, but the process of race evolution was not completed when the Angle and the Saxon met. A still later type has appeared which is superior to any which has existed heretofore; and with this new type will come a higher civilization than any which has preceded it. Great has been the Greek, the Latin, the Slav, the Celt, the Teuton and the Anglo-Saxon, but greater than any of these is the American, in whom are blended the virtues of them all.

Civil and religious liberty, universal education and the right to participate, directly or through representatives chosen by himself, in all the affairs of government—these give to the American citizen an opportunity and an inspiration which can be found nowhere else.

Standing upon the vantage ground already gained the American people can aspire to a grander destiny than has opened before any other race.

Anglo-Saxon civilization has taught the individual to protect his own rights; American civilization will teach him to respect the rights of others.

Anglo-Saxon civilization has taught the individual to take care of himself; American civilization, proclaiming the equality of all before the law, will teach him that his own highest good requires the observance of the commandment: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Anglo-Saxon civilization has, by force of arms, applied the art of government to other races for the benefit of Anglo-Saxons;

American civilization will, by the influence of example, excite in other races a desire for self-government and a determination to secure it.

Anglo-Saxon civilization has carried its flag to every clime and defended it with forts and garrisons; American civilization will imprint its flag upon the hearts of all who long for freedom.

To American civilization, all hail!

> Time's noblest offspring is the last!

[Long-continued applause.]

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

A BIRTHDAY ADDRESS

Address delivered by William Cullen Bryant on the occasion of the "Bryant Festival," a celebration held in honor of his seventieth birthday by the Century Association of New York City, November 5, 1864. This address was spoken in response to the one delivered by George Bancroft, president of the association. Mr. Bryant's address on "Louis Kossuth" is printed in Volume IX.

I THANK you, Mr. President, for the kind words you have uttered, and I thank this good-natured company for having listened to them with so many tokens of assent and approbation. I must suppose, however, that most of this approbation was bestowed upon the orator rather than upon his subject. He who has brought to the writing of our national history a genius equal to the vastness of the subject, has, of course, more than talent enough for humbler tastes. I wonder not, therefore, that he should be applauded this evening for the skill he has shown in embellishing a barren topic.

I am congratulated on having completed my seventieth year. Is there nothing ambiguous, Mr. President, in such a compliment? To be congratulated on one's senility! To be congratulated on having reached that stage of life when the bodily and mental powers pass into decline and decay! Lear is made by Shakespeare to say: "Age is unnecessary." And a later poet, Dr. Johnson, expressed the same idea in one of his sonorous lines: "Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."

You have not forgotten, Mr. President, the old Greek saying: "Whom the gods love die young," nor the passage in Wordsworth:—

> —Oh sir, the good die first,
> And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust,
> Burn to the socket.

Much has been said of the wisdom of old age. Old age is wise, I grant, for itself, but not wise for the community. It is wise in declining new enterprises, for it has not the power nor the time to execute them; wise in shrinking from difficulty, for it has not the strength to overcome it; wise in avoiding danger, for it lacks the faculty of ready and swift action by which dangers are parried and converted into advantages. But this is not wisdom for mankind at large by whom new enterprises must be undertaken, dangers met, and difficulties surmounted. What a world would this be if it were made up of old men—generation succeeding to generation of hoary ancients who had but half a dozen years, or perhaps half that time, to live! What new work of good would be attempted? What existing abuse or evil corrected? What strange subjects would such a world afford for the pencils of our artists!—groups of superannuated graybeards basking in the sun, through the long days of spring, or huddling like sheep in warm corners in the winter time; houses with the timbers dropping apart; cities in ruins; roads unwrought and impassable; weedy gardens and fields with the surface feebly scratched to put in a scanty havest; feeble old men climbing into crazy wagons, perhaps to be run away with, or mounting horses, if they mounted them at all, in terror of being hurled from their backs like a stone from a sling. Well it is that, in this world of ours, the old men are but a very small minority.

Ah, Mr. President, if we could but stop this rushing tide of time that bears us so swiftly onward, and make it flow toward its source; if we could cause the shadow to turn back on the dial-plate! I see before me many excellent friends of mine worthy to live a thousand years, on whose countenances years have set their seal, marking them with the lines of thought and care, and causing their temples to glisten with the frosts of life's autumn. If to any one of these could be restored his glorious prime, his golden youth, with its hyacinthine locks, its smooth, unwrinkled brow, its fresh and rounded cheek, its pearly and perfect teeth, its lustrous eyes, its light and agile step, its frame full of energy, its exulting spirits, its high hopes, its generous impulses—and add all these to the experience and fixed principles of mature age—I am sure, Mr. President, that I should start at once to my feet, and propose that, in commemoration of such a marvel, and by way of congratulating our friend who was its subject, we should hold such a festivity as the Century has never seen nor will ever see again. Eloquence should bring its highest tribute, and Art its fairest decorations to grace the festival. The most skillful musicians should be here with all manner of music, ancient and modern; we would have sackbut and trumpet and shawm, and damsels with dulcimers, and a modern band three times as large as the one that now plays on that balcony. But why dwell on such a vain dream, since it is only by passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death that man can reach his second youth.

I have read, in descriptions of the Old World, of the families of princes and barons, coming out of their castles to be present at some rustic festivity, such as a wedding of one of their peasantry. I am reminded of this custom by the presence of many literary persons of eminence in these rooms, and I thank them for this act of benevolence. Yet I miss among them several whom I wished, rather than ventured to hope, that I should meet on this occasion. I miss my old friend Dana, who gave so grandly the story of the Buccaneer in his solemn verses. I miss Pierpont, venerable in years, yet vigorous in mind and body, and with an undimmed fancy; and him whose pages are wet with the tears of maidens who read the story of Evangeline; and the author of Fanny and the Croakers, no less renowned for the fiery spirit which animates his Marcos Bozzaris [Fitz-Greene Halleck]; and him to whose wit we owe the Biglow Papers, who has made a lowly flower of the wayside as classical as the rose of Anacreon; and the Quaker poet whose verses, Quaker as he is, stir the blood like the voice of a trumpet calling to battle; and the poetess of Hartford [Lydia H. Sigourney], whose beautiful lyrics are in a million hands; and others, whose names, were they to occur to me here as in my study, I might accompany with the mention of some characteristic merit. But here is he whose aerial verse has raised the little insect of our fields making its murmuring journey from flower to flower, the humble bee, to a dignity equal to that of Pindar's eagle; here is the Autocrat of the

Breakfast Table—author of that most spirited of naval lyrics, beginning with the line:—

Aye, tear her tattered ensign down!

Here, too, is the poet [N. P. Willis] who told in pathetic verse the story of Jephtha's daughter; and here are others, worthy compeers of those I have mentioned, yet greatly my juniors, in the brightness of whose rising fame I am like one who has carried a lantern in the night, and who perceives that its beams are no longer visible in the glory which the morning pours around him. To them and to all the members of the Century, allow me, Mr. President, to offer the wish that they may live longer than I have done, in health of body and mind, and in the same contentment and serenity of spirit which has fallen to my lot. I must not overlook the ladies who have deigned to honor these rooms with their presence. If I knew where, amid myrtle bowers and flowers that never wither, gushed from the ground the fountain of perpetual youth so long vainly sought by the first Spanish adventurers on the North American continent, I would offer to the lips of every one of them a beaker of its fresh and sparkling waters, and bid them drink unfading bloom. But since that is not to be, I will wish what, perhaps, is as well, and what some would think better, that the same kindness of heart, which has prompted them to come hither to-night, may lend a beauty to every action of their future lives. And to the Century Club itself—to whose members I owe both the honors and the embarrassments of this occasion—to that association, fortunate in having possessed two such presidents as the distinguished historian who now occupies the chair, and the eminent and accomplished scholar and admirable writer [Gulian C. Verplanck] who preceded him, I offer the wish that it may endure, not only the term of years signified by its name—not for one century only, but for ten centuries—so that hereafter, perhaps, its members may discuss the question whether its name should not be changed to that of the Club of a Thousand Years; and that these may be centuries of peace and prosperity, from which its members may look back to this period of bloody strife as to a frightful dream soon chased away by the beams of a glorious morning.

JAMES BRYCE

CHANGES OF FORTY YEARS IN AMERICA

This address was delivered at the 143rd annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, held at the Waldorf-Astoria on November 16, 1911. The president, Mr. A. Barton Hepburn, in introducing the speaker said:

"However restrictive our laws as to material things may be, we open our arms wide to receive the great men of other nations.

"The gentleman who will first address you is accredited to our Government as the Ambassador of Great Britain. Years ago he was fully accredited to the hearts of the American people. [Applause.] He made a study of our commonwealth, and his analysis and his criticisms proved of the greatest value, predicated, as they were, upon facts and seasoned with justice. He enabled us to 'see ourselves as others see us,' who are keenly interested in our progress and our welfare.

"The extreme courtesy and kindness of the distinguished gentleman enables us this evening to see recent events from the vantage point of his trained observation and study, illumined by his wide experience and great ability.

"The toast, 'The Changes of Forty Years in America,' will be responded to by His Excellency, Right Honorable James Bryce, O. M., British Ambassador."

Mr. President, Your Excellency the Governor, Your Worship the Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I thank you most heartily for your graceful courtesy in toasting my Sovereign and in singing a stanza of our national anthem. I assure you that when I receive, as I often do, and as the Englishmen who are present on these occasions, as I know they often do, such marks of good-will and friendly sentiment on your part, they are not only a gratification to ourselves, but they are taken as a pledge of friendship by the people of our country.

I have to thank you, Mr. President, for your kind references to myself and the members of this Chamber for the courtesy which I have always received from them. From the day when they were good enough to give me a special reception on the occasion of my first arrival in this country as a representative of Great Britain, it has been always a pleasure to me to meet you here. It has usually been a further pleasure to me, on the occasions when I have met you, to be able to say that the condition of Europe and of the world was one of a peace which promised to endure. That cannot be said this year; and I am obliged to admit that in this year we have had more than our usual share of troubles. If we were living five hundred years ago, or if the beliefs of five hundred years ago still existed, there would be a very simple explanation for all the troubles that have simultaneously descended upon many different parts of the earth. It would be found in the conjunction, the worst conjunction I believe, according to astrologers, that could possibly occur—the conjunction of the planets of Mars and Saturn. [Laughter.] Those of you who are in the habit of studying the evening sky may remember that these two planets were very close to one another in the end of August, so close that they would have seemed in primitive ages to be likely to come into collision in the heavens. Who can venture to deny that extraordinary conjunctions in the heavens might be expected, according to ancient astrologers, to be followed by remarkable troubles on earth. So this year we have had troubles almost everywhere, even in what men used to call "the unchangeable East," a thoughtless expression, because as a matter of fact no part of the world has been changing more within the last forty years than the East. I can assure you, though indeed you need no such assurance, that your Government and the Government of Great Britain are cordially agreed in their disinterested desire and wish that the troubles which have lately descended upon China may soon come to a peaceful end; and that that great and industrious nation, to which I am sure we all wish well, should be able again to resume the course of progress and enlightenment upon which she seemed to be entering. [Applause.]

We are, you and I, perfectly disinterested in our good-will for China, and we hope that these struggles, on such an unexpectedly alarming scale, may soon be at an end. I am glad to say that there was one part of the world, where a year ago armed conflicts were feared and where they have been averted. I mean South America. This time a year ago I was in South America, and I may perhaps be permitted to say to you, as New Yorkers, what a pleasure it gave me to find that over South America the people entertain the warmest sentiments of affection for your distinguished senior United States Senator, Mr. Root [applause], who had made an extended tour through South America about five years ago and who left everywhere the most agreeable recollections of his personality.

Well, gentlemen, I can congratulate you in this country that you have had less of these troubles which have been worrying the world than any other great nation. You, at any rate, have been left entirely free to occupy yourselves with your own domestic problems. [Laughter.] You have got plenty of them. I perceive that several of the speakers that are to follow me are going to deal with some of them, and there was a little foretaste given in the remarks which fell from you, Mr. President, as to certain current questions. Now, upon all these current questions and domestic problems of yours I cannot say a word. The present is not for me; I am strictly warned off from it. I must therefore confine myself entirely to the past, and I will venture to offer you a few recollections bearing upon the contrast which I see now between the United States, as they are, and the United States as they were, when I first knew them; and I will venture, after these recollections, to make two or three reflections which are suggested by them.

I remember hearing an anecdote, Mr. President, of an old beadle, as we call him in Scotland, who was attached to a Scottish church, and who had been in the habit for forty years of hearing the discourses, the very logical and argumentative discourses, which, according to old custom, the Scottish clergy of former times used to deliver. The minister asked the old beadle one day, "John, mon," said he, "John, mon, don't ye think after hearing so many discourses from me you could now preach a sermon yourself?" To this the old man replied, "Well, minister, I winna say that I could just like preach a sermon, but I think I could draw an inference." [Laughter.]

Now, perhaps I may try to draw an inference. At any rate, I feel pretty safe in venturing to talk about the past. When I was in public life in England I formed two rules of conduct —two maxims. The first was that you ought never to refer to the mistakes of your own party. [Laughter.] Not because you are to be a blind partisan, not because you do not see the faults of your own party, but in the interest of economy of effort, because it is perfectly certain that the other party will refer to them [laughter], and also in the interest of a higher efficiency, because it is perfectly certain that the other party will deal with them more forcibly.

The second maxim was this, that you are always safe in dwelling upon the faults and follies of the past—especially the distant past—because, even if they cannot excuse them, they can at any rate palliate one's own faults and follies. We can always speak quite freely about those who have gone before, and if they made grave mistakes, so much the less heinous will those appear which we in our turn make.

This thought emboldens me to say a few words to you about what I recollect of the difficulties the people of the United States had in the past. I came here first in the year 1870. The War of Secession was then only five years over, the South was still in a very troublous and distracted condition, and the chief problem that occupied your minds, the chief source of danger and difficulty that you saw rising before you, was connected with the conditions of that section of the country. Large parts of it were then occupied by Federal troops. There was a great deal of unrest and disturbance as well as a great deal of maladministration and financial waste in some States. The prospect was full of anxiety. But within twenty years all that completely passed away, and now the South has been steadily growing in prosperity and in wealth, and is united to you in the North by a tie so close and by a friendship so true, that never at any previous period of your history was the nation so entirely one as it is now. [Applause.]

There was another problem to the significance of which you had only just begun to awaken, and that was the government of your cities. In the year 1870 this city was governed by a group of men headed by Mr. William Marcy Tweed, of whom, since they have all departed from this world, nothing need be said now except that they were not deemed to be men of specially fastidious honor. [Laughter.] They were applying a large part of the city revenues to purposes which were not public purposes. [Laughter.] In the year 1871 you woke up to that state of things, and you began a series of efforts at reform; and you were in that, a pioneer to other cities, there being many other cities which were in very nearly the same plight in which New York then lay, so that now, at the end of forty years, if the governments of all the cities in the United States are not yet perfect, still every one will admit that in pretty nearly every city, and especially and most conspicuously in the city of New York, now far vaster than it was then, there has been steady progress. Your administration is not only more upright and honest, but is far more scientific and businesslike than it ever was before. [Applause.]

And yet, gentlemen, no one can deny that you see clouds in your sky, that there is a disquiet among you, just as there is a disquiet everywhere in the world. The golden age apparently is not going to come in our time. There is the strife between labor and capital, a phenomenon which is sometimes acute here, although probably not so acute as it is in most of the great countries of Europe. There are those questions to which you, Mr. President, have just referred, the questions of the relation of business to government, the relations of law to corporations and combinations of capital, difficulties which arise very much less in Europe, and which in fact in Great Britain hardly arise at all. We find no serious difficulties in regulating railroads or any other corporations, and though there is no denying that they constitute an important problem for you here, still it cannot be an insoluble one.

Why is it that these questions, which did not exist as problems in 1870—nobody then talked about strikes as a danger, nobody then talked about organizations of labor as a danger, nobody then thought that large corporations or combinations of capital constituted any menace to the community—why is it that they have arisen and now seem to throw heavy shadows across your sky?

While I must, of course, abstain from any discussion which would involve the expression of any opinion upon any controverted question, I may say that there never was a country in which economic conditions changing on so gigantic a scale as they have in the United States, were more certain to raise new issues. Your population has more than doubled within the last forty years, but your wealth, your exports, and that which is a good test of these things, your transportation facilities, have more than doubled, they have quadrupled, within the last forty years.

The exports of the United States which in 1870 were valued at three hundred and ninety-two millions of dollars are valued now at one thousand seven hundred and forty-four millions of dollars. The estimated wealth which was then reckoned at thirty thousand millions of dollars is reckoned now at one hundred and twenty-seven thousand millions of dollars. The miles of railroad that you had then were 53,000 as against 244,000 now. By all these tests your wealth and prosperity have quadrupled within those forty years, a thing that has never happened to any other country in the world. You have seen the growing up of enormous fortunes—there were hardly any in 1870—you have seen the creation of labor organizations. In such changes it is inevitable that new problems should emerge. There is nothing to surprise us in that, and I venture to submit that there is nothing to discourage us. Where these prodigious economic changes have come, and where such unexampled wealth and prosperity have flown in upon you in such an abundant stream, there difficulties must be expected comparable to the causes which produced them. Now, may I venture to say that it sometimes occurs to me when I think of the way in which we in England meet our difficulties, and the way in which you here meet your difficulties, that, perhaps, the fault that belongs to us in common, may perhaps be not the fault of thinking too much of ourselves, but that of excessive modesty and self-distrust. We are not generally credited, either you or we, with being particularly modest nations. We are supposed to have a good opinion of ourselves based upon our past achievements, but really when one sees the amount of anxiety which is created both in England and here by the emergence of these new problems which the progress of wealth and prosperity and power brings with it, may not our fault be that we have not sufficient confidence in ourselves, and that we do not sufficiently realize the strength of our national character and the intellectual and moral force which has carried us through all the troubles we have met in the past, and to which we ought to trust to carry us through similar troubles in the future? How was it that you overcame those difficulties, to which I have referred, which confronted you in 1870? That is the inference I am now going to draw.

You had a most difficult problem in the South; a problem that was enough to perplex the most ingenious mind and to tax the calmest temper. But you overcame it by patience, by temper, by faith in the principles of your government. You saw that the best thing was to leave the South alone and to trust to the action of natural forces, to treat the South as a sister going ultimately to return unto friendship; and the result has justified your policy.

When you had the problem of city government to deal with you did not sit down supinely, but you made effort after effort to see how governmental conditions might be improved, how good citizens could be induced not to submit themselves entirely to the dominance of party spirit in municipal elections. The result has been that over the whole of the Union now conditions are better and good citizens are more active, and the methods of government are improving. Altogether the future is far brighter in municipal and state government than I think it has ever been before. The same is true of Civil Service Reform. Good citizens despaired of it in 1870. See what progress it has made since 1883 when the Pendleton Act was passed. [Applause.] These things were achieved by faith in yourselves and faith in the spirit of your institutions.

There is a saying, attributed to Philip II of Spain, that he and time were a match for any two others. Now, gentlemen, I certainly should not venture to cite Philip II of Spain as a wise monarch, to whose opinion great weight ought to be attached, because if ever there was a king who did as much mischief as it was possible in his day and generation, and who contributed very largely to the declension of his country, and to those grievous misfortunes for which they suffered for three centuries afterwards, it was that misguided king. But there was a truth in the statement about time. Time is an important factor in human affairs, but only when it is used in order to give full play to reason.

It is not time alone that makes things better. It is only because time gives a chance for patience, and thought and experience to work out solutions of difficulties. The value of time is, that if men would only be patient, if they would only restrain their passions, if they would only set their minds to think questions out and to discover the best means of dealing with them, if they would only keep a cool head and not be betrayed by sudden emotion into foolish or violent action, they would always be certain in the long run to come out right. That was the way in which the constitutional difficulties that we have had at one time or another to grapple with in England were solved, and that was the way in which you succeeded in setting yourselves right after the Civil War and in bringing the South into the happier state in which she is now.

There is an old maxim of some famous Latin writer that the greatness of a nation is preserved by the same methods by which it has been won. That is to say, a nation that has become great will find itself safe in adhering to the principles and policy by which it grew to be great. You and our ancestors and your ancestors, when they lived together in the old country, as members of an undivided English people, and our people, since the division, and your people since the division, have been guided by two principles—the principle of liberty and the principle of order. And the reason why we have succeeded more than most countries in becoming both great and free is because we have always adhered to the conjunction of those two principles of liberty and order. Our safety, gentlemen, and the way out of all our difficulties, seems to me to lie in adhering to those principles; not to abandon any of our faith in individual freedom, in the self-reliance which belongs to men of our race, in the opening of the freest and widest field for individual action and initiative, but at the same time, to hold fast to the severe and strict repression of any resort to force and violence in the enforcement everywhere of the authority of the law. These are the principles by which you and we grew up great, and these are the principles by which every free government ought to be guided. You amongst all the nations of the earth are the least liable to suffer from the shock of the jarring interests of different classes; least liable because you have between the capitalists on the one side and the wage earners on the other, a large class of intelligent voters who are able and intelligent enough to hold the balance fairly—give them time—between the interests of the capitalists and the interests of the wage earners, and to recognize that the interests of all classes are in the last analysis interwoven one with another, and that which is an injury to one is an injustice and an injury to all. [Applause.]

No great European country is so happily situated as you are in having this great and impartial body of voters. Popular government is always on its trial. Every form of government is always on its trail. And you here in the United States are trying all those experiments which belong to popular government on the greatest scale, and more in the eyes of the world than any other country, because the world feels that the experiments that you try here, with your gigantic population and your certainty of wonderful further expansion is an experiment tried for the world, and an experiment of incomparable significance for the world's future. You have done more than any other people has ever done to give to the ordinary voter education, comfort, and the fullest chance of rising in the world and making the most of his life, and you will continue to render an inestimable service to the world and to free government everywhere, if you can prove that the ordinary voter, to whom you have intrusted political power, will prove himself to be zealous and upright and a capable citizen, who understands as the fathers of this republic understood, that peace and prosperity are the children not of freedom alone, but of freedom and order conjoined. [Prolonged applause.]

PEACE

This speech was delivered by the Ambassador ot Great Britain to the United States in response to a toast to the health of King Edward VII, at the dinner of the New York Chamber of Commerce, November 18, 1909.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Chamber of Commerce:—First let me return to you my hearty thanks for the cordiality with which you have received the toast of the health of King Edward VII; and to you, Mr. President, for having given me the honor of responding on his behalf. You know, I hope, that the United States has no warmer or truer friend than King Edward. [Applause.] That he has been ever since the year 1859, when on the threshold of manhood he visited your shores, and that he will be, I feel assured, to the end.

Gentlemen, in that he represents the feeling of his people wherever they are scattered over the world. But it is sometimes said that it is easier to be good friends with those who are far off than with those who are too near. So I want to tell you that since I have come to this country, nothing has given me more frequent and more unfeigned satisfaction than to notice the growing cordiality, the growing sense of neighborly kindliness and friendliness which has sprung up between the people of the United States and the people of Canada on your north. [Applause.] I had a striking example of that when you, the people of New York, along with the people of Vermont, were last July celebrating the anniversary of the discovery of Lake Champlain. On that occasion some Canadian regiments came over, and they passed in review, I suppose for the first time in history, before the President of the United States, and the applause with which your people of the State of New York greeted those Canadian regiments as they marched by with their bands playing old historic tunes, was so general and so hearty and so evidently the expression of true feeling, that it gave me the liveliest sense of the happy relations of friendship that now exist between you and your northern neighbor.

Before I go further to say a few words to you upon some matters which may be of interest to you will you permit me to stop to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of one who was a valued friend of mine, but who was far better known to most of you, having been one of your vice presidents, one whose loss you have lately been mourning; I mean Mr. John Stewart Kennedy. Mr. Kennedy was an adopted citizen of this country, and he was an example of how good an adopted citizen of the United States a native of Scotland may become. Mr. Kennedy was, indeed in many ways, a model citizen. He was not only munificent and generous in all his gifts to good objects, but he was something more. He was a man who represented in the conduct of his own life the integrity, and the public spirit as well as the kindliness that belonged to his nature; and he was a man who, not content with giving to good works, was always ready to take an active personal interest in them; and I am sure that his memory will be, as it deserves to be, long honored among you. [Applause.]

I am in some little difficulty, gentlemen, as to the topics which it is proper for me to touch upon in addressing this audience. On this occasion I had hoped that I might have the opportunity of discussing with you two topics which are of interest to you, and which to me as a sincere admirer and friend who becomes always more interested, and more personally interested in the affairs of your country, are also matters of much reflection. I had thought that I might take this opportunity of saying something to you about one great question on which our British experience may throw some light—the question of the currency; but I find on looking at the toast list that the distinguished Senator of Rhode Island is going to speak later, and it would be very rash for me to pour out my views upon that subject when Senator Aldrich is going to follow me. [Laughter and applause.] I also thought that I might have said something to you about another question of considerable importance, the system of primary elections [laughter], and the methods of electing United States Senators. But again I am stopped by perceiving that I am to be followed by your distinguished Senator and my friend, Mr. Root [laughter], and I know what would happen to me if I were to leave myself open to be followed by such a powerful and destructive advocate as Mr. Root could prove himself. [Laughter.] So I am obliged, gentlemen, to choose some topic which is altogether apart from any possible difference of opinion, and I want to make just two observations to you.

Since I was last your guest I have traveled a good many thousands of miles in your country. I have been struck, more than I ever was before, by the amazing, the almost portentous growth of industry, of production and of population all over your country. I went through parts of the western prairies, where, when I passed some twenty years ago, there was an almost trackless waste, and I saw them covered by crowded cities. Everywhere mines are being opened; everywhere railroads are being constructed; everywhere land is being put under cultivation and often under irrigation; everywhere factories are springing up; everywhere there is a life and a movement which give me a conception of the productive power of this country and of the volume of its wealth which figures cannot really convey to us or make us realize any more than figures enable our minds to realize the distance or position of the fixed stars. The growth of population alone is a stupendous thing. It looks as if before long there will not be in most parts of this continent any place where a man can be quiet. [Laughter.] The only spot which is likely for some time to give opportunities for seclusion is the neighborhood of the North Pole [laughter], and I would bid you remember, gentlemen, that while it is still, I believe, a matter of controversy how many people have been at the North Pole [laughter], there is no doubt about this, that there never were so many people there before. [Laughter.]

It is sometimes said, gentlemen, that the great cities are growing too large. I have heard it said that it would be better to have thirty cities of 100,000 people each than one city of 3,000,000. Whatever be the case as regards other places it is impossible that this city of New York can stop growing. This city placed on an island, which, according to a tradition, was at one time sold for the equivalent of $24—this city has a growth before it which it taxes the imagination to conceive, because there has been nothing like it in history. And I do not see how that growth is to be stopped, because you are the outlet of a continent; you are the gateway of a continent through which the products of the immense territory that lies behind you must pass out and through which into that immense territory the products of the rest of the world must pass. I believe that you are now very wisely taking steps to enlarge the terminal facilities for the traffic which you see coming. Already your tunnels under the river and your methods of city locomotion above ground and below ground as well as on the ground, move the astonishment of Europeans. But I do not think you are doing anything more than will be found necessary. It seems to me that even these gigantic preparations which are being made for terminals on the East River side of Long Island and in other parts around the city are not too much and that nothing in the way of preparation can be too great for the traffic which is coming to New York City.

This immense growth does, no doubt, gentlemen, bring with it certain difficulties—economic difficulties and political difficulties. Upon those I will not venture to enter, except to express the belief that the political difficulties in the government of your great city will be found to diminish as your population becomes more and more a population of American growth and training. [Applause.] But, whatever those difficulties may be, there is at any rate one good thing which this immense growth of wealth and population brings with it—the more there is of prosperity, the more there is of trade. The more there is of trade, the more interested is each nation in the welfare of every other nation. Every consumer is a buyer. Every buyer must have a seller and a producer, and the producer and the seller are always interested in the welfare and prosperity of the consumer; and both the buyer and the seller, each interested in the capacity to sell and buy, are interested, therefore, in one another's prosperity and welfare. And this is as true between nations as it is between individuals. We are beginning to realize more and more the solidarity of the world; the fact that every nation is interested in the well-being of every other nation, and has far more to gain from the prosperity of every nation than it can possibly lose from its competition, is a powerful guarantee of peace.

Some people talk, gentlemen, about making wars for the sake of trade. There could be no greater folly. The world is big enough to bear all the competition of the great nations, and the world is daily growing more populous and more capable of buying, and there is plenty of room for all the great commercial nations in the world as it is now, and in the world as it is going to be, wherever the magic touch of science elicits new resources and new opportunities for industry.

It is double folly to talk of war for the sake of trade, because every nation has far more to lose than it could possibly gain by going to war, for the obvious reason that it would suffer by a war carried on at the frightful cost modern warfare demands more than it could repair in forty years.

Just a year ago, gentlemen, I had the honor of making a short address to you, all of which you have no doubt by this time forgotten [laughter], and I have indeed forgotten all of it myself, except one thing, which I ventured to say then. I ventured then to express my conviction that the peace of the world would be preserved. At that moment, a year ago, there were some dark clouds in the sky, and these dark clouds hung especially over southeastern Europe, where it was supposed that a thunderstorm might break. These clouds passed away. There were difficulties then, difficulties sufficient to have caused a war in the eighteenth century, but difficulties with which the more enlightened conscience, or larger foresight, of the governments of to-day, were able to deal and to remove—difficulties which the governments knew it was incumbent upon them to remove by moderate and reasonable concessions. Those clouds have now passed and peace has been preserved. I venture to believe the same thing to-day. If my diplomatic colleagues at Washington were here present I feel no doubt that each and every one of them would say to you what I am saying now, and would express a like confidence and hope. One of them, I am happy to say, is here present; and I know that there is no one who is a more sincere and a more earnest friend of peace —as sincere and earnest a friend of peace as my friend Mr. Root, who has done so much for your peace with all the world [applause]—I know no more sincere and earnest lover of peace than my friend and colleague the German Ambassador. [Applause.]

Despite all that may be said, gentlemen, by some people (I will not venture to characterize them), who seem to make it their business to foment suspicion and provoke enmity among the nations—despite all that, I continue to believe and hope and trust that peace will be preserved over the world. I believe that all the governments of the great states desire peace. I believe that all the peoples of the great states desire peace. I know that my government desires it and that the British people desire it. I know from what I have seen of the policy of the last administration and the present administration, I know from my frequent conversations with your illustrious President and with his distinguished Secretary of State, I know that your government desires peace. [Applause.] I am perfectly certain that all the great countries have everything to gain by peace. You, gentlemen, you in these United States, standing outside the Old World and threatened by no enemy in any quarter, occupy a position of secure detachment, but you, too, are interested in the prosperity and tranquillity of the other hemisphere; and what I have seen in this country assures me that you are determined that the influence of the United States, the moral force and the public opinion of the United States, shall always and everywhere be exerted, when it can properly be exerted, to secure for the world the inestimable blessings of peace. [Great applause.]

IRVING T. BUSH

IN HONOR OF SECRETARY HUGHES

Irving T. Bush was born in Ridgeway, Michigan, in 1869, and at nineteen entered the Bush and Denslow Manufacturing Company of which his father was president. He founded the Bush Terminal Company in 1902 and is the creator of the Bush Terminal with its many warehouses, piers and industrial buildings covering over two hundred acres in South Brooklyn. As president of the New York Chamber of Commerce in the years 1922-24, he delivered many addresses of welcome and introduction, including the following speech at the dinner given in honor of Mr. Hughes on November 10, 1925.

I HOPE no one here to-night is under the impression that it is my duty to introduce to you two men whom through long years of public life you have learned to honor and love. They need no introduction, either to you, their friends, or to the world, for they are known and honored far beyond the limits of even our invisible audience to-night.

I am not here to introduce to you either our guest, Mr. Hughes, or Mr. Root who will speak to him for us. I am here to tell Mr. Hughes that this room is filled to its utmost limits with his friends—with friends, Mr. Hughes, who have not come because you hold office, and may perhaps do something for them, but with friends who are your fellow townsmen—who have watched your career with ever increasing honor and respect, and who, as the mellowing influence of time has ripened that career, have felt these sentiments deepen into a real affection; by friends who ask nothing and expect nothing from this gathering, save an opportunity to tell you that they cherish a deep pride in you as a citizen of New York.

You have been Governor of this great State. You have been Chief Justice of the highest court of the nation. You have sat at the right hand of two Presidents as Secretary of State. We honor you for those achievements, but we are not here to-night because of them. We are not here because of what you have done, but because of the way in which you have done it and because your career has been an open book, and never in all the years of all your public service has there been a whisper behind a single hand.

I would not have you think I hold lightly the high offices you have held, or the success of your career in many material ways. I know that Mr. Root will have something to say about the many splendid things you have done in the service of your fellow citizens. I have in my mind a more intimate and personal note during the few minutes I shall speak. I wish to tear away the slightest veil of formality from this dinner, and to tell you why I think this room is crowded to the doors to-night by men who are your friends. Many are of long standing, but perhaps some of them you may never have met, but they are your friends nevertheless, because they believe in you. They may never tell in any other way of their regard for you, but the appreciation which is uttered is not always the most real, and they are here to-night in silent—not too silent, I hope—testimony of their affection.

You have faced many difficult issues, and found solutions to many hard problems, but you have never chosen the easiest way. As a result, you have been misunderstood sometimes, but have won your way to our fullest confidence and affection, largely I think because you have faced each problem as a moral issue.

I remember a long talk I had with you when I returned from Russia two years ago and as I left you said: "It is a moral issue, Mr. Bush. We cannot have contact with a government which does not hold standards of honor similar to our own."

It is said the people of New York are cold and ungrateful. It is not true. We are busy—and in our hurry and pre-occupation, we sometimes fail to speak our appreciation of those who render us great public service.

To-night each one of us is here to pay our tribute to you for the great service rendered to us—and to the world—and to say to you, we honor you for the things you have done, but we pay our friendly tribute because you have stood erect in doing them. We cherish you because you have done great things in a simple, modest way. We like your modesty. Perhaps because we are not always accustomed to it. It is refreshing in a man in public life. You have been content to do the job, and let credit find its own resting place. I do not remember, when I visited Albany years ago, that I saw a sign upon the Capitol, announcing that this was Governor Hughes' Capitol. Nor in Washington, do I remember a sign proclaiming that this was Secretary Hughes' Department of State. You made us feel you were working for us by the simple method of really working for us. And when you laid down your tools of office, there was no fuss and feathers. You passed out of office as quietly as you had entered and filled it—and we liked that modesty. The noisy qualities may meet with popular acclaim sometimes, but it is the finer qualities we cherish in our hearts.

It is Armistice Eve. Seven years ago to-night "No Man's Land" still lay between hostile armies. You had no hand in drawing the treaties which some still call the treaties of peace, but you have written in the books of history its best pages of peace. The world acclaims—and justly—the pact of Locarno, but back of Locarno lay the disarmament agreement at Washington, over which you presided, and the Dawes Plan—the sane child of your sane mind.

Mr. Dawes, our own Owen Young, who is unfortunately out of town to-night, and their associates in the finely constructive work done by the Dawes Commission, would be the first to give credit to you for formulating the idea of the Commission, and waiting patiently until the world buried enough of its hate to see again with sanity.

So we chose Armistice Eve to stop our busy lives, and pay our tribute to you, because your mind has written into every document it has touched "good-will" where once there was hate.

And to you, Mr. Root, may I say a special word of greeting from these other friends of Mr. Hughes, for whom I am privileged to speak to-night.

You are here to do honor to our guest, but you are held in such affectionate esteem by us all, that before I give way to you, I should like to tell you how deeply appreciative is the Committee, and all of this great body of fellow hosts, to you for your speaking for them to-night.

Indeed, in our hearts, you and Mr. Hughes have found very similar corners—and they are warm corners—kept warm by the fire of a very real and affectionate friendship. Only a short generation ahead of Mr. Hughes in years, your career has been very similar to his, and marked by the same fine disregard for a cheap popularity, and the same high regard for those finer qualities of life which we may sometimes seem to fail to appreciate, but which in our heart of hearts win highest honor and our deepest affection. These things have been said to you many times, but they cannot be said too often.

You and Mr. Hughes have made many sacrifices in our public service and have achieved great distinction in your chosen profession. The road upward has been a little different in detail, but, in the end, each has sat at the right hand of two Presidents. In thanking you for speaking for us to-night, may I tender to you the affectionate and appreciative greetings of these friends of yours and Mr. Hughes, and our warmest thanks for the long years of faithful service in our behalf. I think I may also say, and betray no confidence in doing so, that your and Mr. Hughes' friends have wished that at the council table in Washington you each in turn might have moved one seat nearer the head of the table.

We live in a democracy and with all its blessings, it has the fault of being a bit haphazard in choosing some of its representatives. I read an article in a magazine some time ago illustrating this point. It started with a description of a laundryman who was head of the police force in San Francisco, and spoke of the horseshoer who was Commissioner of Streets and Bridges in Houston, Texas, of the barber who was Commissioner of Public Utilities in Topeka, Kansas, and concluded with the undertaker who was Commissioner of Health in Jersey City. A democracy is after all a government by the law of averages, and it is unfortunate that the highest intellectual standards do not always make the most popular appeal to the average voter. I sometimes think our best Presidents within recent years, at least, have been our accidents.

Well—the day of accidents may not be past—and I will say to Mr. Hughes—as I did to my daughter, when I noticed it took two hours to say "good night" to her fiancé—it takes a long time to say "good-by" to a good man.

Mr. Root, I now yield to you. This is an audience of friends. You need no introduction to them—nor they to you.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

WELCOMING BRIAND

An address at the Lotos Club dinner to M. Aristide Briand, Premier of France, guest of honor, November 24, 1921. The opening remarks by the president, Mr. Chester S. Lord, were as follows:

"Gentlemen: We have gathered this evening to do honor to the Republic of France. To do honor to a country that from the very beginning of this nation's existence has been our steadfast friend.

When we were young and feeble and weak and were struggling for our very life, she gave us cash and credit—gave us the flower of her youth, gave us De Grasse and Rochambeau and Lafayette.

When in later years we were overwhelmed with monetary panics and were threatened with financial disaster, she placed millions at our disposal. If gratitude could be measured in dollars, we would owe her not millions but billions and trillions.

The French people ever have been an inspiring and refining influence in America. The intrepid French voyagers who sailed up the St. Lawrence River, in the early settlement of the continent, pushed through the Great Lakes, across the plains to the Mississippi, and thence down to the Gulf of Mexico, left an indelible trail of industry and intelligence from Tadousac to New Orleans. The French refugee colony that settled in South Carolina gave to the state and to the city of Charleston in particular a reputation for the upbuilding of intellectual life and the refinement of social life, for courtesy and hospitality, whose influences remain to this day.

The sunny-hearted people of sunny France have brought sunshine to America wherever they have made their homes.

France! the land of literature, the home of art, the abode of refinement—no less brilliant in war than in peace—the land of fighting soldiers!

Some of our guests of former days have said that when one comes under the influence of the Lotos flower he forgets his own country. But whatever may be our lapses of memory otherwise, we of the Lotos Club never can forget France.

And may the day never dawn when American friendship for

> France languishes. May the hour never come when America hesitates to defend France in her time of need!
>
> We are honored to-night beyond expression. Time is precious and I know you will pardon me if I say no more, but call on our fellow member, Doctor Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, to welcome our distinguished guest in the name of the Lotos Club and in the name of the American people for whom the Lotos Club acts in the capacity of host to-night."

MR. CHAIRMAN, MON CHER PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN:—You have given me a great and enviable privilege. The Lotos Club in its long years of distinction has had many notable nights, but the night of Thanksgiving Day, 1921, is not likely to ever be forgotten. On the day of this unique celebration, so characteristic of our people's traditions and our people's faith, we have the signal honor to welcome the President of the Council of Ministers of the French Republic and to assemble to give thanks in public fashion for him and for his people.

Never before since our nation's history began has the President of the Council of Ministers been able to visit our shores. He comes now in the person of an eloquent, trusted and tried statesman who, ten times named Minister and seven times named President of the Council, may speak as no other living man may speak for the soul of France. He comes, not on a voyage of curiosity, not on an affair of commerce or industry or education, however important, but, laying down for the moment the great task that the French people have committed to his hands, he has come at the invitation of the President of the United States to take counsel with the representatives of the other allied and associated nations. For what? For the great cause in which France has suffered so much, the great cause in which France has bled so much, the great cause in which we were so glad to do what fell to our lot—that never again shall free nations be put in danger by the might or the ambition or the lust or the imperial militarism of any country!

The Council in which M. Briand has been sitting for all too brief a time will, I trust, go down in history as the most epoch-marking conference in the history of governments. If it does, it will mean that everything for which those flags yonder have been flung to the breeze, that everything for which the fathers of this republic and the builders of liberty in France worked and died, that everything for which our glad and generous and courageous youth went forth to fight, will have been made secure not only for us but for all men, and that a new epoch in history will have opened.

There are those who say that it is too much to hope that human nature will be changed in the twinkling of an eye, that it is too much to expect that the old Adam be so easily pressed under foot. Yes, my friends, so it is; but all human progress has been made by attempting the impossible. No person and no nation that is not willing to attempt the impossible can ever hope to make lasting or constant progress.

On Monday last M. Briand stirred not only France, not only the American people, but the world, with a great oration. It was a great oration not alone because of the eloquence and statesmanship of the speaker, not alone because of the notable occasion on which it was spoken, not alone because of the great issues with which it dealt; but it was a great oration because in addition to all these, it told, with stern realism, the plain and simple story of a people's suffering and a people's purpose. It was the oration of the spokesman of a proud people, it was the oration of the spokesman of a generous people, and it was the oration of the spokesman of a people which proposes that never again, if moral and material force can prevent, shall any portion of its land be subjected to the horror and distress and terror of the years that have only just now closed. M. Briand made a noteworthy contribution to the great cause which the Washington Conference is called to promote when he indicated with perfect simplicity and directness where the conditions of lasting peace are to be found.

M. Briand knew, as every one who heard him must have known, that the limitation of armaments itself, while lifting great economic burdens from a people and wholly desirable on every ground, cannot produce peace. Nations can fight with two ships as well as with twenty; nations can fight with one hundred thousand soldiers as well as with a million, if the will to fight is left and if a temptation to use that will remains.

The true secret of making progress toward the world's permanent peace is to be found in a willingness to face and to answer the problems that have hitherto made peace impossible or difficult. It is an aid to talk over the more superficial aspects of the conditions which bring nations into conflict, but this fundamental question remains for the American people and for every other people: Are you willing to do those things, in concert with the civilized peoples of the world, that will remove or diminish the invitation to war? If you are not, then, Mr. Chairman, you are only interested in talking about peace.

The first and fundamental fact to be dealt with, if we are to make the limitation of armaments both possible and permanent and to remove the threat of other world wars carrying unimaginable holocausts in their train, the first essential condition, is the establishment of the security of France and her people. That, gentlemen, is neither rhetoric nor an empty compliment to a distinguished guest; it is the recognition of an obvious fact.

Look at the map. Where are the forces, the organized forces, the restless forces, that seem to have the capacity once again to disturb the peace of the world? Are they not, all of them, lying to the east of France? Does not France itself lie as the head of a spear projected into the western world, and must not any new uprising against our western civilization reach France before it can harm either Great Britain or the United States? Is it not a physical fact, is it not a moral fact, is it not a military fact, that France lies at the point where future fighting must be, if there be any future fighting at all? No one is going to try to destroy civilization by invading the Argentine Republic. No one is going to try to destroy civilization by landing troops on the coast of Oregon. The impulse to create war, if it comes again, must lead armies over the same ground that it has traversed for two thousand years. It must attack France. I care not whether this attack comes from a revivified, strengthened enemy of years gone by or whether it comes from that more distant land where, if one may use the sonorous lines of Milton,

> . . . Chaos sits
> And by decision more embroils the feud
> By which he reigns.

If the attack is to come from that great reservoir of trouble beyond the Vistula, must it not of necessity be made upon France? These are the reasons why, gentlemen, the security of France is not a French problem; these are the reasons why the security of France is not a European problem; these are the reasons why the security of France is an American problem.

There was a France in the ancient world. Greece and the Greek people, with splendid harbors and shores pointing to the east and south, became the home of liberty and the messengers of the free spirit, thereby inviting to themselves every attack which ancient barbarism saw fit to make. Ancient Greece was fighting your battle and mine. Do you suppose that if the Persian hordes had wiped Greece from the map and destroyed the civilization whose capital was Athens, there would then have been any Roman Republic or any Magna Charta or any Declaration of Independence or any French Revolution? History would then have been written for two thousand years in terms of a language whose letters we cannot even read.

Remember, gentlemen, that ancient Thermopylæ had its Verdun and ancient Marathon its Marne. Battles are not battles between nations, they are not battles between generals and between armies. They are great contests of ideas. The generals and their armies are the agents, but the real combatants are the ideas; and that great splendid system of liberty which for all its haltings and turnings and broken currents has, nevertheless, been sweeping onward for five and twenty centuries, that magnificent system of liberty which spoke the language of ancient Greece, now speaks, for so many men of our time, the beautiful language of France. It is not militarist ambition, it is not imperialist policy, which moves France to demand security; it is the consciousness of a trustee responsible for the safety of his trust. France dare not be destroyed and we dare not let her be harmed.

On Monday last M. Briand said in Washington, "If France is to be left alone, you must not deny her that which she believes essential to her security." To our profound satisfaction nation after nation spoke by its accredited representatives in that Conference, and publicly said there could be no such thing as the moral isolation of France.

But, gentlemen, nations speak by two voices. Nations speak with reserve, with legal precision, by the authorized voice of government. But they also speak by the voice of the hearts of the people; and he poorly understands the American mind and American heart who does not know what our people's answer would be to any request to save France from any enemy.

But, gentlemen, our hope and our ambition are that this Washington Conference may carry these discussions to another and a higher plane and may bring us to a position where, sitting down together, we find ourselves secure because we have resolved to take counsel together and permanently to join our efforts to remove those underlying causes which threaten national independence and national security. As I said a moment ago, the old Adam will not be cast out in a moment. But there are steps to be taken, steps which may not properly be discussed here, that would carry us all far forward toward that happier day, when this huge burden of armaments will be rolled from off the backs of our peoples and when, looking out upon the recent past we shall be able to say that so far as human wit can devise and so far as human foresight can plan, we have carried our civilization to a plane from which we trust it will never again slip back.

These very things are on this Thanksgiving Day in the thoughts and hearts of the whole American people. In churches, in family circles, at firesides throughout this broad land these very thoughts in one form or another are being considered and discussed and these very hopes are finding expression in aspiration and in prayer.

Is it too much to expect that a nation's aspiration to support a world effort will be crowned with so great a measure of success that every one who contributes to the Conference at Washington, from the distinguished President whose thought it was down to the humblest participant, may feel that he too has had some share in carrying forward that precious civilization which is at once our achievement, our ambition and our hope?

Mr. Chairman, you have asked me to speak to our fellow members of the Lotos of some of these great issues and then to present the distinguished guest who honors us with his presence. I have been so fortunate as to hear M. Briand speak from his place in the parliament of France and I know that you are about to hear one of the most moving and convincing orators of our time. If you have been so fortunate as to know the quality and temper of his mind, you will have found that you are in personal association with a patriot whose high purpose, whose firm character, whose generous spirit, are the explanation of his leadership among a great democratic people. He has been with us all too short a time; but great governments cannot long function without the presence of their responsible heads and we should be grateful indeed that with so many problems pressing upon him at home we have been able to obtain M. Briand for counsel and for inspiration even for these short weeks.

It is now my privilege to present to the members of the Lotos Club and their guests one of the most eminent of living statesmen, the spokesman for a people that we love, a people whose place in the history of civilization and whose achievements in art, in letters, in science, in politics, are as secure as was the place of Athens and of Greece in the history of the ancient world.

PROGRESS IN MEDICINE

Address delivered at a special meeting of the Medical Society of Kings County, October 7, 1922. Other speeches by Dr. Butler are printed in Volumes VII and VIII and his introduction "The Presiding Officer" in Volume VI.

Mr. President, Members of the King's County Medical Society, Ladies and Gentlemen:—You have offered me a privilege and an opportunity which I greatly value, in inviting me to share with Dr. Copeland and Judge Stapleton the offering of congratulations and felicitations to this Society and to Brooklyn upon this notable anniversary.

Dr. Copeland encouraged us a little about living to be 100 years old, but after all he was only able to tell us of 3,500 of whom he had record in 100,000,000. I leave to you the computation of the individual's chance. This Society, however, has successfully weathered the storms of 100 years, and I share the Health Commissioner's hope that 1,000 years many find it in vigorous and fortunate occupation.

Reprinted from the *Long Island Medical Journal*, Dec. 1922.

I was thinking as I sat here looking at that figure "1822" what a curiously different world it was when this Society was born. It was not only a world of dignified simplicity and charm, of those simple dwellings and taverns that we saw just now, but it was a world when what we now know as comfort was substantially lacking. One wonders how there could be such charming and classic and human faces as those that were thrown upon the screen in a world where discomfort, as we esteem it, was so common; indeed, so universal.

I recalled the fact, while Dr. Copeland was speaking, that when this Society was founded the friction match had not been invented: men were still striking light with flint and steel. It would not have been possible then to darken this room so quickly, or, rather, it would not have been possible to illuminate it so quickly as was done a moment ago.

We were without any of the physical comforts of home, transportation or occupation. Napoleon Bonaparte had only just died; James Monroe was President of the United States. It was another world of men, of ideas, of occupations, of interests, of understanding. What has come into the world in the interval has come in very largely along lines parallel to the occupations and the interests of this Society.

We are told that there has been no increase either in the physical power of the human body or in the power of the human mind in historic time, and, therefore, doubtless there has been none in the last one hundred years; but what has come in has been that extraordinary increase, so extraordinary that it staggers the imagination—that extraordinary increase in man's insight into nature; that multiplication of his knowledge, of the facts which we gather together and call science, that has enabled him, without increasing the power or the scope of his intelligence, to multiply manyfold those comforts which have now passed into the necessities of civilized existence.

The figures which Dr. Copeland gave were immensely impressive. He drew them quickly off the top of his official experience and his wide knowledge, and they tell a story which is familiar enough to the trained physician, but unfamiliar to most laymen, this extraordinary story which is the growth of preventive medicine.

Our whole conception of medicine has changed since this Society was established, and changed for the better, although very many among us have not appreciated it and taken advantage of it. It is a familiar saw that the Chinese retain their medical adviser to keep them well and take something from his stipend when they fall ill. That is the modern conception, and the scientific attitude, in principle at least, toward the medical profession. The man who waits to consult a physician until he is positively ill has not learned the lesson of the last one hundred years. The true place of the physician is guide, adviser, consultant and friend when you are well, and, before illness, preventable illness, has a chance to fasten upon you. To wait until there is an actual disturbance of those carefully balanced conditions which are health, and then to ask a physician quickly and successfully to restore that balance without giving him an opportunity to prevent that lack of balance from occurring, is not quite fair to him and does not make use, or allow him to make use, of the new knowledge and his new knowledge which is now available for the service of all of us.

Somewhere or other—I have forgotten where—in France, there is a monument to Pasteur, and it has on it a brief inscription in French which has always seemed to me since I first saw it one of the most impressive and accurate inscriptions that I have ever seen. It may be rendered freely in this way:

"To cure sometimes; to relieve often; to comfort always."

That is a rather fine summary of the opportunity of the physician armed with his wealth of experience and scientific knowledge.

We have, at least in medical teaching and training and in public health work, turned the emphasis from therapeutics to prevention, and that is going on more and more. If a thousand infants were permitted to become actively ill, the death rate would be very much greater than is the case when that illness is specifically prevented by controlling certain of its well-known causes.

The statistics which Dr. Copeland cited were exceptionally instructive to us because most of them were drawn from our own community. He might have added (had he had time he doubtless would have added) the exceptionally interesting story of the treatment of tuberculosis. A hundred years ago, and much less than a hundred years ago, a certainly diagnosed case of tuberculosis of the lung was accepted as substantially a sentence of death. During the past generation in Germany, in France, in England, and in the United States the success in securing arrests in this condition has been perfectly astounding, in very many cases without calling for either very expensive change of life or habitat or anything but the following of strictly laid-down regimen, carefully and accurately obeyed.

It seems to me, Mr. President, that, take it by and large, it is perhaps less important how many years we live than how many years we live in sound health. It would not be much use to drag out one hundred years of petulant invalidism. It is rather a satisfying thing to live through seventy or seventy-five, or, as in the case of some of our notable fellow citizens, eighty or more years, in vigorous health of mind and body.

There is no substitute for health. There is nothing which can be accomplished of consequence in this world, save by some extraordinary genius, except on the basis of health. There is no possible use in trying to substitute scientific knowledge for health, interesting occupation for health, pecuniary gain for health. It is substituting dross for gold.

Health is a balance of various functions and influences. We know now that the healthiest of us, like those who are least afflicted, are surrounded on every side by enemies of health, and the function of him who would preserve health is to arm us to resist—to put us in position, not to avoid the conflict, because that is not possible—but to win when the conflict is forced upon us. Lower the vitality, reduce the resistance, and in rush the enemies at every weak spot, at every unguarded opening; and one weak spot in that broken balance, one weak spot after another is searched out until perhaps resistance breaks down and life comes to an end.

A physician is armed with tools, great powerful weapons. He is armed, first and chiefest, with the instinct of humanity, human feeling, service, sympathy. The physician, more than any man in a modern community, loses control of his own time. He may not agree with certainty to be anywhere at a given hour, for his professional instinct forbids him to refuse a call to relieve suffering. I hope the time will never come, members of this Society, when the test tube and the microscope with al their immense value will be permitted to displace the fundamental humane and human instincts which make the great physician. Given that, we have armed him with the most astounding array of scientific knowledge.

I mentioned Pasteur. I suppose, by and large—one speaks of these things cautiously, having in mind different fields of effort and different standards of judgment—I suppose that he is the greatest single benefactor the human race has ever known. Why? Because in the patient research of the laboratory he pursued the enemies of human health into the places of their origin; he studied their habits; he learned to know their enemies; and he laid before the world the results of his profound knowledge with all his marvelous power of exposition and interpretation. Pasteur and men like Lister—less famous but wonderfully serviceable to mankind—these men have done more for the happiness, the satisfaction and the working power of the human race than any other group of men in any field of activity who have ever come into it, from ancient Greece to our own day. And, Mr. President, that has happened, not only within the life of this Society, but in the latter half, almost the latter third, of that life; and no one dare foretell what increasing knowledge may add to the resources of the human race in dealing with the sufferings and the unhappiness of mankind. In consequence, this profession has come to have a very peculiar place in the mind of youth. I see that in my own experience. I do not refer now to its place in the public mind, or to its place in the public service. I speak of its place in the mind of youth. I have watched changes take place in the interests of the undergraduate during forty years. Forty years ago in this country the highest type of undergraduate was almost certain to select the profession of teaching—scholarship. Twenty-five years ago he was almost equally certain to select law. For the last five to ten years he has been quite likely to select medicine. This is a very interesting change. I do not attempt wholly to account for it. I think it is partly due to the feeling that medicine gives an opportunity to respond with the fullness and ardency of the young nature to the call for service;

partly to the fact that the youth knows now that he can make that response to the call to service in effective terms because of the instruments with which he is armed. At all events, that seems to me to be the fact; a very promising fact for our public health and for our public service. As a result of this, the preparation for the practice of medicine has become an enormously expensive undertaking. We must not shut our eyes to that fact. I sometimes wonder whether public opinion will indefinitely sustain that expense. You cannot prepare men, following Judge Stapleton's very profound remarks in this regard, for this great service hastily; you cannot prepare them in mobs. You must prepare them in small groups and as individuals.

The day has gone by when you can take 100 or 200 men into a clinic with any advantage whatever. One hundred and fifty trained surgeons may sit and watch a difficult or delicate operation and know all about it, but one hundred and fifty students of surgery cannot do it. You must multiply the number of your teachers; you must multiply the number of your clinics; you must multiply the number of your laboratories; you must lengthen the period of study. You must insist upon practical contact with the realities of medicine at every point, and you must be sure that all this is adequately housed and staffed and provided with illustrative and museum material.

All this has become a very expensive undertaking. There was a time when sound preparation for engineering was the most costly of all university undertakings, but engineering education, even of the highest type, has now been far surpassed in cost by medicine. The community, the universities, the medical societies, are confronted with that fact, and they must be prepared to deal with it.

We are sometimes told (and this is another point suggested to me by the very admirable and eloquent speech of Judge Stapleton) that it is undemocratic to insist upon high standards of professional training, and for admission to the practice of the profession. I deny it *in toto*. A democracy is under no obligation to be served by ignoramuses. It is entitled to the best possible service, and it is only by the best possible service that it can take steps to protect its interests and its health.

That argument is really beneath contempt, and I ought perhaps not to have mentioned it in this presence, because it is so unworthy.

I ought not to close what I am saying in this presence without a word concerning the state of public opinion in various parts of the United States on the subject of medicine.

There are a great many curious currents running in America. Some of them ought to be in a museum, and some of them, and very earnest and very forcible currents, are profoundly antagonistic to scientific medicine. They find expression in legislative acts, in interpretations of the word Medicine, which are oddly askew from the standpoint of the scientific student of medicine; but, nevertheless, they exist.

Those statistics which Dr. Copeland gave about smallpox could not be given for some communities in this country, should an epidemic break out, where vaccination is forbidden in any compulsory form. There would have to be a thousand or two thousand or three thousand deaths—a horrible sacrifice—before those communities would open their eyes to the fact. You should remember that people, from time to time, by gift or by will, actually establish permanent funds to prevent medicine from advancing, so great is their opposition to scientific medicine. There is such a fund in one of the western states, the name of which I shall not mention, and members of the legislature in that state tell me that the first bill introduced every second year when the legislature meets, relates to that topic, because the representatives of that fund depend for their stipend upon actively operating under the terms of the trust.

We have in this state a somewhat similar fund, and every winter the medical faculties of our universities must be represented at Albany to stop legislation to prevent them from doing their work. Money has been left for that purpose, and vigorous and astute ladies and gentlemen who are connected with the material product of that fund, give great attention to the subject.

These are some of the side issues of medicine, but they are very real and very important. If you permit one of these waves of ignorant sentimentality to sweep over a community and make its way to the statute book, it may well cost this state and this country tens of thousands of human lives before you get it off. It is not rational, it is not scientific, it is not common sense to run those great risks.

The leaders in the education of public opinion must, of course, be the members of the medical profession. They are busy men, oppressed with cares, carrying away from the bedside or the hospital a dozen problems which at times seem almost insoluble, but on which so much depends, even life itself. It is difficult to ask them to do anything more, but in your corporate capacity in this and other organizations is the opportunity in season and out of season, not only from 1822, but from 1922 and from 2022 to keep before the minds of the American people the essential facts as to the scientific and humane basis of medicine, as to what preventive medicine means, as to what public health involves, and how the whole fabric, the economic, intellectual and social fabric, rests on health. Imagine a community of one hundred millions of human beings diseased; try to visualize their civilization; imagine their art, their literature, their political and their social occupations, their public debates. It is impossible. It staggers the imagination.

On the other hand, as physical health—with that inducement, to say the least, to mental health and moral health which accompanies it—as physical health extends and multiplies, as the physician substitutes prevention for the therapeutics and gains a larger knowledge of the cure of disease so that therapeutics is safer and more accurate, so you multiply year by year the satisfaction and comfort of the community that you serve. I can say no more, Mr. President and gentlemen, than to wish for this Society through another century a succession of such noble men and noble personalities and so steady an advance in public service and scientific knowledge, as have marked the century whose close we gladly celebrate to-night.

HENRY C. CALDWELL

A BLEND OF CAVALIER AND PURITAN

Speech of Judge Henry C. Caldwell (born 1832, died 1913) at the dinner of the New England Society of St. Louis, December 21, 1895. The president, Elmer B. Adams, occupied the chair, and said in introducing Judge Caldwell: "About one week ago, I called upon a distinguished jurist, a member of the Federal court, and requested him to be present this evening as the guest of this Society and help us out. He declined peremptorily. He said he could not speak. He did not know how to speak on such occasions; he had not anything to say; it was useless for him to try and that he must decline. I urged him to make the attempt and suggested this fact to him: that he had been presiding in court for a great many years, and had been calling down one after another of the lawyers that had appeared before him in a way very unpleasant to them; and I suggested that towards the close of the evening, it would very likely be found that many of those present had been telling strange stories about the Yankees, turning the meeting into a sort of mutual admiration society: and that I thought he might, in perfect consistency with the general tenor of his life, call us down. The gentleman I allude to is the distinguished jurist, Judge Caldwell, of the Circuit Court of Appeals of the United States."

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—An after-dinner speech is a kind of intellectual skirt-dancing that I know nothing about. To prevent misapprehension, I will take the precaution to add that I don't know anything about any kind of skirt-dancing.

You are a curious people up here. You are never satisfied to eat your dinner in peace and give it a chance to digest. With the fact fully established by medical science that dull, leaden after-dinner speeches stop the process of digestion in those compelled to listen and are the source of most of the dyspepsia, apoplexy and paralysis that affect the country, you still go right along inviting these deadly maladies. Where I live people are allowed to eat their dinners in peace and give them a chance to digest. When I get into such a box as this, I feel like the Kentuckian. There is a mountain region in Kentucky where from time immemorial it has been the custom of the people to gather at the county seat of their county each Saturday and have fist-fights. This was an amusement witnessed and applauded by all, including the peace officers. After the construction of the Cincinnati Southern Road, which ran through one of these counties, one of the old-time fighters concluded he would go out and see something of the world. The first thing he did when he got to Cincinnati was to fill up on Cincinnati whisky, take a position on the sidewalk and proceed to knock down every passer-by until he had five or six prone on the sidewalk. The minions of the law gathered around him, finally succeeded in overpowering him, and carried him before the police judge, who said: "Sixty days and one hundred dollars." From the police court he was taken to the jail. He immediately sent for a lawyer. When his lawyer came he told him what he had been doing and begged to know what on earth they put him in jail for. The lawyer explained to him that it was for a breach of the peace, that it was for fighting, whereat the Kentuckian was profoundly astonished, and said to the lawyer: "Mr. Lawyer, for God's sake get me out of here, so I can go back to Kentucky, where I can fight in peace." [Laughter.]

When I fall into the hands of one of these despots called toastmasters, I feel like the old darkey down in Arkansas who had lost four wives. After he had lost the fourth his pastor called on him and asked him how he felt, to which he responded: "Well, Brother Johnson, I feel like I was in the hands of an all-wise and unscrupulous Providence."

I have no business here, anyway. I am not a New Englander, but very far removed from them. Norse on one side and Scotch on the other, the reason that I am a dead failure at the intellectual skirt-dancing is apparent. The Norse in me is too stupid to make that kind of a speech, and the Scotch is too religious. I never was in New England but once in my life, and then I got lost in the labyrinths of Boston and had to give a man a dollar to take me to my hotel, and I was not drunk either. I had not forgotten the name of my hotel, however, and I was that much better off than the Colonel from Missouri who forgot the name of the suburb near Boston he wanted to go to. He said to the hotel clerk: "It runs in my head—its name is something like Whisky Straight, though that is not it exactly." "Oh," said the clerk, "I know; you mean Jamaica Plain." "Yes," said the Missouri Colonel, and immediately ordered two whisky straights. [Laughter.]

The ancestors of you New Englanders came over in the *Mayflower,* and you seem to be very proud of the fact, but I want to tell you that the ancestors of a good many people of my native State are a long way ahead of yours, for they didn't have to come over at all. They were always here. As compared to the ancestors of Pocahontas, your ancestors are mere carpetbaggers.

Undoubtedly the Puritan was a grand man. He was a Christian as he understood Christianity. Religion was a very solemn thing with him. He believed that much feeling was synonymous with sin. Among scenes of pleasure there was no joy in his smile, and in the contests of ambition there was no quicker beat to his pulse. He rather endured than enjoyed life. His religion was so solemn that singing, except when out of tune, was a sin, and dancing a device of the devil. A tuning fork was the nearest approach to a musical instrument he could tolerate. He was infected with that curious and almost incurable infirmity, infallibility. He was sure of his creed, and a man who is sure of his creed is sure of his own infallibility. The consciousness of his infallibility gave him splendid moral courage, which is the only kind of courage that elevates our character. He had, in a word, the courage of his convictions. This splendid moral courage, I am sorry to say, is not characteristic of all his descendants.

The New Englander of to-day is much more tolerant than his ancestors. He has learned that there is more good in bad men and more bad in good men than his Puritan ancestors dreamed there was. But while the Puritan thought a great deal about the next world, he did not lose interest in this. He was frugal and thrifty and never mistook his capital for his income. When his conscience pricked him for owning slaves, he quietly unloaded them on the Virginia tobacco planters and immediately organized an abolition society to set them free, expiating the sins of trafficking in slaves himself by freeing the slaves of others. [Laughter.]

He worked zealously for the conversion of the heathen. He had the happy faculty of mingling business with his missionary work, and when he sent a shipload of 5,000 casks of New England rum to the heathen Africans, he sent on the same vessel a missionary, and the world has wondered ever since what the heathen people with 5,000 casks of New England rum wanted with so much missionary. Though possessed of splendid physical courage, he preferred to carry his point rather by force of logic than by force of arms. He would tell the truth regardless of consequences. "I called him a liar," said one of them, "and he knocked me down. I am not the first man who has been knocked down for telling the truth," and he rejoiced at having suffered for truth's sake. But his descendants, like the Chinaman, have become more civilized, and it is not perfectly safe any more to knock one of them down or call him a liar.

Their present idea of civilization resembles somewhat that of the Colorado miner. An American citizen who believed every man had a right to do as he pleased, with the proviso that every man did not include a negro or a Chinaman, jumped a Chinaman's mining claim, and was swiftly and scientifically shot by the Chinaman. The miner's friends gathered around his dead body and inspected the location of the wound, which was in a vital spot and produced by a big bullet, and then one of them remarked sadly, "Boys, them damn Mongolians is becoming civilized." [Laughter.]

He was a firm believer in the essential prerequisite to the establishment and maintenance of a republican form of government, either in Church or State. He had no religious or political idols. He worshiped God alone and esteemed men according to their virtue. With him all nobility was based on virtue. He proclaimed that the nobility based on riches or heredity was spurious, no matter what antiquity it might boast. A republican form of government both in Church and State was the necessary outgrowth of such beliefs. A cynic has said of him that he was entitled to little credit for his virtues, because he had neither money enough to be extravagant, nor leisure enough to be dissipated. His poverty preserved him from vice. Well! if poverty were a test of virtue, or the only restraint upon vice in these days, very few of his descendants would be able to get through the eye of that needle. In fairness, it must be said for his descendants that, as rich as they are, they are measurably free from the polished vices that spring from wealth and luxury.

He believed in the providence of God, and his faith gave him splendid courage. A minister esteemed it his religious duty to visit an extreme frontier settlement to preach. To reach that settlement he had to pass through a wilderness infested with hostile Indians. When about to start on one of these journeys, he took his rifle from its rack and was about to depart with it on his shoulder when his good wife said to him: "My dear husband, why do you carry that great heavy rifle on these long journeys? Don't you know that the time and manner of your taking off has been decreed from the beginning of time, and that rifle cannot vary the decree one hair's breadth?" "That is true, my dear wife, and I don't take my rifle to vary, but to execute the decree. What if I should meet an Indian whose time had come according to the degree and I didn't have my rifle?" [Laughter.] And the pious woman acknowledged her shortsightedness.

He had the merit to conceive and the courage to execute grand things, but he did everything in the name of the Lord, to whom he gave the credit. He never was troubled on this score with the doubts that beset the old darkey in my State. An old colored woman who was teaching her grandchildren the Catechism wound up with the statement, "Yes, and de Lawd freed your grand-daddy and your grand-mammy." "What for you tellin' them children dat for?" said the old man who sat in the corner smoking his pipe. "The Lawd never done no such thing. 'Twas the Union soldiers freed us, 'cause I done seed 'em do it with my own eyes." "Well," said the old woman, "I reckon the Lawd hoped 'em do it." The old man responded, "Well, maybe the Lawd hoped 'em some, but he never done it by hisself. He done been tryin' to do it by hisself for a long time and couldn't." [Laughter.]

If the sermons of their preachers are not as effective as formerly that is easily accounted for by the fact that they have fallen into the habit of writing their sermons. "New England ministers," said an old Methodist minister of my acquaintance, "have lost all their power since they fell into this habit." Said he, "The devil, knowing what a minister who writes his sermon is going to say, has the whole week in which to thwart and counteract its good effect on his hearers, but the Methodist minister steps into the pulpit trusting to the inspiration of the moment, and the devil himself don't know what he is going to say until after he has said it." [Laughter.]

These carpetbag ancestors of yours, having sent the Indians to their happy hunting grounds above, and having possessed themselves of all their lands, and taken possession of all the codfish in the sea, hastened to send their sons and daughters out to take possession of the balance of the country. This process has gone on until I am told it is doubtful whether there is enough of the old stock left in New England for seed. Never backward about coming forward to accept a good thing, they are to-day the governors, senators, members of Congress, preachers and teachers of the land. Ladies and gentlemen, out of tender regard for the feelings of your honored president, and not wishing to be personal or too pointed in my remarks, I have, as you have doubtless observed, refrained from saying, and I will not now call attention to the fact, that these same New Englanders sit in the judgment seats of the State and Nation, and where the judgeships are not filled by New Englanders, they are filled by their first cousins, New Yorkers. The only dangerous competitors in the office-holding line that these New Englanders have are the Irish. There is small chance in this country for one not born in New England or Ireland. It is only by chance or mischance that a man born anywhere else ever gets an office. The truth is there is a much better mode of settling the Venezuelan trouble than that suggested by Mr. Cleveland. Send a shipload of New Englanders to that country, and in a year or two neither Venezuela nor England will have enough left in that country to fight over. [Laughter.]

Ladies and gentlemen, the difference between your ancestors and mine is: Mine left their native country for their country's good, and yours left their native country much to its delight for their own good. [Laughter.] Mine left to come to a country where they could "swear, chew tobacco and larrup niggers," and yours left to come to a country where they could pray as they pleased and make everybody else pray as they did.

To conclude, New England had her Warrens and her Adamses, and Virginia had her Washingtons and her Jeffersons. Each had his excellences and probably his weaknesses, but now that they are blended into one harmonious whole, what a splendid mosaic they make. The Cavalier learned much that was good from the Puritan and the Puritan learned something from the Cavalier, and they have so mingled together that today there remains neither Cavalier nor Puritan, but in their stead the broad-gauge, brave and patriotic American. [Applause.]

ANDREW CARNEGIE

CONGRATULATING GENERAL GOETHALS

Address delivered before the Economic Club of New York at the twenty-seventh meeting held at the Hotel Astor, March 5, 1914. General Goethals who had just completed the construction of the Panama Canal, was the guest of the evening. Another speech by Mr. Carnegie is given in Volume IV.

Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen:—I never suspected that I was to have so great an honor, so carefully given, as to become a follower of the distinguished speaker who has just taken his seat. [Applause.]

At long intervals a man appears who has done something of unique importance in the world. Long has he been in training for the task, and the world knew it not; but now the world can never cease to know that your guest of to-night has proved himself a genius who has changed world conditions. France had undertaken the difficult task of uniting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by a pass-way for ships upon the water. After years of labor the task was abandoned, and the long-cherished scheme seemed destined to fail. At this juncture our Government stepped forward, purchased the reversion, and renewed the seemingly hopeless attempt. Here was the critical moment. Where was there on earth, not *a* man but *the* man to whom this perilous task could safely be trusted? Nothing short of a genius for organization was needed. No man of that order seemed within reach. Geniuses are rare, but the choice fell upon your guest of to-night, and we began to examine his history. He was fortunate here. He was born in Brooklyn, and very fortunate for New York, for we claim partnership in everything good that Brooklyn has. [Applause and laughter.]

Studying the problems before him, our guest soon discovered that none of the conditions of success, as he has stated, had much to do at first with plans of construction. His enemy, sure to conquer him as it had conquered his predecessors, if not vanquished, was unsanitation, and here Providence had placed within his reach the one man of all the world—Brigadier-General Gorgas. [Applause.]

Now, ladies and gentlemen, note this. Genius always attracts genius. [Applause.] Though it cannot be said that those rare birds are so numerous as exactly to flock together. [Laughter.] In my experience I have not found them disposed to do that.

With such men coöperating, each marvelous in his domain, what problem could remain unsolved? Our country has long been remarkable for utilizing officers of the army and the navy in works of peace. I have seen the arduous tasks involved in the Fernandina breakwaters, for instance, in the rivers near Pittsburgh, upon the levees of the Mississippi, and the canals upon our Great Lakes, all under control of such army and navy officials. I believe that we are unique in this. I know of no other government that has the sense to use its commanders in the army and navy in work so profitable. [Applause.] This recalls one of Mr. Blaine's stories. I asked him what was one of the most attractive speeches he had ever heard in Congress—and he was there for many years. He could tell a good story himself. "Well," he said, "it was made by the Dutch ex-Governor of Pennsylvania who was subsequently elected to Congress. The debate in Congress was upon a bill which for the first time appropriated money to be used in improving fresh-water ponds. Many members held that Congress had no power under the Constitution to undertake improvement of fresh water. States must attend to this. National appropriations were confined to salt water. The Governor had never spoken a word in the House, and he had been there for two or three years, and the surprise was great when he was seen slowly to rise. The House was hushed into silence in a moment. What on earth was to come next? And then came the speech, short and to the point—'Mr. Speaker, I don't know "nutting" very much about the Constitution, but I know this: I wouldn't give a cent for a Constitution that didn't wash as well in fresh water as in salt.' " [Laughter.]

I said "cent" there. I understand the Governor used the more simplified spelling. [Laughter.] The House was convulsed, of course, and the appropriation was unanimously passed. Thus was our Constitution changed, not by law, but by laughter. It is astonishing what a good laugh sometimes can accomplish.

Your guest of the evening, gentlemen, had scores of difficulties to overcome, and many problems to solve, but he always solved them. Like the Governor, he rose to the occasion and swept the board, as the Dutch Governor did. The Governor changed the Constitution. You, guest of the evening, have changed world conditions; not only your country, but the whole world owes you an unpayable debt. [Applause.] Long may you live, Governor-that-is-to-be, and enjoy the world's prosperity. [Applause.]

SCOTLAND AND HOLLAND

This speech was given at the twenty-eighth annual dinner of the Holland Society of New York, held at the Waldorf-Astoria, January 16, 1913. The president, in introducing the speaker, said: "Gentlemen, the Peace Palace has been introduced to you. Its eminent projector, and the man who has laid us all under a debt which can never be paid, is with us to-night, Mr. Carnegie." [Applause.]

Mr. Chairman, Your Excellency, the Lord Mayor, (who ought to be a Lord Mayor, if he isn't), Ladies and Gentlemen: —Permit me first to thank the members of the Holland Society for the great honor conferred by inviting me as your guest. I am doing my very best to show you how delighted I was with your invitation. I wear for the first time the Order of Orange and Nassau, presented by Her Majesty the Queen of Holland. [Prolonged applause.]

Gentlemen, I am carried back in thought to-night to that small but mighty land, greatest length one hundred sixty-four miles; greatest breadth one hundred forty-four miles; about equal in size to one of our smaller states; probably three Hollands could be made out of our State of New York; but no land in the world has exercised so great an influence over its people; and contrariwise, no people has exercised so great an influence over the land in more senses than one. The Dutch have not only taken Holland; they have made it; rescued it from the sea by dikes in part, and in other parts filled up the land and expelled the sea. Tromp, with the broom at the topmast, proclaimed to all the world that the mission of the Dutch was to "sweep the seas," and over the seas your ancestors came, discovered the Hudson and founded New York City in 1613. I repeat that, although the Mayor doubts it. [Great applause.] On the question of international peace the Mayor gets right at last, as he usually does if you only give him time enough. [Laughter.]

Mr. Gaynor: The question is now settled, Mr. Bogert.

A great opportunity presents itself when you are before His Honor and you get the decision of the Mayor in your favor.

Now, here is another point. Just three hundred years ago was founded New York, the city which already rivals London in population and is to surpass it next year, thus becoming the most populous city ever known. Let us indorse the Mayor for continuance in office so that he shall celebrate the triumph of New York over London and be able to proclaim it the greatest muster of human beings the world has ever seen. [Applause.] The Dutch and the Scotch, as you well know, are reputed near kin. Both have developed their respective lands from chaos and made them blossom as the rose, and both have won a reputation by not only taking and making these lands, but in so doing they are credited with having somewhat developed the tendency to "take anything else they can lay their hands on." [Laughter.] The relations of the two small twin countries, Holland and Scotland, were always close. I like to recall tonight that the first treaty ever made by Scotland was with Holland, when under the regency of Sir William Wallace, Scotland's hero, intercourse between the two countries was great, and many Dutch words were adopted in Scotland. When traveling up the canal to Helder years ago I asked for a checkerboard, wishing to play a few games with my friend. The steward did not understand what we meant by a checkerboard or a draft board, and we described the board to him and the motion of the game by gestures and at last he exclaimed: "Oh, the dambord, Ja!

Ja!" Such was the name it bore in Scotland. My father always used it. Showing, I suppose, that Scotland was indebted to your land for the game; and I see Holland is now claiming priority in the game of golf. Two fellows, citizens of my native town, however, were the first to bring to the republic a set of golf clubs and balls and organized the first golf club, the present St. Andrew's. No small service to render our republic. Another service may be mentioned; a Scottish Episcopal bishop in Aberdeen was the first to transmit holy orders through ordination rites to an American minister enabling him to establish the church here in proper manner. I take it that the elect Episcopalian who to-day flourishes so finely in the republic, is the ripe fruit of this Aberdonian's liberal theological ideas. Probably the claims of your country as introducer of golf in this land may yet be established since you were civilized so long before Scotland, but I am not going to dispute with Holland. Your claim may ultimately be acknowledged, because I remember that Scotland was wholly uncivilized, and you, the Dutch, were in what was then the van of civilization. When one examines the value of the products of your mother country, and its growth in population and wealth, he marvels how all this can be produced from so small an area. This is an unfailing source of surprise. The last census shows five and one-half millions of people in Holland, only a million more than in Scotland, and no less than seventy millions of dollars annual revenue. Her wealth was estimated at forty-five hundred millions of dollars in the last half of the nineteenth century. Imagine what the Dutch are doing! Holland's greatest of all products, however, are not its crops of the soil. They are the men and women it produces [applause], and America has much advantage in the generous proportion of these that she has sent to our republic. The last census shows that we have received in all two hundred and eighty thousand Hollanders. This is an immigration no one objects to. Americans welcome it and wish it were doubled. The more Dutch the better. No trouble with the proposed enactment of a reading test for immigrants, Mr. Mayor, as far as the Dutch are concerned. They have educated their people. [Applause.]

We in this country in our republic to-day are striving against the many evils of human society, which is very far indeed from being yet perfect, but let us never fail to remember it is always steadily improving. Progress though slow is continuous and sure, for we know well now that man was destined to march forward to improved conditions as a law of his being. The greatest of the recent discoveries is that man, instead of being created perfect, but predestined to fall, has been slowly developed from the lower orders of life, and is destined always to ascend in the march to perfection, upward and onward. Should any of our friends become discouraged and at times shocked at the course of humanity, I recommend the perusal of the history of the Netherlands dating from the first century before Christ, which is going back a long way. Let him learn of the almost uninterrupted reign of barbarity which has prevailed; the cruelties and barbarities inflicted; many of those in the name of holy religion, which in our day tends to draw all the different sects into brotherhood, but which in the past has served to divide them into warring camps. The different sects seeing in the destruction of each other, service rendered to God, the eternal Father common to all.

Gentlemen, when your Mayor speaks of war, what is there that exists to-day that could be compared with the condition that existed which we speak of here? The changes have been almost miraculous. We agree with the view of the poet, Matthew Arnold, when he exclaimed:

> Children of men! the unseen Power, whose eye
> Forever doth accompany mankind,
> Hath look't on no religion scornfully
>   That man did ever find.
> Which has not taught weak wills how much they can?
> Which has not fall'n on the dry heart like rain?
> Which has not cried to sunk, self-weary man:
>   Thou must be born again!

Let me thank the kind fates for revealing such a past which we of to-day may contrast with our present, and rejoice at the difference; thanking the kind fates which gave us peace in our republic; which protects equally the rights of all men; insuring us equality under the beneficent reign of law; thus inspiring us with faith in the future of man in his continuous march upward and onward, in which there could be no such word as fail.

I am a hearty supporter of Mayor Gaynor from the beginning to the end. I wish him to be a mayor as long as he lives. There is no politics in municipal affairs, but if he could only come, and with the modesty that characterizes him, sit at my feet for a while, and let me tell him that which once existed, he would take courage and remember that man was born with an instinct for his ascension, and that he will be better with every succeeding generation.

Holland stands supreme, alone among nations, as having in our day held in its capital, The Hague, the Peace Conference which was called by the Emperor of Russia, the first that ever assembled of representatives appointed by the governments of all the civilized lands of the world, which, to the surprise of many, but to the joy of all, succeeded in creating an International Tribunal for the settlement of international disputes, and beyond this provided for stated meetings of the Conference to be held in the future. The temple of world peace, erected at The Hague, in which the nations are to meet and confer, is to be opened this year with ceremonies which will attract the world's attention, and perhaps at the conference of the peace delegates it may be decided that a study be made of means to substitute world peace for world war. The civilized world never took so great a bound forward, as history is to record, as it did the day of this meeting of the nations in Holland in friendly brotherhood, desirous of banishing the foulest blot upon civilization, the killing of man by man in battle. The world's triumphant march began to "On earth peace, good will toward men." The one besetting sin of men in our day is the killing of each other as the mode of settling international disputes. The day is to come, and it is not so distant as many suppose, when this will be no more. I like to be an optimist, and I see it coming very soon. The day is to come when our successors are to look upon us of to-day as we regard cannibals who ate each other. War is often represented as necessary to sustain national honor, which some power has dishonored. Impossible! No country can dishonor another. No man ever dishonored another man. Impossible! All honor's wounds are self-inflicted.

[Applause.] The only agency that can dishonor a man is the man himself. [Applause.]

Before any other European nation had ventured so far west Hudson discovered the Hudson and a New Netherlands. That we are citizens of the republic in this land so discovered does not prevent us from still revering our native lands. Far from it. The one our mother land; the other our wife land; and the love of both mother and wife react and strengthen each other. Gentlemen, banded together, as you are, as members of the Holland Society, is sound proof that you have not forgotten the dear old home of your race. I close by repeating this patriotic verse:

> May dishonor blast our name,
>   And quench our household fires,
> If we or ours forget thy name,
>   The dear land of our sires.

[Applause.]

THE SCOTCH-AMERICAN

Speech of Andrew Carnegie delivered at the annual dinner of the St. Andrew's Society, New York, November 30, 1891.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—This is, indeed, the age of instantaneous photography. I appear before you to-night commissioned to kodak, develop and finish the Scotsman at home, in four minutes; in four minutes more, to picture him in America; and in two minutes more, to celebrate the union of the two varieties, and place before you the ideal character of the world, the best flower in the garden, the first-prize chrysanthemum—the Scotch-American.

Gentlemen, no race pure in blood has ever amounted to anything, either in the human or in the lower varieties of the animal kingdom. The Briton sings: "Saxon and Dane, Norman and Celt are we." The American is great chiefly because he is a conglomerate of all the races of Europe. For the improvement of a race we must have a cross. Taken by himself, the Scotsman's qualities give him a high place; taken by himself, the American is also in the front; but it is only through their union that the crowning mercy has been bestowed upon the world, and perfection at last attained in the new variety known as the Scotch-American, who in himself combines, in one perfect whole, the best qualities and all the virtues of both, and stands before the world shining for all, the sole possessor of these united talents, traits, characteristics and virtues, rare in their several excellences and wonderful in their combination. [Laughter.]

The result of lack of fusion between the races is seen in the royal families of Europe, most of whom are diseased, many weak-minded, not a few imbecile, and none of them good for much. The nobilities of the continent show the operation of the same law, and the aristocracy of Britain has been preserved from equal degradation only by the wise fusion which is constantly going on between the different classes of our parent land. We must have these mixtures if we are to live and improve. But the greatest and best of all these that ever was made is the union between the Scot and the American. Scotch wives for American husbands is a fusion which I am told is hard to beat, and I have a very decided opinion, which many of you have good reason, I know, to indorse, that Scotch husbands for American wives is an alliance which cannot be equaled. [Laughter and applause.]

The original home of the Scot is a little land, the northern part of an island in the North Sea stretching almost to a line with Greenland, the land of the mountain and the flood, stern and tempestuous in climate, broad and rugged in its hills, but its moors glorious with the purple heather, and its dells exquisite in their loveliness with the foxglove, the wild rose and the bluebell. This most beautiful of all lands is inhabited by a sturdy race who have been forced to plow upon the sea and reap upon the crag, their lives an unceasing struggle. By the bracing influence of poverty, uncursed by the evils of luxury, a race twin brother to the Swiss has been developed, who have held the mountain fastnesses against all odds, and have maintained their free institutions in the midst of surrounding despotisms. Switzerland and Scotland have thus become, to all lovers of liberty, sacred ground. An attempt at this day to touch either would be met by a general protest throughout the civilized world, whose cry would be "Hands off Switzerland! Hands off Scotland! for these are the cradles of liberty and independence." Even the determination of this new world to hold aloof from the struggles of Europe would melt away in a breath of indignation, if the liberty of Scotland or Switzerland were assailed. In the largest sense, the land of Wallace, Knox, Scott and Burns belongs not to itself alone, but the world. [Applause.]

What are the elemental traits of the Scot? Two are prominent: an inextinguishable love of liberty, both civil and religious, and a passion for education. Before he was educated, away back before the days of Bannockburn, in the days of Wallace and Bruce, imbedded in the Scotsman lay the instinct of freedom and independence. He was born to be neither slave nor sycophant; he would have liberty if he had to fight for it, and independence if he had to die for it. Let it never be forgotten that these sentiments have been powerfully molded by his religion, for while the Church in other lands of Europe, when connected with and supported by the State, has always been the tool of power, and is to-day the tool of power in England, the Church of Scotland has sprung from the people and has remained true to its origin, the Church of the people. In all the crises of Scottish history, among the most powerful advocates of the cause of the people, have been men in the pulpit, and this from the days of Knox and Melville to the present.

His mountains and his glens, his moors and his heather, his babbling burns, his religion, climate—everything surrounding him has inculcated in the core of the heart of the Scotsman this intense and all-consuming love of liberty and independence.

What, gentlemen, is the greatest glory of a State? The universal education of its people. In this Scotland stands preeminent. John Knox is immortal, not because of his theological and ecclesiastical services, important as they were, but because of his resolve that there should be established a public school in every parish in Scotland. Education has done its work with the Scotch. One might be challenged to produce a Scotchman who cannot read, write and cipher, and cipher well, too, and who knows just where the balance lies and to whom it belongs. For the education of their children the poorest Scotch family will suffer privation. They may starve, but rear their children in ignorance they will not. Frugal, shrewd, prudent, peaceable, conscientious in the discharge of duty to a degree, and, above all other races, gifted with the power of concentration, the Scottish race of four millions, as is acknowledged by all, has produced an effect upon the world which no other four million of human beings, or double that number, can pretend to lay claim to. [Applause.]

Every Scotchman is two Scotchmen. As his land has the wild, barren, stern crags and mountain peaks, around which tempests blow, and also the smiling valleys below, where the wild rose, the foxglove and the bluebell blossom, so the Scotchman, with his rugged force and hard intellect in his head above, has a heart below capable of being touched to the finest issues. Sentimental, enthusiastic, the traces of a harebrained race floating about him from his Celtic blood, which gives him fire, he is the most poetic being alive. Poetry and song are a part of his very nature. He is born to such a heritage of poetry and song and romance, as the child of no other land enjoys. Touch his head, and he will bargain and argue with you to the last. Touch his heart, and he falls upon your breast. Such is the Scot as we find him at home. [Applause.] And, possessed of such traits, when he settles in this future home of our race—the English-speaking race—and broadens and develops under the bracing effect of our political institutions founded upon the royalty of man, and quickened by a climate which calls forth with increased force the activities of body and mind, what part has he played from the American side of his history? Sir, we have heard a great deal to-night, and trust to hear more, of the land we live in. The Americans have what every man worthy of the name of man must have—a country to live for; if need be, a country to die for. [Applause.]

Who made the American nation? A little more than a century ago, what was the American? A puny, miserable colonist, a dependent of another nation. He was nothing higher, nothing better, than a Canadian—a man without a country and, therefore, but little of a man. Who gave the American a country? Bancroft tells: "The first voice for dissolving all connection with Great Britain came not from the Puritans of New England, the Dutch of New York, or the planters of Virginia, but from the Scotch Presbyterians of

North Carolina." [Applause.] The great claims of the Puritans, of the Virginia planters, are gladly admitted; and to the Dutch of New York every one is willing to express our gratitude for the part they played. But these races only followed the first voice crying aloud to the poor degraded colonists to rise and be men. That voice was the echo from the heather hills, and rightly so, for ours is the race whose main work for centuries was the maintenance of the existence of our own country at home against England. The same great task devolved upon the Scot here. It is the mission of the true Scot ever to lead the people wherever he goes, in the cause of liberty and independence, and, in any struggle for liberty, our place is ever in the van. And when this Scotch idea had electrified the land and the second declaration was signed, no fewer than six of these great Scotch-American leaders attached their names and pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. The part that our race played in the Revolutionary struggle, taken in comparison with our numbers, both in council and in the field, is one worthy of a race of heroes. Wherever the Scot goes, he cannot live without a country. The development of the Australian Commonwealth to-day is another proof of his ineradicable yearning for a country of his own. If there be no country, he calls upon his less alert, less independent fellow citizens, to follow him and create one. He found this a colony, and he summoned it to arise and become a nation.

There was another service which he rendered to this country, second only, if it be second, to giving it the original idea of independence. The most remarkable political work known to man is, admittedly, the Constitution of the United States. It is the universal charter of political government. Mr. Gladstone himself has proclaimed it the greatest political work that was ever struck off, at one time, by the brain and purpose of man. Lord Salisbury and many Conservative leaders are now extolling its rare deeds. Who gave that inestimable charter to this country? That Constitution is substantially the work of our race, the Scotch-American—Alexander Hamilton. No other single influence, nor, perhaps, all other influences combined, in the making of this great instrument, were so potent as the contribution of that one Scotch-American. [Applause.]

Our race is entitled to share the rich heritage of the great republic. We stand here as of right, by virtue of the share—a large share—we took in the making of America. We are joint proprietors here. Just as we find difficulty in crediting one human brain with all that we find in Shakespeare, it is difficult to credit the makers of the American Constitution with a full knowledge of the merits of their work. They builded wiser, much wiser, than they knew. Designed for three millions of people, occupying the fringe of the Atlantic seaboard, it has been found capable of governing the majority of the English-speaking race. Radical in the extreme, founded upon the equality of the citizen, and yet most conservative in its provisions and actions, it has just been copied, in the main, by the Australian Constitutional Convention. [Applause.] Wherever an English-speaking community exists, it adopts the principles of that Constitution: even the motherland itself, year by year, irrespective of the party that may be in power, whether you call it Liberal or Conservative, is engaged in bringing its institutions into harmony with that great work of political perfection; and no Parliament has done more in that direction than that which now sits. It is founded upon justice and equality, and its principles are rapidly permeating the English-speaking race throughout the world. [Applause.]

We all hear much in these days of Imperial Federation, which is an attempt to band together the minority, leaving out the majority, of the English-speaking race. This phase is rapidly passing away, and giving place to what I may venture to claim is a nobler conception—the confederation of the entire race. Each of the three great branches—the British, the Australian, and the American, including our Scotland, Canada, merged in the union, to be perfectly independent—these three branches, cemented by an alliance which year after year, generation after generation, must assume closer and closer forms, as, by increased speed of communication, the parts come nearer and nearer to each other. This idea is beginning to take root. I have already been told that three distinguished Englishmen have recently declared that, if it were necessary to its realization that even Scotland, England, Ireland and Wales were to become states of the American union, they were prepared for this, because the fruits certain to flow from such a federation were such as to justify any change of form.

A great orator is to follow me and speak of the destiny of our adopted country. This idea postulates as that destiny that our adopted country adopt all other English-speaking communities under the ample folds of the American Constitution, of which Webster said that, although it had extended further and further and the population had doubled over and over again, they had not outrun its benefits or its protection. Neither would the scattered portions of the English-speaking race, if all embraced within its folds, exhaust its benefits or its protection. Such a confederation would hold in its hand the destinies and the peace of the world. It would banish humanity's deepest disgrace, the murder of men under the name of war, saying to any disturbers of the peace—

> Hold, I command you both!
> The one that stirs the first makes me his foe.
> Unfold to me the causes of your quarrel
> And I will judge betwixt you.

[Applause.]

Gentlemen, not a sword would be drawn, not a shot fired, if the English-speaking people unitedly said nay. I shall be told this is a wild dream; that the man who always dreams accomplishes nothing. If that be true, it is none the less true that the man who never dreams, never accomplishes anything either. If it be a dream, it is a noble dream, and illumines the path to the coming brotherhood of man—the Parliament of man. The English-speaking race has already banished war from its members. Since a Scotch Prime Minister settled the Alabama controversy by arbitration there has been no thought of war; from that day till now, up to the Behring Sea arbitration, it is manifest that English-speaking men are never hereafter to be called upon to murder each other in war. Thus far we have already traveled, and I submit to you to-night that, as it was our Scotch-American race that first proclaimed the independence of this country and forced separation, the duty falls upon us to proclaim the new doctrine of reconciliation, confederation and reunion. It is an idea worthy of a sentimental, romantic, idea-creating race, gifted with that rarest of all gifts, imagination, which raises man to God-like action, or at least to God-like dreams. [Applause.]

If the drawing together of all portions of the English-speaking race be a dream, wake me not, let me dream. It is a dream better than most realities. Give me as my constant hope—through which I see in the future, the drawing together closer and closer of the English-speaking race under a Federal constitution, which has shown that the freest government of the parts produces the strongest government of the whole—that there may come a common citizenship embracing all lands, the only test being:

> If Shakespeare's tongue be spoken there,
> And songs of Burns are in the air.

[Applause, loud and long-continued.]

LEWIS E. CARR

THE LAWYER AND THE HOD CARRIER

Speech of Lewis E. Carr at the annual banquet of the New York State Bar Association, Albany, N. Y., January 17, 1900. Walter S. Logan, president of the Association, occupied the chair. The speech of Mr. Carr followed that of John Cunneen, and President Logan introduced Mr. Carr in the following words: "The committee of arrangements decided some time ago that it never would do to let John Cunneen speak for the Bar of Buffalo without having something to follow him which would bring the audience down to earth. [Applause.] They have selected that modest and retiring gentleman, that best and greatest of lawyers, Mr. Lewis E. Carr, of Albany."

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the State Bar Association of the State of New York:—These occasions, when the lions of the profession emerge from their urban and rural lairs for their annual meet and the time comes for them to gather about the festive board to enjoy the feast of reason and the flow of Bear spring water and the other innocuous beverages, are exceedingly enjoyable, yet they have their mournful aspect. A year ago it was my fortune to take part in the proceedings of that annual meeting for the education and amusement of those who were then assembled. I was then associated with distinguished individuals, star-actors, as it were, but, as I look around to-night and see who have been called upon to take part at this time, I find I am the only one who officiated then. Whether it be another instance of the survival of the fittest [laughter], or for whatever reason, you can well understand why it is that I am about to speak to you in a melancholy way upon this occasion. Of course, you will not take what I say literally. We had on that occasion, as we have had now, the Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals, who graced and adorned that feast, as he graces and adorns every place where he may be, and every position he may occupy. We had the Governor then; we have had the Governor now; not the same person, but one that, *ex officio,* is just as big when the other isn't around. Now things are a little different than they were last year, because then they said I might roam all over the lot and take a nip wherever herbage promised the sweetest bite, but, when I was told that I was to say something here this time, an old stager at this sort of business—he must have been an old stager, because he called me a young man—took me one side and said: "Now, you ought to have a subject; not that you are expected to say much about that subject; the less, perhaps, the better; but," said he, "it is just like one of those big boat races, where there are a number of crews that are anxious to exploit themselves; they stake the course off with their little flags, and each crew has a lane which they are expected to keep." I said: "That is all right; I can well understand how the crew that is ahead in their abounding vigor may prance all over the course, but I never could see any temptation for the fellows that were behind to wobble over the line and take some other fellow's water." I think that fits my case [laughter], because it is ordinarily my luck to be either near or at the tail end of the procession [laughter], or in the front rank of the urchins that tag on behind. But this old stager said—I won't tell who it was—"I will give you a subject that will be a poser," and, what do you suppose he brought in, written in a round, bold hand on the typewriter [laughter], "The Lawyer and the Hod Carrier," an essay supposed to be wise, and possibly, otherwise, with regard to the similarities and the dissimilarities of the profession of the one and the avocation of the other, bound in law sheep on the edges.

The idea didn't originate with him. It originated with a wise and eminent judge of one of our courts, I won't say who it was, because if you keep abreast of the current judicial opinions you will have already guessed who it was, and, if you haven't done that, let me admonish you to do it, or you will find some fellow who has got a full-fledged demon of pernicious activity in him will confront you to your undoing with the latest edition from the judicial seat of war. [Laughter.]

After all, there are many similarities, if you will remember.

or if you will look at it, between the hod carrier and the lawyer. Both are useful members of society. The hod carrier, with patient and laborious toil, carries up to the skilled craftsman above the material with which to build the lasting and perfect wall. If he loiters on the way, or if he carries up unfitted or unsuited material, then the results will not be such as redound to the credit of the craftsman that is on high. We, too, from the great heap of material, gather that which we think is fitted for the case, and, with patient toil, carry it up these slippery hills to the stony mansion above, and there the judicial craftsman is expected to put in true and perfect form the materials that we take up, and we sometimes criticize the result; possibly it may be our fault, because the material we take may not be exactly fitted and suited for the work. You will remember, I think some of you will, at all events, the Scriptural story about the complaints that were made by the race that was in bondage, that they were required to make bricks without straw. That was hard enough; but we oftentimes ask our judicial craftsmen to make the true and enduring wall of legal precedent from straw alone, ancient, moldy and well threshed. [Laughter.] Of course, it isn't our fault at all times, because there is such an abundance of material from which we must select. I took occasion last year to speak about the horde of Huns that was consuming our substance, and adding to the white man's burden, but now the Scherer is at hand [laughter], making diligent and persistent search for the golden fleece. All that we can do is to pray, if we are not of the class to which the efficacy of prayer is denied, that the Lord should temper the wind to the shorn lambs of the profession. [Laughter.]

But now some other things are to be noted, because it oftentimes occurs that the poor, patient hod carrier, as he is on his skyward way, is met by a brick or mortar from the scaffolding falling carelessly, and down he goes. We experience just exactly such misfortunes. There are three ways, as I take it you will have already observed, in which you meet misfortune and your clients come to grief in the zigzag way from the exultant beginning of a litigation to its mournful close. The first is when the court lands a right hook on the point of the jaw and you go to kingdom come, no questions asked or answered.

[Laughter.] That is quick and merciful, too, because it saves you that agony of suspense when you are alternating between hope and fear. The second way is when they fence a little while with you, when they ward off your blow, and when they will make you believe that in the end they are going to throw up the sponge and let you carry off the belt; but, look out; the first thing you know a solar plexus knocks you over. [Laughter.] Now, in that case we feel better, because we all take a little pride in the idea that we can stand up against a judicial Sharkey or Jeffries and not be knocked out in the first round. The third way is when they tell you the points you make are good; you have argued them in exceedingly strong and forcible fashion, and, very likely, if that had been the idea at the origin of the suit, it might have been successful. But it is too late when you get up where they are, and your client must get whipped by what they call the justice of the law. That is the aggravating way, because they tell you how near you came to catching your hare, but you can't have the pleasure of cooking it, because some less experienced huntsman at an earlier period of the chase started the dog on the wrong trail. [Laughter.]

In the course of these remarks you will notice that I have made use of some expressions, from which you might think that I have been devoting my time to reading accounts of these gentle encounters that take place under the Horton law, but it isn't true; you are not always to take words exactly in the way they are used, nor are you to judge of the meaning exactly from what people say, and you will pardon me if I digress a little from this subject that was given me by the old stager I have already mentioned; perhaps it isn't exactly germane to that subject, but yet it is just about as germane as a good deal of the stock we carry up on the hill for the judicial fanning-mill that operates in the cloistered precincts of the Capitol. [Laughter.]

Members of our profession have somehow confused the use of terms, and you will pardon me for speaking about it here; that is, in referring to a portion of the apparel of the judges of our highest court, and calling it a gown. Now, bear in mind, I am in favor of the distinguishing mark, by which the judge is taken out from the class of the individual, but you will see from what I am about to say, how inappropriate is that term. The term "gown" sometimes suggests that exceedingly early period of our lives, when sex isn't exactly determinable by the character of the dress. That is what a candidate for office learned one day when he was out seeking to have some supporting influence among his constituents, and finding a youngster in the room, and, feeling sure that he might reach the mother's heart, says: "My little miss, how are you to-day?" And the youngster said: "I dess you made a mistake; I ain't a girl: I's a boy." Then the matter of the gown suggests another thing. The story is told of some lawyer a good ways off, not here, who had been ingloriously defeated in some litigation, and in the acrid moments of defeat said: "The court that pronounced a judgment of that kind must be a lot of old women." So you see the term "gown" is inappropriate. [Laughter.]

But the term "gown" is appropriate to some; is appropriate to the mother, whose watchful care over the beginning of our lives, and whose kindly nurture first started us on the journey of life. The mother, whose words of consolation have assuaged our many griefs, and whose admonitions have saved us from many a wrong; whose tear-stained cheek was more eloquent than words that might be uttered; the mother, who, living, we regard with the most reverent respect, and of whom, dead, our treasured memories are the choicest possessions of our lives. It reminds us, too, of that other one of the female creation, the wife, who, in the early beginning of our lives, linked her fate and fortune with ours, and confidingly put her hand in ours, prepared to go on through the storm and through the sunshine; who has been by our side in all of our trials, in all of our sufferings and in the hour of triumph; whose patient endurance has been to us of the utmost value; whose words of consolation have poured balm into the sore and bleeding heart, and whose words of commendation have brought added pleasure to the exquisite joy of our triumph. [Applause.] The wife who now, when the bloom of youth is gone, and frosty fingers have turned the raven tresses of that early time into a snowy crown, still stands, by our side, and, steadily looking forward, goes with us down into the narrowing vale, where the branches, bending lower and still lower above our heads, shut out the view and keep us from observation of the realm beyond. [Applause.] For her no gown is too rich or costly that human fingers can fashion, no gems of loving thought too priceless for which our human tongues can frame a setting.

Call it a robe and that brings to us a sense of the dignity of the office they hold! A kingly robe brings to us a consciousness, not of the atom of mortality who occupies the place, but of the magnificent authority that guides, directs and controls the fate and fortunes of a people. The priestly robe, while it may speak to us of the kindly men who minister to broken hearts and wounded feelings, still tells us of that world-wide dominion, and of that universal sway by which men's thoughts and feelings are turned to the upper air for the comfort, consolation and relief they would have. So does the judicial robe tell us of the mighty power and the tenderness, after all, of the judicial office, so kindly in its nature that it shelters the frailest right of the humble, so strong and invulnerable that it checks and stays the assault of the mightiest baron in the land.

But it is time for me to disappear. I have felt, along with others of my age, the pressure from the younger generation, and the indication it was time to make room for their abundant vigor, and so the change is coming now, as it has been before, and as it will be in the future, so that change seems to be the order of the day and of our lives; change in thought and feeling, change in mind and manner, change in practice and procedure, but, after all, it will come to this younger generation, as it has come to us, that the great principles of law, the eternal truths on which we rest for the protection of human rights and the redress of human wrongs, are as unchangeable and enduring as the eternal twinkling of the stars. [Applause.]

JOHN J. CARTY

THE WIRELESS TELEPHONE

John J. Carty, born at Cambridge, Mass., 1861, is an eminent electrical engineer and has been vice president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co. since 1919. This address was delivered at the dinner in his honor at the Lotos Club, November 27, 1915. At this dinner, under Mr. Carty's direction, wireless telephone connections had been made with San Francisco, and the diners at the Lotos Club, New York, exchanged felicitations and speeches with the members of the Bohemian Club at San Francisco. Later there was communication with the Naval Department. This demonstration was in 1915 in the early days of the radio.

After such a magnificent and flattering reception and such a wonderful dinner as this, it would be difficult for any man to find in his vocabulary words to express the feelings in his heart. I would be unworthy of any attention from you whatever if I made the mistake of taking all or a major portion of this demonstration as intended for me personally. The time has gone by when a large piece of complicated work can be done by one man. In the very nature of our art the vast system must extend over a continent and over continents, and many men and many minds must engage to do the work. It has been my good fortune, and perhaps I showed some skill in the selection of my subordinates; we are all together one family. I know I have the finest group of telephone engineers that exists in the whole wide world. And I know that without the work that they have done none of these things that you have participated in to-night would be possible. There is no other nation, no other combination of nations which has men such as compose our staff. In no other country in the world would it be possible to have a demonstration such as that given over the long line to San Francisco, nor a demonstration such as that given by wireless to-night.

It is only in America that the men live who know how to do that.

I am perhaps too fond of referring to the art of telephony as an American art. There was a time when we had no opportunity for art and arts. I think we have now grown to a man's size and we have actually produced an art. There is no other art that can lay such significant claims to being thoroughly American as that of telephony. The telephone was invented here in America and the staff which I have the honor to be the head of consisted originally of Alexander Graham Bell and Thomas A. Watson, the only two men in the world who knew about the telephones and the only two who knew all about it. They gave us an instrument capable of talking merely from one room to another in the same building. But these men were backed by far-seeing stockholders, men like Theodore N. Vail. They saw at once that there was no precedent for anything, that there was no tradition, no experience. There was no such thing as electrical engineering, no school teaching electrical engineering, nothing but the telegraph, no trolley, no electric light, no railroad. These men saw that a new art had to be built on top of this instrument of Bell's, and from that simple beginning of Professor Bell and Mr. Watson, far seeing, broad and liberal, there has been built up here an art and the staff has been greatly increased. At times the suggestion has been made to go abroad and get European people. We are very catholic in our selection, not clannish, but after careful consideration it became apparent that when the Yankee men turned their attention to the higher branches of science they produced a breed of engineers that was superior to anything on the earth.

On that basis we proceeded, and from the beginning of two men, to-day I have the honor to be in charge of a staff of over five hundred engineers devoted seriously to the business, not of putting in new plants, but studying and working and developing the art and science of telephony, planning for years ahead, looking forward. Now, with such a large staff as that, it isn't so very surprising that we should get some very good results. Not long ago a British Cabinet officer rather boastingly said that in Germany they didn't have very much better arrangements than they did in England. They have about twenty devoted solely to it in one country and about eighteen in the other, so that the honors are about even. Here we have over five hundred. These men are composed not wholly but mostly of graduates of scientific schools, colleges and universities, and they are trained in the very highest possible manner. In our staff we have men from over one hundred American schools, colleges and universities.

Now, I wish to say a few words about some of the men, if you will permit me, who have been engaged in this work and who have made this possible. We have two great staffs, one working on long distance at the Western Electric Company under the command of Mr. Carpenter. There is F. B. Jewett, a very good man and one I can match against any other. It is a comforting fact to be reminded that one of these men is a grand-nephew of George Bancroft, a former Secretary of the Navy, and a son of Admiral Gherardi.

Just a moment. [Taking up the telephone.] You can hear the time signals, there will be a long pause and then at ten o'clock comes the final one. They send out the signals from the radio station in Washington to Honolulu and to the ships so the captains can set their chronometers and have the time correct to the second. There will be a long pause, and then when the next beat comes it will be ten o'clock. I will let you know when the next beat is—there it is, ten o'clock. Now the tower is sending out the weather reports, and you can get some idea of what is meant by the static interference, if you don't hear it very well.

I wish to have the privilege to say a few words more. I am going to read a very few names of the men engaged in the great work of the development of the long lines. These names are men of the most capable people, scientists, in the world, and it is one of the greatest privileges I could possibly have to appear now before you and repay to them my very great indebtedness, for by no means do I wish to carry away all the credit that comes. Were I to read the names of everybody who had to do with this it would take all night. I have already mentioned Mr. Jewett and Mr. Gherardi, who are a wonderful team, working together, one with the engineering and the other with the wires in the outside sense and having in mind their very high scientific attainments. Mr. E. H. Colpitts, H. D. Arnold, B. W. Kendall, E. B. Craft, C. A. Robinson, William Fondiller; but if I should undertake to tell you all about these young men it would take all evening. They are men of the very highest rank and combine science and practical utility to the very highest degree. They would never push themselves forward but that will not be necessary. In our Company we consider it is the business of the commanding officer to know the merits of his men and not wait for them to come around and present their claims. If we fail in that we fail in our duty to them.

These are the men who are doing this work, and it is my great privilege to have worked with them, and have them work with me. I wish I could go on and talk about the rest, but I have already taken up so much of my time that I will not undertake to trace the history of wireless into the early beginnings, nor will I try to go into any detail regarding the technical methods employed because they are the subject matter of patent in this country and therefore must be treated as confidential. So I am saying nothing about that, but merely talking about these men who brought about the transcendent results. When they talked to me from the Navy Yard to Mare Island by wireless I was not satisfied. Another man talked to Honolulu and they heard speech there three feet away from their seats. Later Mr. Shreeve heard speech at Paris, and prior to that date at San Diego Wilson had talked to the other Wilson and naval officers at Darien, Panama. Every one of the men talked with sent out and received speech, and there isn't any doubt that they heard to-night the story of this splendid banquet.

As to the practicability; all noticed this noise, this disturbance, the static. It is very mild to-night. Even that is a bar to a number of telephone conversations taking place. So that the function of wireless seems to be for sending out messages that concern a large number of people when you want to reach them simultaneously. An example of that and a good one is the time signal which you heard to-night being sent out to the world. In the same way a message sent out to everybody at a fixed time would be received without reference to the static.

Now I said a few words about the broad planning and the visions of the founders of the Telephone Company. I have just come across to-day a very short paragraph from the Articles of Association and Incorporation of my Company. The lawyer acting for this concern under the direction of Mr. Vail, rather gave a free reign to his vision when he wrote:—[Reading]

"And it is further declared and certified that the general route of the lines of this association, in addition to those hereinbefore described or designated, will connect one or more points in each and every city, town or place in the State of New York with one or more points in each and every other city, town or place in said state, and in each and every other city, town or place of the United States, and in Canada and Mexico; and each and every one of said cities, towns and places is to be connected with each and every other city, town or place in said states and countries, and also by cable or other appropriate means with the rest of the known world, as may hereafter become necessary or desirable in conducting the business of this association."

It is perfectly certain that no lawyer ever drew that. What did he mean by "cable or other appropriate means"? Nobody was saying wireless in those days. Nobody knew what it meant to get along without wires. But wasn't that prophetic?

Now, it has been asked where these wireless waves go to? How far can we talk? What use will the wireless be? It is perfectly certain in my mind that the use of wireless will be to extend the wire systems, and that the use of this universal conductor be dedicated to all mankind, all creation, that there should be, must be, reserved this system for the use of people who can't have wires and who need help, also for the communicating with people who don't know where they are. The use of the ether for that, particularly when the wireless telephone gets known, will be so guarded and appreciated that those who can use wires will not be permitted to use the wireless. So that I look for reasonable and proper development of wireless extending the telephone into remote places, mountain districts and the like where wire is not available and can hardly be placed. By general agreement of those who are responsible and have studied this subject, that is the true function of wireless; and I am perfectly certain that is the correct view.

Now, as to how far these wireless waves extend and what is known of them? They are not like vibrations of the air; they are vibrations of the ether, a sensitive medium, and these waves are really like a lot of waves projected from some apparatus. Light goes 186,000 miles a second and these electric waves will make the same speed through the ether. So far as we know they go off into space the same way light goes, continue to go indefinitely.

It is rather dangerous for a practical man to discuss this subject or speculate on it. In the Lotos Club I am not under the jurisdiction of the Society of Electrical Engineers and I claim the right through your dispensation to express myself in the way that an engineer won't ordinarily do. We heard "The Star-Spangled Banner" half an hour ago. Now, according to the table which I have prepared here those waves have now reached Jupiter. They reached Mercury in ten minutes, and Admiral Blue's magnificent voice will be heard in Venus in just fifteen minutes, and Mars, the waves are due there in twenty minutes. As we go on, Saturn in eighty minutes; Neptune the waves will reach in four hours; at the North Star the song will be heard in forty-five years. But by the time the residents of Capella hear it, it will be seventy years, and when it comes to the stars of the fifteenth magnitude, that grand old historic tune has no show of being heard short of three thousand years.

Gentlemen, you are confronted with something here to-night that does more than merely transmit the human voice to the uttermost parts of the earth, and it has raised great questions of a political nature, questions as to whether we are ever going to be one human family. We have a conductor; we have a medium; it has been demonstrated to you to-night. There is a medium joining together all created things that will transmit the tones of the human voice and that will transmit music, the grandest anthem that can be composed, transmit it to the uttermost ends of the earth. If we are ever going to be joined together in one great peaceful family may it not be through this wonderful mysterious medium which in my judgment permeates all creation; and sometimes I wonder what is going to come out of it. We are at work on something that is bigger than any of us; we can't understand it; but we must do what we may, and I have a strong feeling that we are building up here while elsewhere they are tearing down, and that sometime, at some Christmas or Easter there will be heard a great voice that will say: "On earth peace, good will toward men."

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

THE FUTURE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

On November 6, 1895, Joseph Chamberlain was the principal guest at a dinner given in London, by Walter Peace, the agent-general for Natal, in celebration of the completion of the Natal-Transvaal Railway. This was the first public occasion on which Mr. Chamberlain appeared in his official capacity as Secretary of State for the Colonies; and, in replying to the toast of "The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies," which was proposed by Sir Charles Tupper, High Commissioner of Canada, Mr. Chamberlain took "The Future of the British Empire" as his theme. His address on "Patriotism" is given in Volume VIII.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:—I thank you sincerely for the hearty reception you have given to this toast. I appreciate very much the warmth of your welcome, and I see in it confirmation of the evidence which is afforded by the cordial and graceful telegram from the Premier of Natal, which has been read by your chairman, and by other public and private communications that I have received, that any man who makes it his first duty, as I do, to draw closer together the different portions of the British Empire ["Hear! Hear!"] will meet with hearty sympathy, encouragement and support. [Cheers.] I thank my old friend and colleague, Sir Charles Tupper, for the kind manner in which he has spoken of me. He has said much, no doubt, that transcends my merits, but that is a circumstance so unusual in the life of a politician [laughter] that I do not feel it in my heart to complain. [Laughter.] I remember that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was certainly one of the most genial Americans who ever visited these shores, said that when he was young he liked his praise in teaspoonfuls, that when he got older he preferred it in tablespoonfuls, and that in advanced years he was content to receive it in ladles. [Laughter.] I confess that I am arriving at the period when I sympathize with Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. [Laughter and cheers.]

Gentlemen, the occasion which has brought us together is an extremely interesting one. We are here to congratulate Natal, its Government and its people, and to congratulate ourselves on the completion of a great work of commercial enterprise and civilization, which one of our colonies, which happens to be the last to have been included in the great circle of self-governing communities, has brought to a successful conclusion, giving once more a proof of the vigor and the resolution which have distinguished all the nations that have sprung from the parent of British stock. [Cheers.]

This occasion has been honored by the presence of the representatives of sister colonies, who are here to offer words of sympathy and encouragement; and, in view of the representative character of the gathering, I think, perhaps, I may be permitted, especially as this is the first occasion upon which I have publicly appeared in my capacity as Minister for the colonies [cheers] to offer a few words of a general application. ["Hear! Hear!"]

I think it will not be disputed that we are approaching a critical stage in the history of the relations between ourselves and the self-governing colonies. We are entering upon a chapter of our colonial history, the whole of which will probably be written in the next few years, certainly in the lifetime of the next generation, and which will be one of the most important in our colonial annals, since upon the events and policy which it describes will depend the future of the British Empire. That Empire, gentlemen, that world-wide dominion to which no Englishman can allude without a thrill of enthusiasm and patriotism, which has been the admiration, and perhaps the envy, of foreign nations, hangs together by a thread so slender that it may well seem that even a breath would sever it.

There have been periods in our history, not so very far distant, when leading statesmen, despairing of the possibility of maintaining anything in the nature of a permanent union, have looked forward to the time when the vigorous communities to which they rightly intrusted the control of their own destinies would grow strong and independent, would assert their independence, and would claim entire separation from the parent stem. The time to which they looked forward has arrived sooner than they expected. The conditions to which they referred have been more than fulfilled; and now these great communities, which have within them every element of national life, have taken their rank amongst the nations of the world; and I do not suppose that any one would consider the idea of compelling them to remain within the Empire as within the region of intelligent speculation. Yet, although, as I have said, the time has come, and the conditions have been fulfilled, the results which these statesmen anticipated have not followed. [Cheers.] They felt, perhaps, overwhelmed by the growing burdens of the vast dominions of the British Crown. They may well have shrunk from the responsibilities and the obligations which they involve; and so it happened that some of them looked forward not only without alarm, but with hopeful expectation, to a severance of the union which now exists.

But if such feelings were ever entertained they are entertained no longer. [Cheers.] As the possibility of separation has become greater, the desire for separation has become less. [Renewed cheers.] While we on our part are prepared to take our share of responsibility, and to do all that may fairly be expected from the mother country, and while we should look upon a separation as the greatest calamity that could befall us ["Hear! Hear!"] our fellow subjects on their part see to what a great inheritance they have come by mere virtue of their citizenship; and they must feel that no separate existence, however splendid, could compare with that which they enjoy equally with ourselves as joint heirs of all the traditions of the past, and as joint partakers of all the influence, resources and power of the British Empire. [Cheers.]

I rejoice at the change that has taken place. I rejoice at the wider patriotism, no longer confined to this small island, which embraces the whole of Greater Britain and which has carried to every clime British institutions and the best characteristics of the British race. [Renewed cheering.] How could it be otherwise? We have a common origin, we have a common history, a common language, a common literature, and a common love of liberty and law. We have common principles to assert, we have common interests to maintain. ["Hear! Hear!"] I said it was a slender thread that binds us together. I remember on one occasion having been shown a wire so fine and delicate that a blow might break it; yet I was told that it was capable of transmitting an electrical energy that would set powerful machinery in motion. May it not be the same with the relations which exist between the colonies and ourselves; and may not that thread of union be capable of carrying a force of sentiment and of sympathy which will yet be a potent factor in the history of the world? ["Hear! Hear!"]

There is a word which I am almost afraid to mention, lest at the very outset of my career I should lose my character as a practical statesman. I am told on every hand that Imperial Federation is a vain and empty dream. [Cries of "No! No!"] I will not contest that judgment, but I will say this: that that man must be blind, indeed, who does not see that it is a dream which has vividly impressed itself on the mind of the English-speaking race, and who does not admit that dreams of that kind, which have so powerful an influence upon the imagination of men, have somehow or another an unaccountable way of being realized in their own time. ["Hear! Hear!"] If it be a dream, it is a dream that appeals to the highest sentiments of patriotism, as well as to our material interests. It is a dream which is calculated to stimulate and to inspire every one who cares for the future of the Anglo-Saxon people. [Cheers.] I think myself that the spirit of the time is, at all events, in the direction of such a movement. How far it will carry us no man can tell; but, believe me, upon the temper and the tone in which we approach the solution of the problems which are now coming upon us depend the security and the maintenance of that world-wide dominion, that edifice of imperial rule, which has been so ably built for us by those who have gone before. [Cheers.]

Gentlemen, I admit that I have strayed somewhat widely from the toast which your chairman has committed to my charge. ["No."] That toast is "The Prosperity of South Africa and the Natal and Transvaal Railway." As to South

Africa, there can be no doubt as to its prosperity. We have witnessed in our time a development of natural and mineral wealth in that country altogether beyond precedent of human knowledge; and what we have seen in the past, and what we see in the present, is bound to be far surpassed in the near future. ["Hear! Hear!"] The product of the mines, great as it is at present, is certain to be multiplied manyfold, and before many years are over the mines of the Transvaal may be rivaled by the mines of Mashonaland or Matabeleland; and in the train of this great, exceptional and wonderful prosperity, in the train of the diamond-digger and of the miner, will come a demand for labor which no man can measure—a demand for all the products of agriculture and of manufacture, in which not South Africa alone, but all the colonies and the mother country itself must have a share. [Cheers.]

The climate and soil leave nothing to be desired, and there is only one thing wanted—that is, a complete union and identity of sentiment and interest between the different States existing in South Africa. [Cheers.] Gentlemen, I have no doubt that that union will be forthcoming [cheers], although it may not be immediately established. I do not shut my eyes to differences amongst friends which have unfortunately already arisen, and which have not yet been arranged. I think these differences, if you look below the surface, will be found to be due principally to the fact that we have not yet achieved in South Africa that local federation which is the necessary preface to any serious consideration of the question of Imperial Federation. [Cheers.] But, gentlemen, in these differences, my position, of course, renders it absolutely necessary that I should take no side. [Cheers.] I pronounce no opinion, and it would not become me to offer any advice; although, if the good offices of my department were at any time invoked by those who are now separated, all I can say is that they would be heartily placed at their service. [Cheers.]

Gentlemen, I wish success to the Natal Railway, and to every railway in South Africa. [Cheers.] There is room for all. [Cheers.] There is prosperity for all ["Hear! Hear!"]—enough to make the mouth of an English director positively water. [Laughter.] There is success for all, if only they will not waste their resources in internecine conflict. ["Hear! Hear!"] I have seen with pleasure that a conference is being held in order to discuss, and I hope to settle, these differences. I trust that they may be satisfactorily arranged. In the meantime I congratulate our chairman, as representing this prosperous colony, upon the enterprise they have displayed, upon the difficulties they have surmounted, and on the success they have already achieved. [Cheers.] And I hope for them—confidently hope—the fullest share in that prosperity which I predict without hesitation for the whole of South Africa. [Cheers.]

JOSEPH H. CHOATE

JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE

A WAR FOR FREEDOM

Joseph Hodges Choate was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1832. He graduated from Harvard College in 1852 and from the Harvard Law School in 1854. He was admitted to the Bar of Massachusetts in 1855 and the following year in New York. He early attained prominence as a lawyer and was identified with many famous cases. He was one of the committee which broke up the Tweed ring in 1871; president of the New York Constitutional Convention in 1894; U. S. Ambassador to Great Britain in 1899-1905. He was appointed Ambassador and first delegate from the United States to the International Peace Conference at The Hague in 1907. Mr. Choate excelled as orator, whether in pleading a case in court or addressing a public meeting or speaking on an after-dinner occasion. His after-dinner speeches were always most witty and original, and his occasional addresses were always masterly in form and expression. In the closing years of his life Mr. Choate was recognized by every one as the first citizen of New York and he did a great service by his public addresses in directing public sentiment during the opening years of the World War. He lived to rejoice in our entrance into the World War and died May 14, 1917.

The first of the speeches which follow was one of the last which he made. It was delivered on April 24, 1917, three weeks before his death, at the annual luncheon of the Associated Press held in New York. The remaining speeches are arranged in chronological order, dating from 1875. The Index in Volume XV should be consulted for other speeches by Mr. Choate and for addresses in his honor.

I WAS afraid for a long time that we should not get into the war at all, for I believed from the day of the entrance of the Germans into Belgium and their trampling upon all human rights, their breaking of treaties and of pledges, that we ought to have gone in then.

Reprinted from the New York *Times*.

But there was something higher and grander, it seems, that we were waiting for, and it has come at last. I believe that the spirit of Abraham Lincoln has led us into this war. [Applause.]

I have tried to find a key and a solution of it, and I find it all in that two-minute address that Lincoln delivered at Gettysburg which is now to be applied and is to have a world-wide application, instead of to our own nation, as he used them. You remember what he said: "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here." How unconscious he was of his own immortality!

And then he went on to express the hope that out of the blood of those who had given their lives for their country this nation should have a new birth of freedom. And it got it.

When slavery disappeared and the new birth of freedom came the United States entered upon a career of prosperity and nobility such as it had never dreamed of before. And then he concluded with those words which your president has already quoted and which every speaker everywhere during this war, I believe, will quote. You all remember them—that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Now what do we have? If Lincoln were here to-day, his prayer would be verified and glorified into the prayer that all civilized nations shall now have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from any portion of the earth.

Now I think it is not difficult to understand what this war is. It is a war for the preservation of free government throughout the civilized world. And I believe that I may include in that not only free governments of the allied nations and the neutral nations, but of Germany itself.

The truth is that this war upon which we have entered is not going to be any child's play. We all know that. The only way to fight is to fight, and we have not begun that yet. One thing we have already done, and it shows that our entrance into this war has united the whole American people. This great money bill that was passed, very largely for the benefit of our allies, by unanimous vote, as I understand it, of both houses of Congress, shows that all the people of America are of one mind and are agreed that there is to be no backsliding, no hiding behind any cover, but that we are prepared and determined to face the music and to make whatever sacrifices may be necessary to secure that lasting victory that alone can make certain an enduring peace.

Then there are all those other bills which the Government has presented, as I think so wisely, and with such forethought, that last one of which is under discussion to-day, and which we are assured will pass by the vote of both houses of Congress on Friday, for universal enrollment of all men capable of bearing arms. I do not call it a conscription bill. I think that name has been unhappily applied. The Government ought to know where the men are who are capable of bearing arms, what their ages are, and what their addresses are; and the President ought to know when the time comes—and we can trust him for that —what men are fit to go to the front.

We are very much honored by the presence in this country of these two wonderful commissions from these two great countries. The presence of Mr. Balfour here alone is a wonderful demonstration of the good will of Great Britain toward us. And then there are Viviani and Joffre, two of France's greatest men. I noticed that when the flashlight was cast upon the Tricolor there was more enthusiasm and ardent applause among you than at any other demonstration that has been made here this afternoon. But suppose they could appear in New York and receive the greetings of the people of this great city—what a thunder of applause would roll across the ocean, reporting to their countrymen abroad how enthusiastically they were received here by us.

Now, before I sit down let me say a word about our great President, for he is entitled at every step to the applause and support of every American citizen, man, woman, and child, and I believe he has it. [Loud applause.]

Some of us in the past have criticized the President. Some of us long hesitated and doubted; some of us thought that watchful waiting would never cease. But now we see what the President was waiting for and how wisely he waited. He was waiting to see how fast and how far the American people would keep pace with him and stand up to any action that he proposed.

From the day the President appeared before Congress and made that wonderful address of his—one of the greatest State papers in the affairs of the United States since the formation of the Government—from that moment all doubt, all hesitation, all unwillingness was banished from the minds of all the people, and he is now our chosen leader for this great contest.

By no possibility can we have any other or think of any other. And we must uphold him through thick and thin from now until the end of the war.

A TEST EXAMINATION

Speech of Joseph H. Choate at the Harvard Alumni dinner, Cambridge, Mass., June 30, 1875.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Alumni:—If our worthy *alma mater* looked forth this morning, as I have no doubt she did, upon our passing column, she must have congratulated herself upon the fact that all the boys were here, —even the old boy himself was here. I refer, sir, to no person; I mean nothing personal, none of those gray-headed men who immediately surround your table, but I speak of that venerable and reverend company of ancient graduates who preceded the class of 1835, and who, therefore, upon their own merits, are allowed to eat and drink freely in honor of *alma mater.* [Laughter and applause.] To us, sir, children of a later growth, who are mindful of the almighty dollar, it lends a new charm to life, a new ambition, and something purer and grander than we have had before, to which we may work up. For, gentlemen, before the only real prize for seniority among Harvard graduates was the position of the oldest-surviving graduate; and as playing for that, sir, was extremely a game of chance, there were very few who had the temerity to aim at it. Now, sir, to recollect that forty-three years of faithful service, paying always for our dinners as we go, will enable us to spend the evening of our days in free and sumptuous feeding at these tables, is indeed, an incentive to the highest happiness. [Laughter and applause.] I take it for granted, sir, that it was for age of service that that compliment was paid to-day, for, judging from symptoms I have observed to-day, if it was upon the idea that these gentlemen have outlived their appetites, that was a mistake which has told with frightful effect upon the general dinner. [Loud laughter.]

Mr. President, to graduates, distant in time or place, returning upon these festive days, one of the most delightful things that we observe is the universal emulation of youth that marks the whole concern; how each man, each class, is struggling to be a little younger than they really are. How to preserve youth, the art of keeping perpetually young, is, indeed, a secret worth discovering. Lord Bacon, sir, understood it, as he understood almost everything that pertains to human nature; and he concentrated the whole thing in a little story that he told in one of his famous apothegms on Sir Thomas More. As I have heard it told at a commencement dinner, I will tell it here. "Sir Thomas More," he said, "married, and at the first had daughters only; and his wife did ever pray for a boy. At last she had a boy, which, after it reached man's years, proved simple. Sir Thomas said to his wife, 'Thou prayedst so long for a boy that he will be a boy as long as he lives.'" [Laughter.] I could not help observing here to-day, Mr. President, how this struggle for youth marked the advancing column. How frisky the aged graduate appeared, how boyish the men of middle age, and how perfectly childish the last of the column. [Loud laughter and applause.]

Mr. President, we, who are getting to be among the older graduates, refer with longing to the past; and great and growing as is the college, or the university in which it is now lost, we can't help thinking that our brightest days were when we were under her cool and shady trees. And, for one, I shall always, whatever fate may come upon the college, remain of the honest conviction that the presidency of Jared Sparks was the best time of the college. [Laughter.] And, sir, in those days the government of the college was administered on very different principles than those which are now maintained. The standard was established upon the orthodox theory that the capability of every class is to be measured by the strength of the weakest links in the chain, and the curriculum was adapted to the understanding of the stupidest. That worthy president, Mr. Chairman, whose precepts and examples have been so much neglected in recent days, made a practical application, in his treatment of the student, of what Mr. Quincy, I believe, had once jocosely pronounced when he said that his maxim was: "Be to their faults a little blind, be to their virtues very blind, but clap the padlock on the mind." [Laughter.] The key, sir, to that padlock was lost in Quincy's time; Sparks never looked for it, and when I hear of the miseries of the undergraduates of the present day, I almost regret that Eliot found it and set out to insert it in the rusty wards of the lock. [Laughter and applause.] I don't mean to say, sir, that we were kept away from the fountain of learning; far from it. We learned few things, and tried to learn them well; but then, too, there were hidden mysteries in those days as in these more recent.

I remember Professor Pierce, whose venerable form I now rejoice to see in freshness among us. [Great applause.] He and his functions were the *ne plus ultra*. [Laughter.] I believe that a modern upstart among philosophers, Herbert Spencer, has claimed to be the first originator and teacher of the unknowable. Professor Pierce was ahead of him by many years. [Great laughter and applause.] He, sir, had three different forms of a mathematical problem by which he used to test our progress: the first and simplest were those that only the first eight in the class could understand; the second were those which nobody but the professor himself could master, and the third were those which neither he nor anybody else could understand. [Laughter.] Now, sir, I am truly horrified in taking up one of these annual catalogues, to see the tests that are applied to the modern mind. I verily believe that any simple-minded graduate of more than twenty years' standing would find it more difficult to pass any one of the junior examinations that we have laid down, than really it would be for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. [Laughter.] I wish, sir, that justice might be done to these trembling youths [laughter], and that for once the tables might be turned upon the board of overseers [loud and prolonged applause], under whose authority these excruciating tests are applied to the infant minds. I take up the last annual catalogue [pulling the book from his pocket], with a view to see whether there were probably any of the venerable and honorable overseers, as they used to be called, who could answer the simplest of these questions, and I would like to have it applied here and now. [Great applause and laughter.] Begin, sir, with the venerable head of the university. [Roars of laughter.] That, sir, was the formal mode of speaking of the President when I was in college. I don't know how it suits him to be addressed in that way by one who was a sophomore when he was a freshman. But really, gentlemen, if wisdom, if the gray head of man and honest living are true old age, why he is already as old as Quincy and as venerable as Walker. [Applause.]

Now let us have a little examination in philosophy. Why, Mr. President, there was something called philosophy taught in our day by Professor Bowen. That was before the true function of the brain as the seat of the mind had been discovered; but we were taught a spurious and effete kind of mental philosophy which consisted in evolving something out of our own consciousness which was not there. [Loud laughter.] Let us see whether the venerable head of the university could answer a single one of these questions, and if he can he will rise to do it. [Roars of laughter.]

Explain the Paralogism of Rational Psychology, the Antinomies of Rational Cosmology (proving the thesis and antithesis of one of them, as an example); and the ontological, cosmological, and physico-theological proofs of the Ideal of Pure Reason, or Idea of God, together with Kant's objections to each of these three modes of proof.

I am sorry Mr. Charles Francis Adams, the genial president of the board of overseers, has left in time to escape the examination, and in his absence I would like to ask Judge Hoar to tell me this:—

Explain briefly the theory of atomistic dynamism, and how it reduces matter to mere Will and Presentation. Of what only do the senses and the physical sciences take cognizance as constituting the primitive element of Matter? What must ideally or in thought precede every motion or physical force?

Judge Hoar:—"Not prepared." [Loud laughter and applause.]

Then, sir, I would like to ask Dr. Samuel Green, that youthful and ubiquitous member of the board, to answer a plain question in "harmony" which is now required:—

> Resolve the dominant seventh chord of G into other seventh chords and give an example of the progression of three of the secondary chords of the seventh into other chords than those of the regular progression.

Why, sir, I might go on exhausting, not these questions, but the honorable board of overseers [laughter] till I could demonstrate to you that not one of these gentlemen is, as he is found at present sitting at the table, fitted to enter into, much less to escape out of, their difficulties. [Renewed laughter.]

Mr. President, I am very glad you wrote down the toast that I was to speak on. You wrote me that I was to speak for the graduates, *in partibus infidelium,* and if I rightly remember the Latin that used to be taught us by Dr. Peck and Professor Lane, that means "a region where infidelity prevails." I would have you know, sir, that I came from the virtuous and orthodox city of New York. You may well study the example and virtues of the people, even the alumni of Harvard. We are not so benighted as you, in your note, seem to suppose. Why, sir, we have a Harvard Club organized after the fashion of this association of the alumni, and so far as I can see it is a perfect miniature. Meeting periodically, we resolve ourselves into a mutual admiration society, and sing the praises of our *alma mater*. We are visited every year by the worthy head of the university himself, who comes to us as certain as the twenty-second of February comes round. He tells us all that is being done in this our ancient college, and never leaves us without revealing to the sons the needy condition of the college. [Laughter.] And from all that I can learn it is not only his favorable theme, but her normal condition. [Laughter.] We have a chance, sir, to put our names to all the subscriptions that are started, although we have not the right of representation on the board of overseers. But, sir, if the board of overseers is to be subjected to a test, an example of which I have suggested, it may be a happy escape for us. [Loud applause.]

THE BENCH AND THE BAR

Speech of Mr. Choate at the 111th annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, May 13, 1879. In introducing him, the president, Samuel Babcock, said: "The next toast is 'The Bench and the Bar—Blessed are the peacemakers.' [Laughter and applause.] I must say in reference to this toast, that it is a much greater piece of sarcasm than the one on 'Sister Cities.' I never heard lawyers called by that title before, but I will ask our distinguished fellow citizen, from whom we are always glad to hear on these occasions, Joseph H. Choate, Esquire, to respond."

Mr. President:—I rise with unprecedented embarrassment in this presence and at this hour to respond to this sentiment, so flattering to the feelings of all the members of the Bench and Bar [applause], to say nothing of that shrinking modesty inherent in the breast of every lawyer and which the longer he practices seems to grow stronger and stronger. [Laughter.] I have a specific trouble which overwhelms me at this moment, and that is that all the preparation I had made for this occasion is a complete miscarriage. [Laughter.]

I received this sentiment yesterday with an intimation that I was expected to respond to it. I had prepared a serious and sober essay on the relations of commerce to the law—the one great relation of client and counsel [laughter], but I have laid all that aside; I do not intend to have a single sober word tonight. [Laughter.] I do not know that I could. [Renewed laughter.] There is a reason, however, why nothing more of a sober sort should be uttered at this table; there is a danger that it would increase by however small a measure the specific gravity of the Chamber of Commerce of New York. Certainly nothing could be a greater calamity than that. [Laughter.] At an hour like this, sir, merchants like witnesses are to be weighed as well as counted; and when I compare your appearance at this moment with what it was when you entered this room, when I look around upon these swollen girths and these expanded countenances, when I see that each individual of the Chamber has increased his avoirdupois at least ten pounds since he took his seat at this table, why, the total weight of the aggregate body must be startling, indeed [laughter], and as I suppose you believe in a resurrection from this long session, as you undoubtedly hope to rise again from these chairs, to which you have been glued so long, I should be the last person to add a feather's weight to what has been so heavily heaped upon you. [Applause.]

I have forgotten, Mr. President, whether it was Josh Billings or Henry F. Spaulding, who gave utterance to the profound sentiment that there is no substitute for wisdom, and that the next best thing to wisdom is silence. [Laughter and applause.] And so, handing to the reporters the essay which I had prepared for your instruction, it would be my duty to sit down in peace. [Laughter.] But I cannot take my seat without repudiating some of the gloomy views which have fallen from the gentlemen who preceded me. My worthy pastor, the Rev. Dr. Bellows, has said, if I remember rightly his language, that there is a great distrust in the American heart of the permanence of our American institutions. [Laughter.]

REV. DR. BELLOWS: "I did not say anything of the kind." [Laughter and applause.]

MR. CHOATE: Well, I leave it to your recollection, gentlemen of the jury, what he did say. [Laughter.]

I am perfectly willing that the doctor should speak for his own institution, but not for mine. I do not believe that a body of merchants of New York with their stomachs full have any growing skepticism or distrust of the permanence of the institution which I represent. [Laughter.] The poor, gentlemen, you have with you always, and so the lawyer will always be your sure and steadfast companion. [Applause.]

Mr. Blaine, freighted with wisdom from the floor of the Senate house and from long study of American institutions, has deplored the low condition of the carrying trade. Now, for our part, as representing one of the institutions which does its full share of the carrying trade, I repudiate the idea. We undoubtedly are still prepared to carry all that can be heaped upon us. [Laughter.] Lord Bacon, who was thought the greatest lawyer of his age, has said that every man owes a duty to his profession; but I think that can be amended by saying, in reference to the law, that every man in the community owes a duty to our profession [laughter]; and somewhere, at some time, somewhere between the cradle and the grave, he must acknowledge the liability and pay the debt. [Applause.] Why, gentlemen, you cannot live without the lawyers, and certainly you cannot die without them. [Laughter.] It was one of the brightest members of the profession, you remember, who had taken his passage for Europe to spend his summer vacation on the other side, and failed to go; and when called upon for an explanation, he said—why, yes; he had taken his passage, and had intended to go, but one of his rich clients had died, and he was afraid if he had gone across the Atlantic, the heirs would have got all of the property. [Applause and laughter.]

Our celebrated Minister to Berlin [Andrew D. White] also has spoken a good many earnest words in behalf of the institutions he represents. I did not observe any immediate response to the calls he made, but I could not help thinking as he was speaking, how such an appeal might be made, and probably would be made with effect, in behalf of the institution I represent, upon many of you in the course of the immediate future. When I look around me on this solid body of merchants, all this heaped-up and idle capital, all these great representatives of immense railroad, steamship and other interests under the face of the sun, I believe that the fortunes of the Bar are yet at their very beginning. [Applause.] Gentlemen, the future is all before us. We have no sympathy with Communism, but like Communists we have everything to gain and nothing to lose. [Laughter.]

But my attention must be called for a moment, before I sit down, to the rather remarkable phraseology of the toast. I have heard lawyers abused on many occasions. In the midst of strife we certainly are most active participants. But you apply the phrase to us: "Blessed are the peacemakers!" Well, now, I believe that is true. I believe that if you will devote yourself assiduously enough, and long enough, to our profession, it will result in perfect peace. [Laughter.] But you never knew —did you?—a lawsuit, if it was prosecuted vigorously enough and lasted long enough, where at the end there was anything left for the parties to quarrel over. [Continued laughter.]

Mr. President, I shall not weary your patience longer. This long program of toasts is not yet exhausted. The witching hour of midnight is not far off, and yet there are many statesmen, there are many lawyers, there are many merchants who are yet to be heard from, and so it is time I should take my seat, exhorting you to do justice always to the profession of the law. [Loud applause.]

THE PILGRIM MOTHERS

Speech of Joseph H. Choate at the seventy-fifth anniversary banquet of the New England Society, in the city of New York, December 22, 1880. James C. Carter, president of the society, was in the chair, and said by way of introduction: "I have here a toast to 'The Wives and Daughters of New England' coupled with the name of a gentleman very familiar to you; but I hesitate a little about having him speak for them, without first consulting the husbands and fathers. So I will give you 'The Pilgrim Mothers,' and call upon Mr. Joseph Choate to respond."

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:—

As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman:
Though she bends him, she obeys him;
Though she draws him, yet she follows;
Useless each without the other.

I have no doubt, Mr. President, that it is in obedience to this most truthful sentiment of our New England poet that, to-night, your committee of arrangements have added the cord to the bow, so that, for the first time in the history of the Society, there might be a complete celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims. [Cheers.] I am not surprised, Mr. President, that you deem this subject so delicate a one for your rude hands to touch, or for your inexperienced lips to salute [laughter]; that you have left it to one who claims to be by nature and experience more gifted with knowledge of the subject. [Laughter.] And yet even I tremble at the task which you have assigned me. To speak for so many women at once is a rare and a difficult opportunity. It is given to most of the sons of the Pilgrims once only in a lifetime to speak for one woman. [Laughter.] Sometimes in rare cases of felicity, they are allowed to do so a second time; and if, by the gift of Divine Providence, it reaches to a third and a fourth, it is what very few of us can hope for. [Laughter and cheers.] And yet, sir, they will point out to you in one village of Connecticut a graveyard wherein repose the bones of a true son of the Pilgrims, surrounded by five wives who in succession had shared his lot, and he rests in the center, in serene felicity, with the epitaph upon the marble headstone that entombs him inscribed, "Our Husband." [Laughter.] Now, whose husband, sir, shall he be in the world to come, if it shall then turn out that Joseph Smith was not a true prophet? [Laughter.]

I really don't know, at this late hour, Mr. Chairman, how you expect me to treat this difficult and tender subject. I suppose, to begin with, I may take it up historically. There is no part of the sacred writings that has so impressed me as the history of the first creation of woman. I believe that no invasion of science has shaken the truth of that remarkable record—how Adam slept, and his best rib was taken from his side and transformed into the first woman. Thus, sir, she became the "sidebone" of man!—the sweetest morsel in his whole organism! [Laughter.] Why, sir, there is nothing within the pages of Sacred Writ that is dearer to me than that story. I believe in it as firmly as I do in that of Daniel in the den of lions, or Jonah in the whale's belly, or any other of those remarkable tales. [Laughter.] There is something in our very organism, sir, that confirms its truth; for if any one of you will lay his hand upon his heart, where the space between the ribs is widest, you feel there a vacuum, which nature abhors, and which nothing can ever replace until the dear creature that was taken from that spot is restored to it. [Cheers and laughter.] Now, Mr. Chairman, you, as a bachelor, may doubt the truth of that; but I ask you, just once, here and now, to try it. [Laughter.] Follow my example, sir, and place your hand just *there,* and see if you do not feel a sense of "gone-ness" which nothing that you have ever yet experienced has been able to satisfy. [Cheers and laughter.]

I might next take up the subject etymologically, and try to explain how woman ever acquired that remarkable name. But that has been done before me by a poet with whose stanzas you are not familiar, but whom you will recognize as deeply versed in this subject, for he says:—

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
  Old Adam called her woe-man,
But when she woo'd with love so kind,
  He then pronounced her woman.

But now, with folly and with pride,
  Their husbands' pockets trimming,
The ladies are so full of whims
  That people call them w(h)imen.

[Laughter and cheers.]

Mr. Chairman, I believe you said I should say something about the Pilgrim mothers. Well, sir, it is rather late in the evening to venture upon that historic subject. But, for one, I pity them. The occupants of the galleries will bear me witness that even these modern pilgrims—these Pilgrims with all the modern improvements—how hard it is to put up with their weaknesses, their follies, their tyrannies, their oppressions, their desire of dominion and rule. [Laughter.] But when you go back to the stern horrors of the Pilgrim rule, when you contemplate the rugged character of the Pilgrim fathers, why, you give credence to what a witty woman of Boston said—she had heard enough of the glories and virtues and sufferings of the Pilgrim fathers; for her part, she had a world of sympathy for the Pilgrim mothers, because they not only endured all that the Pilgrim fathers had done, but they also had to endure the Pilgrim fathers to boot. [Laughter.] Well, sir, they were afraid of woman. They thought she was almost too refined a luxury for them to indulge in. Miles Standish spoke for them all, and I am sure that General Sherman, who so much resembles Miles Standish, not only in his military renown but in his rugged exterior and in his warm and tender heart, will echo his words when he says:—

I can march up to a fortress, and summon the place to surrender,
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.
I am not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,
But of a thundering "No!" point-blank from the mouth of a woman,
That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it.

Mr. President, did you ever see a more self-satisfied or contented set of men than these that are gathered at these tables this evening? I never come to the Pilgrim dinner and see these men, who have achieved in the various departments of life such definite and satisfactory success, but that I look back twenty or thirty or forty years, and see the lantern-jawed boy who started out from the banks of the Connecticut, or some more remote river of New England, with five dollars in his pocket and his father's blessing on his head and his mother's Bible in his carpetbag, to seek those fortunes which now they have so gloriously made. And there is one woman whom each of these, through all his progress and to the last expiring hour of his life, bears in tender remembrance. It is the mother who sent him forth with her blessing. A mother is a mother still—the holiest thing alive; and if I could dismiss you with a benediction to-night, it would be by invoking upon the heads of you all the blessing of the mothers that we left behind us. [Prolonged cheers.]

PEACE BETWEEN NATIONS

Speech of Joseph H. Choate, at a banquet given in his honor by the Associated Chambers of Commerce, London, March 15, 1899. The president, Sir Stafford Northcote, was in the chair. The toast, "Our Guests," to which Mr. Choate responded, was proposed by Mr. G. T. Harper.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—In the first place let me protest against the unequaled manner in which the response to this toast has been assigned. That I, a total stranger among you, should have been called upon to respond to it in priority to the Lord Chief Justice of England—at whose feet I have sat, at a great distance off [laughter], and whose example I have vainly tried to follow—that I should have been called upon to speak before him overwhelms me with embarrassment. Then another thing I would have you understand, which is that I feel that when the British lion is about to roar, even the American eagle should hold his peace. [Cheers and laughter.] When I received, before I left America, a very kind note from Sir

Stafford Northcote, inviting me to attend this banquet of the Associated Chambers of Commerce of England—realizing as I did that this company would embody the whole might of the commerce of Great Britain [cheers], I felt that I ought to accept it in the same cordial spirit in which it was given. [Cheers.] To be sure, I am not at liberty to discuss British commerce; my general instructions from my Government are not to speak about political questions, and only on extraordinarily festal occasions. [Laughter.] I am sure that your manifestations bring this occasion within the latter clause. [Laughter.] I was assured by my President that this Association in all its doings was absolutely non-political.

I have read one or two of your publications—not all through [laughter]—I take the liberty to skip the figures, statistics, and most of the speeches [laughter]—but I read what Lord Salisbury said to you two years ago, that the first duty of the Government for which he then spoke—was the maintenance of British interests and of British obligations; and what is there in that which commerce does not embrace? Truly commerce is the mainstay of the British Empire, and I was glad to hear from the rear-admiral that the sole object of maintaining your splendid fleets and splendid armies is to preserve peace for the encouragement of commerce. [Cheers.] But I felt that, anyway, I might properly and with all modesty avail myself of this occasion—the first public occasion to which I was invited on my arrival[1]—of expressing the appreciation of my countrymen, of the forbearance, the good-will and the friendship which have been manifested to them so freely by the people of this country. [Cheers.] It is true that peace between the United States and Great Britain is the first interest, not only of these two nations, but of the rest of the world together. [Cheers.] I have to express my gratitude for the cordial greeting which I have received since my landing, from all sorts and conditions of men. ["Hear! Hear!"] Everywhere I have been treated as a friend and brother and as a representative of your friends and brothers. [Cheers.]

I find that England never fails to practice what she preaches;

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[1] To fill the office of American Ambassador to Great Britain.

and this open door I have found was broadly open in such a way and to such an extent as would satisfy, I have no doubt, the yearnings even of the rear-admiral who has swung the circuit of the globe to find it. [Cheers and laughter.] I have read carefully the speeches which he made in the various hemispheres which he has visited [laughter], and I find that he is a good deal troubled, not about the open door but about the people inside and behind the open door. He has said many times that there is no such great difficulty in getting or holding the door open as there is in managing the people inside the door, who, as he has often said, have really no capacity to take care of themselves [laughter]; but I have found, so far as my observation and experience go—extending over only two weeks [laughter]—that the people inside or behind the door which has been thrown open to me are not only capable of taking care of themselves but of nearly all the rest of mankind together. [Laughter.] I think I may say, as testimony and as witness of the good feeling which is sought to be encouraged on our side of the water, that the President gave, as I thought, the best illustration of it when he said in my letter of credence that he relied with confidence upon my constant endeavor during my stay in this country, to promote the interests and prosperity of both nations. [Cheers.] And then I want to take issue with Lord Charles Beresford on one further point, and that is that I have found not only the open door, but that I am able to combine with it a new and enlarged sphere of influence ["Hear! Hear!" and laughter]—a sphere of influence in this era of good feeling peculiarly open to the American people and its representatives; for in this cordial and overflowing demonstration of brotherhood which greets me, what is there that either of us could ask from the other, that we should ask amiss? [Loud cheers.] I beg you not to mistake my meaning in what I have said. I do not believe that although friends we shall ever cease to be rivals in the future as we have been in the past. ["Hear! Hear!"] We on our part and you on yours will still press every advantage that we can fairly take, but it shall be a generous and a loyal rivalry, and all questions, disputes, controversies that may arise—may we not all say so?—shall be settled by peaceful means [cheers], by negotiation, by arbitration, by any possible and every possible means, except that of war. [Loud cheers.] I want to say one word more about this state of good feeling that prevails among us, and of which we are all so proud. It is not new sentiment; it is as old almost as the existence of the Republic. It is now eighty-four years since the last armed conflict between the United States and Great Britain came to an end, and any of you present who are old enough to remember that [laughter] will recall that that conflict of three years ended by a sort of petering-out process, and that no question upon which either side had taken up arms was settled by means of war; showing that between brothers war is the worst possible means of settling any controversy. [Cheers.] But then, during these eighty-four years, what tremendous questions we have had, what heated words, what threatened demonstrations on both sides, and yet while those questions were such as would inevitably have brought any other two nations into open and frequent conflict, they have all been arranged and adjusted between us without even a resort to arms. [Cheers.]

Look at some of those questions—the Oregon boundary, the Northeast boundary, the Confederate cruisers, the *Trent* seizure—what one of those would not between other nations have given rise to war? And even at last this little unpleasantness about Venezuela. [Laughter.] I am glad, gentlemen, that we can laugh at that now. ["Hear! Hear!"] You know that on our side of the water we love occasionally to twist the British lion's tail [laughter], for the mere sport of hearing him roar. [Renewed laughter.] That time he disappointed us—he would not roar at all. ["Hear! Hear!"] He sat as silent and as dumb as the Sphinx itself, and by dint of mutual forbearance, of which I have no doubt you claim the lion's share [laughter], only by virtue of your national emblem, by our sober second thought aiding your sober first thought, we averted everything but a mere war of words. [Cheers.] And now the Chief Justice of the United States [Melville W. Fuller] and an ex-President of the United States [Benjamin Harrison] are shortly coming over to Paris in connection with similar great representatives of your own jurists to settle that vexed question which has agitated the remote and obscure corners of the world.

Before I sit down I should like to refer to two or three events which have happened since I have been in England, which are illustrations of this era of good feeling. Something happened here that I read a great deal about in the newspapers, which was talked about as a great crisis, and when the first fresh breeze blew away the fog,—which is one of the ornaments of your town [laughter]—that crisis had disappeared by means of peaceful diplomacy. ["Hear! Hear!"] That is what we in America want to imitate and learn; and that is the kind of diplomacy which I, just entering upon the diplomatic career, desire very much to extend. For I am fresh enough to believe that if these two countries labor together for peace and unite their voices in demanding it, it is almost sure in every case. [Cheers.] Peace is our paramount interest, and it is also yours; and I would like to quote my President again, for the last words I heard from him were that the United States were to-day on better terms with every nation upon the face of the earth than they had ever been before. [Cheers.]

I do not know that I ought to say anything more about our country. ["Go on."] America, our young republic, has had a great deal to do during the last hundred years; she has had to subdue a continent, and to convert the wilderness from the Atlantic to the Pacific into a smiling and healthy garden. That business has pretty nearly been finished off. ["Hear! Hear!"] And so last year your Brother Jonathan started out to see the world. [Laughter.] He put on, not his seven-league boots, but his seven hundred-league boots, and planted his footsteps on the islands of the sea. [Cheers.] And what gigantic strides he made! To Hawaii, Manila, and another step would have brought him to Hong Kong. [Laughter and cheers.] Our interests in commerce differ from those of England, not in kind but in degree only. [Cheers.] And it is certainly by a common purpose and a united voice that we can command peace everywhere for the mutual support of the commerce of the two countries. [Cheers.]

Now, gentlemen, let me say one word more—a serious word —in illustration of this happy union which now prevails between our two nations. I should not be satisfied myself if I resumed my seat without referring to that universal expression of grief and disappointment which overcame the American people at the sudden and untimely death of Lord Herschell. Lord Herschell sacrificed his life in the common service of both nations. [Cheers.] I first had the pleasure of meeting him nearly twenty years ago, when he was Solicitor-General, at the house of Lord Frederick Cavendish, who was soon afterwards enrolled in the noble army of martyrs. I have watched his career ever since with that admiration and that adoration which all lawyers, I think, felt for him. The American Bar has followed in his footsteps—has read his opinions, has admired his judicial work; and when he came over as chief representative of England on the Commission, which was to settle all disputes between the two countries, the nation felt that it must put forth its best faculties to meet him, and so the event did prove. [Cheers.] He maintained the trust committed to him with infinite zeal and absolute fidelity, and when he fell the obsequies which were performed over him in the Capitol at Washington, in the presence of the President, and of all the great officials of the nation, were as sincere and as sacred as those which will be celebrated in a few days by his own countrymen in Westminster Abbey. But this union is not confined to these two limited countries, if I may speak of England as a limited country. We have had another event in the last two weeks which has provoked an emotion unspeakable on every continent and in every land where the English language is spoken, and in the heart of every man and woman. I refer to the sudden, startling and almost fatal illness and the happy recovery of Rudyard Kipling. [Cheers.] Somehow or other he had reached the hearts, I think, of more English-speaking men, women and children of the world than any other living writer. He was cherished equally in the palaces of Queens and Emperors, and in the cabins of the poor; and when the sorrowful tidings went out—borne to all quarters of the globe—of his sad condition, the response came back to him, which if he has now been able to read it, must have thrilled his heart with gratitude and pride.

Gentlemen, we are almost one people. [Loud cheers.] What I say is, let our voices always be lifted together for the cause of human progress and the advance of civilization; and take my word for it, if that can always be followed, law and order and peace and freedom—which are the wants of commerce all the world over—will prevail and the cause of humanity will be far advanced. [Loud cheers.]

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Speech of Joseph H. Choate, as presiding officer at the Harvard Alumni dinner, Cambridge, Mass., June 27, 1883. This was the year of General Benjamin F. Butler's incumbency of the governorship of Massachusetts, when the honorary degree of LL.D., which it had been customary for Harvard to confer upon each new Governor of the State, was withheld. Governor Butler's presence at the dinner, in accordance with custom, heightened the interest in the occasion.

Brethren of the Alumni:—I hardly know how to begin. My head swims when I look down from the giddy and somewhat dangerous elevation to which you have unwittingly raised me. Here have I been seated for the last hour between the two horns of a veritable dilemma. [Laughter.] On the one side the President of the University [cheers], on the other His Excellency the Governor of Massachusetts [applause], whom today we welcome to the hospitalities of Harvard. [Prolonged applause.] As to our worthy President—you all know him—you know how he strikes—always from the shoulder—a true Harvard athlete, and how idle it is for any ordinary alumnus to contend with him. [Applause.] And as to his Excellency, a long professional observation and some experience of him have taught me that he, too, like the President, is a safe man to let alone—*Experto credite. Quantus in clypeum assurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam.* Well, I assure you I have found it a most safe and comfortable seat. I have got along splendidly with both by agreeing exactly to everything that each of them has said. [Laughter.] For you know the horns of a dilemma, however perilous they may be to their victims, never can come in conflict with each other. [Laughter.] And so, directly between them, if you take care to hold on, as I have done, tight to each, you are sure to find safety and repose. [Laughter.] *Medio tutissimus ibis.* I accept it as a happy omen—prophetic, let us hope, of that peace and harmony which shall govern this meeting to its close. [Applause.]

And now, brethren, I am at a loss whether to thank you or not for the honor you have done me in calling me to preside on this occasion, for it was only when the alumni of Harvard had lost their head that they invited me to supply its place. [Laughter.] I sincerely regret the absence from this chair to-day of that distinguished gentleman who should have occupied it, in deference to your wishes, expressed by your ballots. [Applause.] His character, his eloquence, and his lifelong loyalty to Harvard, would have graced and adorned the occasion, and we all lament his absence. But though the association of the alumni is for the moment without a head, Harvard College still lives, and to-day is younger and fresher, more vigorous and more powerful, than ever before. [Applause.]

With the pious devotion of elder children, we have come up here to-day to attend upon our venerable *alma mater* in the hour of her annual travail [laughter], and gather about her couch with patient reverence to witness the birth of the latest addition to the family, those two hundred and five new pledges of her never failing and ever renewing creative power. [Laughter.] We wish them Godspeed on that journey of life which they have to-day so auspiciously begun. [Applause.] The degree conferred upon them this morning is an assurance to the world that they start in the race with more or less learning—some of them a good deal more, and some of them a good deal less. [Laughter.] But let us hope that every man of them has got and carries away with him what is better than all their learning, and what it has been our boast to believe, that the training of Harvard has always tended to cultivate, an honest and manly character, a hatred of all shams and humbugs [prolonged applause], an earnest purpose to make the most of themselves, and to serve their times as men, and their country as good citizens and patriots. [Applause.]

I think we may well congratulate each other upon the dignified and proud attitude which Harvard University now presents to the country and to the world [applause], and that she has made more real and lasting progress in the last fifteen years than in any prior period of her history [applause]—a progress due in large measure to the hopeful wisdom and tireless energy of President Eliot. [Enthusiastic applause and cheers.] He found here a local college whose administration, whose standard, whose system, had undergone no radical change for generations; and to-day he presents her to the world a great and national university, and the national features and relations of Harvard are now its most striking and attractive ones. No State—not even Massachusetts—can any longer appropriate her. [Applause.] No city—not even Boston—can any longer claim her for its own. [Applause.] She belongs henceforth to the whole country, and is justly regarded at home and abroad as the one typical American university. [Applause.] Perhaps we of the alumni who live in other and distant parts of the country can appreciate this change better than those of you whose lives are spent almost within the shadow of her elms. The tide is setting toward Harvard across the whole continent. Her examinations, carried first to New York, and then to Cincinnati, and then to Chicago, and at last to the Pacific coast, have raised the standard of education and the quality of the schools throughout the whole country [applause]; and this influence is yearly increasing. And the diplomas of her professional schools now carry into all the States an assurance of new and increased fitness for the commencement of professional life. [Applause.]

The best test of your success, Mr. President, is that other colleges are rapidly beginning to adopt and accept your system and your reforms. Even the meager little that Harvard has yet done for the education of women, is beginning to bear fruit elsewhere. [Applause.] To-day, Columbia, forced by the pressure of public opinion, with tardy and reluctant hand is beginning to dole out to women a few stale and paltry crumbs that fall from the bountiful table in distant imitation of the Harvard Annex. [Applause.] Of course Harvard will by and by do a great deal more for them than she has done yet [applause], and Madam Boylston, who alone of her sex has held her solitary place on these walls for nearly a century, among these shades of learned men, looks down upon me with smiling approval when I say that somehow or other, sooner or later, Harvard will yet give the women a better chance for education, as Cambridge and Oxford have already done. [Applause.]

No enumeration, Mr. President, of the glories of Harvard would be quite complete which omitted to refer to the athletic development of these latter days. Voltaire wrote to Helvetius: "The body of an athlete and the soul of a sage are what we require to be happy." How prophetic of to-day's curriculum at Harvard! [Laughter.] To-morrow at New London will put our muscle and our mettle to the test. Let us pray for the pluck and the wind and the bottom of the Harvard crew. [Laughter and applause.]

I must not prolong these pleasing bits of eloquence [laughter], or else his Excellency will begin to expect that we sons of Harvard think a little too much of ourselves. [Laughter.] Nothing could be farther from the truth than that. [Laughter and applause.] Yet I need not assure him, because he knows it already, that it is our true boast that an overweening modesty is the leading Harvard attribute. [Laughter.] But let me before closing refer to one or two special incidents of the day. It is now two hundred and forty-five years since John Harvard died at Charlestown, bequeathing his fair name, his library and the half of his estate to the infant college in the wilderness, then just struggling into existence and matriculating its first freshman class of nine. He surely builded wiser than he knew; he died all unconscious of the immortality of glory that awaited him, for it was not till after his death that the General Court voted, in recognition of his generous gifts, to change the name of the little college at Newton to Harvard College. And now, after eight generations of graduates have been baptized in his name, a pious worshiper at his shrine, turning his face toward Mecca, has presented to the alumni a bronze statue of our prophetic founder, which is to be erected at the head of the delta, and to stand for coming ages as the guardian genius of the college. [Applause.] Let me read the letter which precedes the gift, and I will say that the writer and the giver, a gentleman here present, from whom and to whom I hope we shall hear more by and by, is Mr. Samuel J. Bridge, of Boston. The letter is as follows:—

To the President and Fellows of Harvard College:

Gentlemen,—I have the pleasure of offering you an ideal statue in bronze representing your founder, the Rev. John Harvard, to be designed by Daniel C. French, of Concord, and to be placed in the west end of the enclosure in which Memorial Hall stands. If you do me the honor to accept this offer, I propose to contract at once for the work, including an appropriate pedestal, and I am assured that the statue can be in place by June 1, 1884. I am, with much respect,

SAMUEL J. BRIDGE.

[The reading of the letter was followed by loud applause, which became more enthusiastic when Mr. Bridge rose in his place on the platform and bowed his acknowledgments.]

I am sure, gentlemen, that I can assure the generous donor, in your name, of the hearty thanks of all the alumni of the college, those who are here to-day and those who are scattered throughout the country and the world. [Applause.]

Other generous gifts commemorate this occasion—a marble bust of General William F. Bartlett [prolonged applause and cheers], of the class of 1862—a hero, if God ever made one [applause], a martyr who was fourteen years dying for his country of wounds that he bore for her—is placed in this hall to-day to stay as long as marble shall endure in the fit company of heroes and martyrs to whom its walls are dedicated. [Applause.] Colonel Henry Lee, by and by, will formally present it to you, and also a bust of Ralph Waldo Emerson, sacred forever within these walls. [Applause.] Surely, if Harvard had never produced anything but Emerson, she would have been entitled to a front rank among the great universities. [Applause.]

But, brethren, I know you are all impatient to hear those you have come to hear. [Applause.] You cannot wait any longer, I am sure, to hear from our excellent President his annual message of comfort and distress. [Laughter and applause.] He will tell you all that the College in the last year has done for you, and all that you in return in the year to come are expected to do for the College. [Laughter and applause.] It will also be your privilege to hear from the people of Massachusetts, as represented in the person of his Excellency the Governor [prolonged applause and cheers], who has come here to-day by the invitation of the President and Fellows, which he accepted in deference to an ancient custom not easily to be broken. [Applause and laughter.] You all remember, gentlemen, that intimate and honorable alliance that has existed between the College and the State for nearly two centuries, out of tender regard for which tradition assures us that every Commencement, beginning with that of 1642, has been graced by the presence of the Governor of the Commonwealth. [Applause.] And, for one I hope the day may be far, very far, distant when the Governor of Massachusetts shall fail to be welcomed on Commencement day within the walls of Harvard. [Prolonged applause.] In the name of Massachusetts we greet him, remembering, as we may fitly remember in this place sacred to heroic deeds, that it was he who, at the call of Andrew, led the advanced guard of Massachusetts, in which certain sons of Harvard were a part, to the rescue and the relief of the besieged capital [applause]; that Lincoln set his seal upon that service by commissioning their commander as a major-general of the United States [applause], and that it did not need that diploma to prove that he bore, and they followed to the front, the ancient standard of Massachusetts, in the spirit of Sidney's motto, which the State has made its own—*Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.*

And now, gentlemen, I give you the first regular toast, "Our Beloved *alma mater*," and I propose with it the health of the head of her great family, President Eliot, who will now address you to your lasting benefit. [Loud applause.]

THE BRITISH LION AND THE AMERICAN EAGLE

Address delivered upon Mr. Choate's return from Europe after serving as the Ambassador of the United States to Great Britain, —at the dinner of the Chamber of Commerce, New York, November 21, 1905.

Mr. President and Brethren of the Chamber of Commerce:—For, by your kind partiality, I, too, am a member of this great body. This most cordial reception which you have given me, this applause with which you have overwhelmed me, of which I hold myself wholly undeserving, has completely driven from my head all that I intended to say [laughter]; but I have done the next best thing—my friend, Pierpont Morgan, has lent me his notes with the understanding that they are to be honored at maturity and not to be returned. [Laughter.] So I feel fairly well fortified at the start. I did hope to escape this moment. This is the third time within the last thirty days that I have been called upon to address this great Chamber of Commerce, but the relentless hand of your President has allowed no escape, no possibility of escape, and I am here reluctantly from my extreme modesty to respond to this toast of "England and America. The British Lion and the American Eagle." I can take all that I have to say on this subject from this magnificent frontispiece upon the menu which some distinguished artist has prepared for this occasion—you have seen it; here is the goddess that represents commerce, holding out her arms in benediction over the British Lion and the American Eagle. Did you ever see such a peaceful lion? [Laughter.] Did you ever hear of such a tame eagle? [Laughter.] Well, they have been nourished and prepared for this occasion. The beast of prey and the wildest of birds! See to what they have been reduced. For the purposes of this occasion, that they might lie down peacefully together they have been furnished with nothing to feed upon but pineapples, bananas and grapes. [Laughter.] What wonder then that for the moment they are peacefully inclined. But I notice that one keeps a sharp eye upon the dome of the Capitol at Washington, and the other, with his paw extended, is ready to go to the relief and rescue of the Parliament Building at Westminster, each keeping a jealous watch upon his own capitol. And yet here they are, and this is my text. Here they are lying down peacefully together, and under their protection the goddess of commerce is achieving her victories all the world round. [Applause.] I am entirely at a loss to understand how the President of the Chamber of Commerce could have lavished upon me praises so wholly undeserved. I disavow the considerable share that he imputes to me in that magnificent state of good feeling that now prevails between ourselves and the mother country. Why, they have been growing together for the last ten years, and every revolving year has brought them nearer and nearer together.

I think during the last week there was a demonstration in this city and country which must carry home to the minds of our friends across the water the conviction that the peace that exists between these two countries is never likely to be broken. [Applause.] It is upon the united action of these two great nations in peaceful employments that the peace of the whole world depends, and we did not too freely lavish upon the visitors who have just left our shores, Rear Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg and the officers of his squadron, demonstrations of affection from all of our people who came in contact with them.

When I look around me upon this sea of upturned faces, all sober [laughter], all earnest, all devoted to this cause of which I am now speaking, of peace between these two great English-speaking nations of the world, I am satisfied that here, in this body, in this very company, that represents the wealth, the commerce, the patriotism of this nation, we have a guarantee of the preservation and perpetuation of that peace. [Applause.] The Chamber of Commerce—I wish I could give you a realizing sense of the good that it did by the visit of its representatives to London while it was my good fortune to be residing there as Ambassador, and of the lasting impression which your representatives made upon the entire community to which you sent them. From the King and Queen at Windsor, who received them so cordially, when they went as the real representatives of the life and vigor of this nation, from the countless societies and associations who received them with honor, from their fellow Chamber of Commerce in London, which welcomed them at a banquet such as I have hardly seen excelled in splendor and cordiality, there was one uninterrupted, unbroken manifestation of welcome and applause that should make the Chamber of Commerce proud of its existence for all time. [Applause.] And when your President addressed them, when he told as he told so plainly, and at the same time so eloquently, of their friendly and loyal disposition, and of the real common interest that bound the two countries together, he spoke words which have not yet been and will not soon be forgotten in London. That banquet at which your representatives, whose quality, I think, was a surprise to the people of that commercial metropolis, were entertained by the Chamber of Commerce of London, has really become historical.

It was there that Lord Lansdowne, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, gave them that noble welcome, and it was at the close of that welcome that he uttered this sentiment: "The President of the United States will in the years that lie before us be not only in his own country, but in the world, a potent influence for the good of the human race." [Great applause.]

Within a few short weeks of the utterance of that sentiment the president for the time being, of whom he spoke, fell by the hand of an assassin. But the King never dies, and the president never dies, and what he said on that occasion has been exemplified with marvelous force by the important work of our present President. [Great applause and cheering.]

How truly he has been "a potent influence for the good of the human race!" Seldom does it fall to the lot of any man—any president, any king, any emperor, to render to mankind the service that it has been his good and great fortune to render during the past year. [Applause.] When the part that he had in bringing about the peace that terminated that frightful war, which was ravaging the other end of the world, when that comes to be known—if it ever does become fully known—it will be seen that he deserves the name of Peacemaker, as greatest of all his titles. [Applause.]

And now what shall I say of the mission of this Chamber? The mission of this Chamber of Commerce? Chamber of Peace; Chamber of Conciliation—not only between this nation and the nation from which we sprang, but with all the nations of the world. How gloriously it has fulfilled its mission! For one hundred and thirty-seven years—is it, Mr. President?—for one hundred and thirty-seven years, it has filled its place in this community. For all that time—four generations of men—it has done what in it lay to promote the commerce and necessarily with the commerce to promote and advance the peace of the world. Peace is inseparable from commerce, and commerce fails the moment that peace fails. I know not how you regard the career of this Chamber, but it does seem to me that it is one of those bodies that reflect ever new and growing credit upon the city and the country, of which it is a noble representative. [Applause.]

I think it would bear investigation [laughter] by any legislature [laughter], by any committee [laughter], by any examining counsel under calcium light, who might probe to the bottom the facts of its history from its beginning until now, and not one flaw in its record be discovered. [Cries of "good."] I hope that the history of this Chamber of Commerce, for this last one hundred and thirty-seven years will sometime be fully written. There will not be found a single blemish upon it. There will be nothing but devotion to the prosperity and the welfare of the city, the State and the Nation. [Applause.]

There is no need for me to recall the great things with which this Chamber of Commerce has been identified. One of the greatest, one of the last, one of the best, is what it has accomplished in the way of relieving and extending, and making possible, and successful, the marvelous traffic of this wonderful city. [Applause.] This subway, which is very largely its work, has made possible the development of this city on a scale that never has before been dreamed of. I will not recite the names of the members of this body, who have been so largely instrumental in bringing about this wonderful result, a result which, now that it is done, as is already manifest, is only the beginning of what they have yet to accomplish. [Applause.] One would have supposed that when this subway, which was so largely the work of the members of this Chamber, was opened, that there would be no more any fear of any need in the future of enlarging our facilities of transportation. And what is already manifest? You find it choked and crowded at every hour of the day, and a constant demand for still new and enlarged facilities. It is not possible to keep up, apparently, with the growth of this wonderful city, which is only developed and magnified by every introduction of new means of progress and transportation within it. Too much credit cannot possibly be given to the skill, the energy, the enterprise, which this Chamber has contributed in carrying through that great enterprise. It is only one of the great things to which this Chamber and its leading members are entitled to credit. So far as I can see there is no graft in this Chamber. [Laughter.] There is no possibility of anybody making anything out of this Chamber; but it has always devoted itself with unerring skill and wisdom to the development of the resources of the city and the Nation. Its voice is potent on every great public question, and, so far as I have observed, it never fails to make that voice known on every critical question.

Much as it has done in the past there is vastly more for it to do in the future. Let me refer to one subject only—the development of American commerce, which is itself your peculiar duty and mission. I wish that all the members of Congress who have to vote on the question could visit the ports of Europe and Asia and Africa and South America, and search for the American flag. They would find it now and then on a squadron, on a ship of war, under the command of my friend Admiral Coghlan, or some of his brave assistants. [Applause.] They would find it now and then on a yacht that Mr. Morgan [laughter] or some other of our great yacht owners might be navigating to the uttermost corners of the world. But as for its having any share in the carrying on of our foreign commerce, why all that is yet a thing of the future. [Applause.] Something has got to be done to restore our flag to the seas where it belongs [great applause] and for one, I think the voice of this Chamber will always be potent in demanding that that something shall be done. [Great applause.] I do not know that it is to be. There I tread on dangerous ground. [Laughter.] Some people would like to have every American entitled to the right, that the Englishman enjoys, of securing a ship wherever he honestly can, and putting the American flag over it. [Great applause.] Other people can see no better use to which a little of the money in our National Treasury can be put than supporting by subventions and subsidies American ships, which shall answer for the service of the American people. [Great applause.] For one, I believe that this people will not be satisfied until, for the great transmission of their thousands of millions, is it, Mr. President?—thousands of millions of exports and imports they have to rely, not on the English flag, or the Dutch flag, or the Irish flag [laughter], or the Swedish flag, but are made certain that under our own Stars and Stripes our business can be done. [Great applause.]

But you see, as I said when I got up, gentlemen, I have nothing to say. I feel immensely grateful personally for that cordial manifestation of good-will which you have shown to me. One of the greatest delights of my return to this country was to find how my countrymen everywhere, and especially in this city of New York, how glad they were to see me at home again. [Applause.]

And so, Mr. President, I won't occupy any more of your time. There are a great many things that I should like to say to you.

[Cries of "Go on. Go on."]

How can you urge me to go on when it is time for me to go off? How can you urge me to go on when all these distinguished gentlemen are here—the Governor of the State of Virginia, and my friend and colleague, General Porter [applause and cheers], who has done far more than ever I had the opportunity of doing, in the splendid position that he occupied in France, for the protection of American commerce—how can you ask me to go on when all these gentlemen are waiting and burning to address you!

Mr. Morgan's notes are not yet exhausted. [Laughter.] I never felt so rich; I never expected to feel so rich. Why, they would support me, those notes in my pocket, and in my head, if I were to talk to you until your next annual celebration in 1906. It is hard to let go; I enjoy the feeling of having them as my vouchers. [Prolonged laughter.]

But there is a time for all things. I have had my time, and now I shall give way to General Porter, my colleague, who is equally entitled to his. [Applause.]

FAREWELL TO AMBASSADOR BRYCE

Address given at the dinner of the Pilgrims in honor of Ambassador Bryce, on April 25, 1913.

Gentlemen:—In the presence of His Excellency—of Their Excellencies—all these Ambassadors who have heretofore enjoyed that title—I think I ought to begin by making, on behalf of the committee that had this dinner in charge, an humble apology for his omission, that they have not furnished you—that they haven't furnished Their Excellencies—with the new imperishable diplomatic beverage—the unfermented grape juice.

[Laughter and applause.] How long it is warranted to remain unfermented after being taken, I do not know. [Renewed laughter.]

But our committee have a good excuse—the news came too late. It was only this morning that they learned from the press of all sorts—that are all so dear to us—that the Department of State had prescribed it and that all the ambassadors had received and drunk it in bumpers with great applause. [Laughter and applause.]

But I can promise Mr. Bryce that when he cames back again —and certainly he is coming back again—[Cries of "Hear, hear," and applause]—we will give him full bumpers of this new beverage, and he shall find it a beverage that will never ferment.

It is a thousand pities that Mr. Bryce is going away from us now—now in these perilous days of the Republic; now when the American Commonwealth, which he thought—which he evidently thought—he had finished in the last edition, is going all to pieces and nobody knows what is to come next. I am sure that he will have to publish hereafter an annual "American Commonwealth." [Laughter.] If he will promise us that, so as to keep us up-to-date with ourselves, we will forgive him for going away; because our country moves so fast, like his own country, that its history which was perfect a year ago is just now in the beginning of the making. There has been no such observer of us as Mr. Bryce for the last twenty-five years, and when he gets across the Pacific he will know no more about what is going on in Washington, in New York, in Albany, than he does of what is going on on the back side of the Antarctic. Why, in Albany our political leaders have dreams—nightmares —that are not yet cold from the heat of the brain that evolved them, but are already being crystallized into organic law day by day and night by night. [Laughter.] What is going on in Washington I have asked both the gentlemen on my right and my left [Mr. Bryce and Mr. Walter Hines Page] who as I supposed, were well qualified, having just said good-by at the Capitol, and one starting for the Antipodes and the other for the shores of Great Britain, to tell me what was going on in our wonderful metropolis, but neither of them has the least idea.

[Laughter and applause.] But it is a very great thing that His Excellency Mr. Bryce has consented, in his gracious good humor, to give us the last night of his stay in America, as I might call it, and say his last farewell word to the people of America from the dining table of The Pilgrims, just as he said his first word when he landed on our shores more than six years ago. [Applause.]

This is not the first time that I have said good-by to Mr. Bryce, but this is positively his last appearance on any American stage. [Laughter.] Over and over again I have said it. But those were only dress-rehearsals. At the Century Club, at the New York Lawyers' Association, at the Genealogical Society, among all the assembled clerical world of America—but every time till now it was all only a rehearsal. This, however, is the real thing. "If you have tears prepare to shed them now." Some people laugh at The Pilgrims; they say we are only a sentimental body—amounting really to nothing; and that we have no real beginning or end. But these sentiments, of which some men are disposed to speak so lightly, especially if they are moral sentiments, sometimes grow and harden into fixed convictions and into that public opinion which, as Mr. Bryce has taught us, governs the world.

We have had one or two instances of this in our own history. Only in 1835 a citizen of Boston, who afterwards became one of the most celebrated citizens of the world, William Lloyd Garrison, was dragged through its streets with a rope around his body because he had just published the first number of the *Liberator*, which declared for the immediate liberation of the slaves. That was pure sentiment on his part. It was the worst kind of sentiment on the part of the people of Boston. But in 1863, in less than thirty years after that disgraceful spectacle, Lincoln signed the Proclamation of Emancipation of all the slaves, and Garrison lived to see his dream, his sentiment, realized and the whole object of his life accomplished. [Applause.]

So it was with the slave trade. I have forgotten the year when Wilberforce made his great speech in the House of Commons, up to which time a great part of England, and all of America, I might say, approved the slave trade. It was embodied in our Constitution which our honored fathers made that the slave trade should not be interfered with until 1808. But in less than fifty years from the time when Wilberforce spoke, the slave trade was prohibited by almost every civilized country. Great Britain and the United States entered into the Treaty of Ghent in 1814 which put an end to the last war between them, by which they agreed that each should do all in its power to put an end to that horrible traffic, and again in 1842 by the Ashburton Treaty they agreed to fit out a joint squadron, consisting of an equal number of armed vessels belonging to each to pursue the slave traders and put an end to that horrible relic of barbarism. So there was another instance of mere sentiment—moral sentiment—growing into universal public opinion and compelling justice to be done. Well, nobody thought any harm in 1842 in a squadron of the English navy and a squadron of the American navy standing side by side out in the ocean to put an end to that unspeakable inhumanity; and some of us, I think, may live to see the representatives of the same navies standing side by side to put an end to some other great wrong. [Great applause.] Thus then, of our sentiments, for which they deride us. And what is the sentiment on which The Pilgrims are founded?

Why, it is that the English-speaking race is one, that there never must be any quarrel, any bad faith, between those two great nations whose union for peace will secure the peace of the world. [Cries of "Hear, hear," and great applause.] It is another case of sentiment growing and waxing into public opinion which governs all mankind.

The abolition of unjust war is no more improbable to-day than the abolition of slavery or the abolition of the slave trade was at the date when those reforms were taken in hand. And, for one, I hope we shall never hesitate to work together for the good of mankind and to secure the common peace of all nations. [Renewed applause.] And I do not believe that the people of the United States are ever going to permit, at any rate, for any length of time permit, any action on the part of government, or president, or senate, that will tend to break the peace between Great Britain and the United States. [Vociferous applause.]

Now, Mr. Bryce, I have been putting off as far as I could what little I had to say in the way of good-by for fear I could not control myself. You and I were friends long before I went to England in 1899. You were among the first to greet me when I arrived there as a representative of the United States. All the years that I was there you and Mrs. Bryce were among our dearest and nearest friends, and, then, our tenure of office was almost identical—six years and three months; and in that six years and three months that you and Mrs. Bryce have been here that friendship has been renewed and continued and grown stronger and stronger. I believe, gentlemen, that Mr. Bryce has been a very great benefactor of the American people as well as of his own country. [Applause.] He has been a teacher of our youth, and many of you at this table are young enough to know how you learned from his books so much that was exalting and ennobling, and especially from his book on "The American Commonwealth"—how much you learned there that you could never have got from any other source. To the youth of this country he has been a constant living lesson. I believe we have got a university here for about every day in the year, and that Mr. Bryce has visited every one of them. He has lifted up the hearts and souls of those boys and young men all over the country, and all he has got for it is the satisfaction of doing a vast deal of good and carrying away some highly colored hoods and gowns, which he will carry home as trophies—and they are so numerous and so highly colored that Joseph's coat of many colors could not begin to compare with them. [Laughter.]

Mr. Bryce, we are terribly sorry to lose you. England has sent other ambassadors, she will send many other ambassadors, but there is and will be only one Bryce in the whole list. [Applause.] You have made the American people from the Atlantic to the Pacific love you, and not only that, but they know you. They do not need this photograph that is so beautifully illuminated here on our menu to-night to introduce you. You cannot go into any city, town or village without being recognized at once. They all know that is Mr. Bryce, the British Ambassador, and they have learned to love you and to honor you; and all through this land on Wednesday, when you sail away from San Francisco for the Antipodes, every American heart will be weeping with sorrow, sorry indeed that we are losing you. You are not going straight home to Great Britain, because you might come in conflict with our friend, Mr. Page, you might cross lines, you might strike the same iceberg; you are going around by way of China and Japan, and when you have made that circuit, so great a traveler have you been, that you will have visited all the sections of the habitable globe and may well exclaim then—"Creation's heir; the world, the world is mine."

Ladies and gentlemen, when Mr. Bryce gets back to England he will be the one person of whom all Americans will inquire immediately on arrival. [Applause.]

He will be a perpetual and lifelong memory. Since I have been back from England many Englishmen have come to see me and I have asked "Who is there you want to see?" And one of them would say one man, and another another, and another another, and another another; but from now on as long as you are on the footstool the first man they will inquire about on arriving in England is James Bryce, who was Ambassador to the United States. [Applause.]

Now, gentlemen, this is a peculiar dinner; we are to have only two speeches. What a sense of relief I see coming over so many faces! One of them you have had already, and I am to have the honor of presenting to you the one man whom you have come here to-night to honor, and after him, for a few minutes, the very distinguished gentleman on my left who is going for the next four years to represent us at the Court of Saint James. [Applause.] Now, Mr. Bryce, you have your opportunity; you want to tell these men how much you love them, these women how much you love them; and I can only say on the part of both that it is reciprocated mutually, cordially and most heartily. [Applause.]

Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor of presenting to you His Excellency the Honorable James Bryce, British Ambassador. [Tremendous applause, cheers and music; the assembled company rising and singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."]

CHAMP CLARK

NATIONAL GROWTH

This speech was given by Champ Clark (born 1850, died 1921) at the twenty-sixth annual dinner of the New York Southern Society held in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, on Saturday evening, December 16, 1911. The toastmaster in introducing the speaker said: "It would be supererogation if I should undertake to enter upon any eulogy of the gentlemen who are to speak here to-night. Their achievements, gentlemen, speak for themselves. I have therefore, only to present to you—and the highest eulogy I can give him is to introduce him as Speaker of the House of Representatives—the Honorable Champ Clark, of Missouri." Mr. Clark's speech, "On the Annexation of Hawaii," is given in Volume XI, and his introduction "Wit, Humor and Anecdote," in Volume XIV.

You came very near missing this part of this performance. This is the first time in the memory of the oldest inhabitant that the House of Representatives was in session every day for the first twelve days of a long session. It was still in session when I left there to-day. That shows that that House means business.

I suppose that political subjects are barred here—

THE TOASTMASTER: Not at all.

Well, you see, it is entirely too late to announce that now, because I have already fixed up a non-political speech.

A country's growth is the growth of all its parts, and every American worthy of the name, rejoices in the growth of his country in strength, intelligence, wealth, usefulness and honor, and he therefore rejoices in the growth of every particular part of it. North Dakota is interested in the size of the cotton crop, just as Florida is in the size of the wheat crop. The fishermen in New England are interested in the output of oranges in California, as the Californians are interested in the catch of fish in New England. The man who thinks that only the affairs of his own little neighborhood affect him and his prosperity and happiness is very blind indeed. We are all surrounded practically by the same circumstances, and we are traveling in the same boat to the same destiny. We have none of the spirit of the old man who prayed, "God bless me and my wife, and my son John, and his wife, us four, and no more." Such a man cannot enjoy the exhilaration of spirit as a citizen who feels equally at home in Martha's Vineyard and on Catalina Island, and takes an abiding interest in everything from Key West to Niagara Falls.

But we have not been reduced to a dead level of uniformity. The climate, altitude, the stock from which we sprang, and a multitude of circumstances, differentiate us, but, after all is said and done, the difference between American citizens is only the difference which has been characterized as that variety which is the spice of life that gives it all its flavor. That homogeneity of population which is absolutely necessary to a national spirit, and a unity of purpose, and a unity of action, never existed anywhere in the entire history of the human race to as great an extent as it does among us. Within the last seventy years our assimilative faculties have been put to a severe test to form, shape, and fashion the army of foreigners who have come among us, into American citizens, but, to their great credit be it said, that most of them have become useful citizens, and a great many of them eminent in the various walks of human endeavor. An American is an American, whether he hails from Arizona or from Maine, from Texas or from Rhode Island. Truly does Emerson say, "We live in a new and exceptional age." America is another word for opportunity. Our entire history appears like a last effort of divine Providence in behalf of the human race.

The civilization of a country can be measured almost precisely by the estimation in which the women are held. I shall always consider it among the greatest blessings of my life—and they have been numerous and rich—that when I was a lad attending Kentucky University, one of my teachers was Professor Joseph D. Shea Pickett, a cousin to that General Pickett who won immortal renown at Gettysburg. When Professor

Pickett was a young man, he traveled much in Europe, and was there a great deal in the company of an English duchess. When they came to separate she said, "Professor Pickett, I am astonished at your exceeding politeness, seeing that you come from a country where they have no queen." The courtly Kentuckian, bowing nearly to the ground, said, "Your Grace is mistaken. You live in a country where they have one queen, and I came from a country where every woman is a queen." And a finer sentiment was never uttered.

Just after the close of the Civil War, Admiral Farragut made the circle of the globe in his flagship. In every civilized country he was received with the honors due to a hero. When cruising through the Ægean Sea, he sent word to the Sultan of Turkey that he would like to call upon him and pay his respects. The Sultan sent word back that no battleship was permitted to pass the Dardanelles, unless it was commanded by a prince of the royal blood. That heated old Farragut's fighting blood to the boiling point, and he sent this message to the Sultan of Turkey, "I have on board my ship seven hundred American citizens, every one of whom is a prince of the blood royal in his own land. I am clearing my ship for action, and will call on you in force straightway." Suffice it to say that he had no trouble in anchoring in the Golden Horn.

A few years ago, a company of Americans were traveling in the Old World, and they had with them a boy about twelve years old. When they were among the pyramids of Egypt, the boy became weary and fell asleep. A wag thought he would have some fun with the boy, so he surrounded him with the grinning mummies of the dead Pharaohs and went up and blew a trumpet in imitation of Gabriel's horn. The boy awoke, and he did not know where he was, but the minute he laid his eyes on the mummies he flung his cap over his head and shouted, "Hooray, this is the Resurrection Morning, and an American is the first man up!" That is the kind of patriotism that I teach my children.

There is no tale out of the Arabian Nights that seems as incredible as the plain, unvarnished statement of the growth of America in population, in wealth, influence, and in every desirable respect. A century ago we were a fourth rate power, a negligible quantity in the world's calculations and plans, and now there isn't a Czar, Emperor, King, Prince or potentate on earth that does not lie awake o' nights inducing insomnia by pestering his head to find out what we are going to do next.

One hundred and ten years ago we had only 5,408,383 people. According to the last census we had 93,407,181, not counting the denizens of Guam and the Philippines, and, as far as I am individually concerned, I hope to God that that gang will never be counted as American citizens! They are not fit to be.

If our population increases at the same rate for the next one hundred and ten years, in the year 2020 we will have two billion citizens, which is about five hundred million more than there are supposed to be in the world to-day.

Two or three years ago, James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, said in a public speech that if the Mississippi Valley were cultivated for all it was worth, on the average, one acre of land would support one human being. That would give us one billion, two hundred and fifty million people between the top of the Rocky Mountains and the crest of the Alleghanies.

In the last one hundred and ten years the total wealth of the United States increased one hundred twenty-five fold, and it is now estimated by statisticians at the enormous sum of one hundred and twenty-five billions of dollars, which, if equally distributed, would give $1371 to every man, woman and child betwixt the two seas. If our wealth increases for the next one hundred and ten years at that rate, in the year 2020 the total wealth of this country will amount to fifteen trillion, six hundred and twenty-five billions of dollars, a sum so stupendous as to be incomprehensible by the mathematical powers of the human mind. There isn't a man in the crowd who has any idea what a trillion is.

In 1800 our territory was circumscribed by the Atlantic on the East, the Mississippi on the West, the Great Lakes on the North, and the Floridas on the South. It did not even extend to the Gulf of Mexico. Now it extends from the sunrise side of the continent in the East to nobody knows where in the West.

I want to make one parenthetical remark here, and that is that the hilarious patriots who began going about in 1898 saying that the Spanish War made us a world power were precisely ninety-five years behind the times. I will tell you when we became a world power. It was on the 30th day of April, 1803, when Thomas Jefferson bought from Napoleon, for a song, the Louisiana Territory. That was the greatest transaction in real estate ever suggested on this earth, and I never think of Thomas Jefferson without blessing him in his grave. If it hadn't been for him, men couldn't have lived where I live and be American citizens. It is a great thing to be a New Yorker, it is a great thing to be a Missourian, but the greatest of all is to be an American citizen. That was the greatest of all Thomas Jefferson's works. If he never had been born, somebody would have written the Declaration of Independence. It would not have had the majestic sweep of Jefferson's—no other state paper in the history of the world ever did have—but it would have sufficed. If he had never been born, somebody would have broken up the law of primogeniture, if he had never been born somebody would have founded the University of Virginia, but if he had not been elected President in 1800, we never would have owned a square foot of land west of the Mississippi River. John Adams and that crowd were opposed to the acquisition of that territory.

In 1800 we imported everything we used, almost, that could not be made on a farm, including bricks, and now we are competing with every nation under heaven for every species of trade known among men. We have even performed the condemned caper of sending coals to Newcastle, at a profit, and if we act with any sense in the next eight or nine years, in the year 2000 this country ought to be easily the commercial mistress of the world.

In 1800, a majority of the people in the United States could not read and write. According to the last census just about ten per cent are classed as illiterate. With our school facilities, public and private, it ought to be considered a disgrace for any American citizen under twenty years of age, in the year 2000, to be unfamiliar with the rudiments of an English education.

In 1800 we had about a dozen so-called colleges in the United States, every one of them in imminent danger of dying of what the doctors called anæmia, which is poverty of the blood. And now 800,000 ambitious boys and girls are preparing themselves for the honors and important duties of American citizenship at five hundred well equipped colleges and universities, to say nothing of high schools and academies.

In the year 1800 churches were like angels' visits, few and far between, and the advent of the preacher into the community, or the priest, was the event of the season, and sometimes of the year; and now the average citizen lives within less than four miles of a place of worship, and preachers are as thick as candidates in a Democratic primary in New York City.

And these things are not to be despised, even by statesmen, for King Solomon, the wisest man that ever lived, and one of my prime favorites, says, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." The contemplation of these astounding figures as to our growth makes even our hard-headed, unimaginative man dizzy to contemplate, by the eye of fate, what this puissant republic will be in the days that are to come.

Heretofore the greater part of the growth has been in the North. It does not require the powers of divination of the greatest of major prophets to predict, with something approximating accuracy, that while all parts of the country will, in all probability, grow for centuries to come, the greatest growth hereafter will be in the southern portion of it, for the all-sufficient reason that there is more room for growth there, with our wonderful physical resources scarcely touched as yet, with a soil so rich that it only needs to be tickled with a hoe to smile with a bounteous harvest, with our land selling for not more than a fourth or a third as much as the same grade of land is sold for up North, with a climate warm enough for comfort, cold enough for virtue, that makes life a perpetual joy. Take into consideration, in connection with these, our vast forests of merchantable timber, our inexhaustible mines of valuable metals and building stones, a capacity to produce everything needed for the comfort of man, where it does not require half so much to live in any given style as it does in the colder regions of the North, because you don't need so much expenditure for clothing or food or houses or fuel. With vast rivers and oceans to carry the commerce, the growth of the South in the days to come is absolutely assured. There is one thing that insures her prosperity, and that is almost a complete monopoly on a crop of an article that is absolutely necessary to the comfort of the human race, and that is the cotton crop. If it were not for the cotton crop it would be a close shave as to whether the balance of trade would be in our favor or against us. The exportation of other agricultural products has dwindled almost to the vanishing point, but the exportation of raw cotton and cotton fabrics increases as the years steal into the centuries.

Lord Bacon, one of the greatest philosophers that ever lived, ranked the founders of states among the greatest of mankind. If he were to recast that saying, I am not certain but that he would class the rebuilders of states along with the founders of states; and there is a high place waiting for the men who rebuilt the Southern states after the devastation of war, a devastation as complete as that which followed the Thirty Years' War in Germany, or the Seven Years' War in Prussia. The physical rehabilitation of the South then is one of the wonders of history, and ranks the men who did it among the great public benefactors of our time.

But it is not so much the material wealth of the South, either actually in existence now or potentially in existence, that gives the Southerners pride when they think of the country in the days that are to come. It is the splendid citizenship of the South, than which no more splendid citizenship has existed in the entire history of the world. I commend not only to the Southerners here, but to all American citizens, the profound philosophy of the familiar lines of Sir William Jones:

> What constitutes a State? Not high raised 'buttment,
>   Leveled mound, thick walls, and moated gate.
> Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned,
>   Not vast and broad armed ports, rich navies left to scorn;
> But men—high minded men, men who their duties know,
>   And knowing, dare maintain. These constitute a State.

And the South, no less than the rest of America, has been rich in this class of men from the beginning. These men and their descendants will preserve our free institutions for the benefit of our posterity, to the last syllable of recorded time.

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS
"MARK TWAIN"

SAINT ANDREW AND SAINT MARK

Samuel Langhorne Clemens was born at Florida, Missouri, in 1835 and died at Redding, Conn., 1910. The great humorist was a famous lecturer and after-dinner speaker as well as one of the chief figures of American literature. The speeches given here not only made sensational successes when delivered, they survive among Mark Twain's best known contributions to American humor. His lecture on "The Sandwich Islands" is given in Volume XIII. The first speech that follows was perhaps his last. It was given at the dinner by the Lotos Club in honor of Andrew Carnegie March 17, 1909. Mr. Carnegie had referred to the speaker as "St. Mark."

I AM glad that at last a man has been found with justice enough in his heart to pay me the compliment which I have so long deserved, and which has been denied me by so many generations of supposedly intelligent beings. Ranking me with the saints! There is nothing which pleases me more than that, because there is nothing left which I have deserved more than just that. I have ranked myself with St. Andrew for several years, and I really think that this should have been a dinner to the two of us, as St. Andrew was born on the same day in the same year as I was. If St. Andrew had not been born as early as he was on the 30th of November, I should stand now about where he stands. He got in a little ahead of me.

St. Clair there is a saint, but a minor sort of saint. He is a Missourian. So am I. Look at St. Clair McKelway! You wouldn't think he came from a State like that, he looks so proud and respectable. In its coat of arms is a barrel head, and two Missourians are on each side of it, leaning there together, with the motto, a misleading motto altogether, which says, "United we stand, divided we fall."

Now it is an interesting thing, St. Andrew here is here as a special guest, and he has heard himself complimented, and complimented, and complimented. You know, it is anybody's experience who has had any large experience in being the chief guest at a banquet, and you must know how entirely undeserved that entire proceeding is, for the reason that the chairman begins by filling him up with compliments, and while they are well done, they are not quite high enough to meet the demand.

Now, this man has suffered this evening from hearing compliments poured out on him, apparently with lavishness, but he knows deep down in his heart that if he could overcome his diffidence he could improve those compliments. But he tries to dissemble, as our chief guest always does—look at the expression he has got on now! And the man always thinks he is doing well! Anybody who knows, knows that it is a pretty awkward performance, that diffidence that he is working on his countenance doesn't deceive anybody; but it is always interesting to see what people will find to say about a man. It is not a matter of what Carnegie has done, for I would have done it myself, if I had had to.

I don't know just what Mr. Lawrence told you about how Mr. Carnegie came to the rescue of this club when it was likely to get into trouble, for I came in late; but I judge from remarks that followed that he did tell you about that, and that was a fine thing to do. And they tell me that it was at a banquet given by the Lotos Club to me; it was at that banquet that Mr. Carnegie had that inspiration. But, of course, he gets the entire credit! It never occurs to anybody that perhaps I furnished that inspiration. I don't say I did. I live a modest life, and people can see that by my features; I don't want to advertise the way others do.

Why, the first thing that Mr. Carnegie starts out to tell you is what Scotland has contributed to this world. It has contributed everybody that has been of any value to the United States. I am not denying it. I am saying that it is momentous, that's all. I don't know that Andrew Carnegie and Mr. Tower told it, but they all came from Dunfermline. What would have happened if all Scotland had turned out?

I understand that Mr. Carnegie claims that Columbus was born in Dunfermline, and he discovered the country, and two or three other men established religion, where they didn't have any; and from this fact they go on distributing Dunfermline people all over this country, and acquiring advantages thereby. Mr. Tower moved back and called his hand one or two points better. Well, I don't know how far Tower did go, but he furnished us a saint out of Scotland that I always thought was from Ireland. That is not the right thing to do on St. Patrick's Day. St. Patrick was well enough, not St. Andrew's equal, but well enough. I don't think Mr. Tower ought to back him up at this time and go on distributing Scotchmen out of Dunfermline.

St. Clair McKelway followed up the compliment with a veritable compliment of compliments, away on top of anything that these men have been able to pay Mr. Carnegie when they were trying as largely as they could. Mr. McKelway makes a compliment away beyond all others, beyond which nobody can go, when he says that "there is a man who wants to pay more taxes than are charged to him." I have never listened to such extravagance of compliment, and I have never seen a case when it was so well deserved. Well, McKelway had to come in and pay his compliment, and Mr. McKelway did it very well, and so did Gilder—very well for a poet. And he took the opportunity to advertise his magazine, and that it has the distinction of having Mr. Carnegie as a contributor; but, worse than that, he said that it pays Mr. Carnegie, otherwise you might feel that his magazine was getting that literature for nothing. Now, he gets that into the Associated Press in the morning, and his magazine will fly pretty high and mighty, and the people will hear of Mr. Carnegie; and, the next thing, Gilder will be trying to hire me!

I have gone on through this world now nearly seventy-four years, and all through it I have preserved—all that I have preserved is my diffidence, my chief virtue, a moderate modesty and diffidence. I am getting pretty old now, likely to run out, and can't work; but I am going to sit down, and before I sit down I do want to wish for Mr. Carnegie long life and continued prosperity, and eventually a measure of respectability.

NEW ENGLAND WEATHER

Speech of Samuel L. Clemens at the seventy-first annual dinner of the New England Society in the city of New York, December 22, 1876. The president, William Borden, was in the chair and announced the eighth regular toast as follows: "The Oldest Inhabitant—The Weather of New England."

> Who can lose it and regret it?
>   Who can have it and regret it?
> Be interposer twixt us Twain.
>
> —*Merchant of Venice.*

Gentlemen:—I reverently believe that the Maker who made us all, makes everything in New England—but the weather. [Laughter.] I don't know who makes that, but I think it must be raw apprentices in the Weather Clerk's factory, who experiment and learn how in New England for board and clothes, and then are promoted to make weather for countries that require a good article and will take their custom elsewhere if they don't get it. [Laughter.] There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration —and regret. [Laughter.] The weather is always doing something there; always attending strictly to business; always getting up new designs and trying them on the people to see how they will go. [Laughter.] But it gets through more business in spring than any other season. In spring I have counted one hundred and thirty-six different kinds of weather inside of four and twenty hours. [Laughter.] It was I that made the fame and fortune of that man that had that marvelous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial that so astounded foreigners. He was going to travel all over the world and get specimens from all the climes. I said: "Don't you do it; you come to New England on a favorable spring day." I told him what we could do, in the way of style, variety and quantity. [Laughter.] Well, he came, and he made his collection in four days. [Laughter.] As to variety—why, he confessed that he got hundreds of kinds of weather that he had never heard of before. And as to quantity—well, after he had picked out and discarded all that was blemished in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to spare; weather to hire out; weather to sell; to deposit; weather to invest; weather to give to the poor. [Laughter and applause.]

The people of New England are by nature patient and forbearing; but there are some things which they will not stand. Every year they kill a lot of poets for writing about "Beautiful Spring." [Laughter.] These are generally casual visitors, who bring their notions of spring from somewhere else, and cannot, of course, know how the natives feel about spring. And so, the first thing they know, the opportunity to inquire how they feel has permanently gone by. [Laughter.]

Old Probabilities has a mighty reputation for accurate prophecy, and thoroughly well deserves it. You take up the papers and observe how crisply and confidently he checks off what to-day's weather is going to be on the Pacific, down South, in the Middle States, in the Wisconsin region; see him sail along in the joy and pride of his power until he gets to New England, and then—see his tail drop. [Laughter.] He doesn't know what the weather is going to be in New England. He can't any more tell than he can tell how many Presidents of the United States there's going to be next year. [Applause.] Well, he mulls over it, and by and by he gets out something about like this: Probable nor'-east to sou'-west winds, varying to the southard and westard and eastard and points between; high and low barometer, sweeping around from place to place, probable areas of rain, snow, hail and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes, with thunder and lightning. [Loud laughter and applause.] Then he jots down this postscript from his wandering mind to cover accidents: "But it is possible that the program may be wholly changed in the meantime." [Loud laughter.]

Yes, one of the brightest gems in the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is only one thing certain about it, you are certain there is going to be plenty of weather [laughter]—a perfect grand review; but you never can tell which end of the procession is going to move first. You can fix up for the drought; you leave your umbrella in the house and sally out with your sprinkling pot, and ten to one you get drowned. [Applause.] You make up your mind that the earthquake is due; you stand from under and take hold of something to steady yourself, and the first thing you know you get struck by lightning. [Laughter.] These are great disappointments. But they can't be helped. [Laughter.] The lightning there is peculiar; it is so convincing! When it strikes a thing, it doesn't leave enough of that thing behind for you to tell whether—well, you'd think it was something valuable, and a Congressman had been there. [Loud laughter and applause.]

And the thunder. When the thunder commences to merely tune up, and scrape, and saw, and key up the instrument for the performance, strangers say: "Why, what awful thunder you have here!" But when the baton is raised and the real concert begins you'll find that stranger down in the cellar, with his head in the ash barrel. [Laughter.]

Now, as to the size of the weather in New England—lengthways, I mean. It is utterly disproportioned to the size of that little country. [Laughter.] Half the time, when it is packed as full as it can stick you will see that New England weather sticking out beyond the edges and projecting around hundreds and hundreds of miles over the neighboring States. [Laughter.] She can't hold a tenth part of her weather. You can see cracks all about, where she has strained herself trying to do it. [Laughter.]

I could speak volumes about the inhuman perversity of the New England weather, but I will give but a single specimen. I like to hear rain on a tin roof, so I covered part of my roof with tin, with an eye to that luxury. Well, sir, do you think it ever rains on the tin? No, sir; skips it every time. [Laughter.]

Mind, in this speech I have been trying merely to do honor to the New England weather; no language could do it justice. [Laughter.] But after all, there are at least one or two things about that weather (or, if you please, effects produced by it) which we residents would not like to part with. [Applause.] If we had not our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying vagaries—the ice storm—when a leafless tree is clothed with ice from the bottom to the top—ice that is bright and clear as crystal; every bough and twig is strung with ice-beads, frozen dewdrops, and the whole tree sparkles, cold and white, like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume. [Applause.] Then the wind waves the branches, and the sun comes out and turns all of those myriads of beads and drops to prisms, that glow and hum and flash with all manner of colored fires, which change and change again, with inconceivable rapidity, from blue to red, from red to green, and green to gold; the tree becomes a sparkling fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels; and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility in art or nature of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence! One cannot make the words too strong. [Long-continued applause.]

Month after month I lay up hate and grudge against the New England weather; but when the ice-storm comes at last, I say: "There, I forgive you now; the books are square between us; you don't owe me a cent; go and sin some more; your little faults and foibles count for nothing; you are the most enchanting weather in the world!" [Applause and laughter.]

A "LITTERY" EPISODE

Speech of Samuel L. Clemens at the "Whittier birthday dinner," at the Hotel Brunswick, Boston, Mass., December 17, 1877, given by the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly,* in celebration of the seventieth anniversary of John Greenleaf Whittier's birthday, and the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the magazine. The subjects of Mark Twain's wit—Emerson, Longfellow, and Holmes—were of the large company present, and all three took his humorous thrusts with supreme good nature. Others seem to have thought that his sallies were a little audacious for an *Atlantic* dinner.

Mr. Chairman:—This is an occasion peculiarly meet for the digging up of pleasant reminiscences concerning literary folk; therefore, I will drop lightly into history of myself. Standing here on the shore of the "Atlantic," and contemplating certain of the biggest literary billows, I am reminded of a thing which happened to me fifteen years ago, when I had just succeeded in stirring up a little Nevadian literary ocean-puddle myself, whose spume-flakes were beginning to blow thinly

California-wards. I started on an inspection tramp through the southern mines of California. I was callow and conceited, and I resolved to try the virtue of my *nom de plume*. I very soon had an opportunity. I knocked at a miner's lonely log cabin in the foothills of the Sierras, just at nightfall. It was snowing at the time. A jaded, melancholy man of fifty, barefooted, opened to me. When he heard my *nom de plume* he looked more dejected than before. He let me in pretty reluctantly, I thought—and after the customary bacon and beans, black coffee, and a hot whisky, I took a pipe. This sorrowful man had not said three words up to this time. Now he spoke up and said, in the voice of one who is secretly suffering: "You're the fourth—I'm a-going to move." "The fourth what?" said I. "The fourth littery man that's been here in twenty-four hours—I'm a-going to move." "You don't tell me!" said I. "Who were the others?" "Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Emerson, and Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes—dad fetch the lot!" [Laughter.]

You can easily believe I was interested. I supplicated—three hot whiskys did the rest—and finally the melancholy miner began. Said he: "They came here just at dark yesterday evening, and I let them in, of course. Said they were going to Yosemite. They were a rough lot—but that's nothing—everybody looks rough that travels afoot. Mr. Emerson was a seedy little bit of a chap—red-headed. Mr. Holmes was as fat as a balloon—he weighed as much as three hundred, and had double chins all the way down to his stomach. Mr. Longfellow was built like a prize fighter. His head was cropped and bristly—like as if he had a wig made of hair-brushes. His nose lay straight down his face, like a finger with the end-joint tilted up. They had been drinking—I could see that. And what queer talk they used! Mr. Holmes inspected this cabin, then he took me by the buttonhole, and says he:—

> Through the deep caves of thought
>   I hear a voice that sings:
> Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!

[Laughter.]

"Says I, 'I can't afford it, Mr. Holmes, and, moreover, I don't want to.' Blamed if I liked it pretty well, either, coming from a stranger, that way. However, I started to get out my bacon and beans, when Mr. Emerson came and looked on awhile, and then *he* takes me aside by the buttonhole, and says:—

> Give me agates for my meat;
> Give me cantharides to eat;
> From air and ocean bring me foods,
> From all zones and altitudes.

[Laughter.]

"Says I, 'Mr. Emerson, if you'll excuse me, this ain't no hotel.' [Renewed laughter.] You see, it sort of riled me—I wasn't used to the ways of littery swells. But I went on a-sweating over my work, and next comes Mr. Longfellow and buttonholes me, and interrupts me. Says he:—

> Honor be to Mudjikeewis!
> You shall hear how Paw-Puk-Keewis—

But I broke in, and says I, 'Begging your pardon, Mr. Longfellow, if you'll be so kind as to hold your yawp for about five minutes and let me get this grub ready, you'll do me proud.' [Continued laughter.] Well, sir, after they'd filled up I set out the jug. Mr. Holmes looks at it, and then fires up all of a sudden, and yells:—

> Flash out a stream of blood-red wine!
> For I would drink to other days.

[Great merriment.]

"By George, I was getting kind o' worked up, I don't deny it, I was getting kind o' worked up. I turns to Mr. Holmes, and, says I, 'Looky here, my fat friend, I'm a-running this shanty, and if the court knows herself, you'll take whisky straight, or you'll go dry.' [Laughter.] Them's the very words I said to him. Now I don't want to sass such famous littery people, but you see they kind o' forced me. There ain't nothing unreasonable 'bout me; I don't mind a passel of guests a-tread'in' on my tail three or four times, but when it comes to *standin'* on it, it's different, 'and if the court knows herself, you'll take whisky straight, or you'll go dry.' Well, between drinks, they'd swell around the cabin and strike attitudes and spout. [Laughter.] Says Mr. Longfellow:—

This is the forest primeval.

Says Mr. Emerson:—

Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

Says I: 'Oh, blackguard the premises as much as you want to—it don't cost you a cent.' [Laughter.] Well, they went on drinking, and pretty soon they got out a greasy old deck and went to playing cut-throat euchre at ten cents a corner—on trust. I begun to notice some pretty suspicious things. Mr. Emerson dealt, looked at his hand, shook his head, says:—

I am the doubter and the doubt

—and calmly bunched the hands and went to shuffling for a new layout. Says he:—

They reckon ill who leave me out;
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, I pass, and deal *again!*

[Laughter.]

"Hang'd if he didn't go ahead, and do it, too! Oh, he was a cool one! Well, in about a minute, things were running pretty tight, but of a sudden I see by Mr. Emerson's eye that he judged he had 'em. He had already corraled two tricks, and each of the others one. So now he kind o' lifts a little in his chair, and says:—

I tire of globes and aces!
Too long the game is played!

—and down he fetched a right bower. Mr. Longfellow smiles as sweet as pie, and says:—

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught.

—and dog my cats if he didn't down with another right bower! Well, sir, up jumps Holmes, a-war-whooping as usual, and says:—

God help them if the tempest swings
The pine against the palm!

—and I wish I may go to grass if he didn't swoop down with another right bower! [Great laughter.] Emerson claps his hand on his bowie, Longfellow claps his on his revolver, and I went under a bunk. There was going to be trouble; but that monstrous Holmes rose up, wobbling his double chins, and says he: 'Order, gentlemen! The first man that draws, I'll lay down on him and smother him!' [Laughter.] All quiet on the Potomac, you bet you!

"They were pretty how-come-you-so now, and they begun to blow. Emerson says, 'The bulliest thing I ever wrote was "Barbara Frietchie."' Says Longfellow, "It don't begin with my "Biglow Papers."' Says Holmes, 'My "Thanatopsis" lays over 'em both.' [Laughter.] They mighty near ended in a fight. Then they wished they had some more company, and Mr. Emerson pointed at me and says:—

Is yonder squalid peasant all
That this proud nursery could breed?

[Laughter.]

"He was a-whetting his bowie on his boot—so I let it pass. [Laughter.] Well, sir, next they took it into their heads that they would like some music; so they made me stand up and sing 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home,' till I dropped—at thirteen minutes past four this morning. That's what *I've* been through, my friend. When I woke at seven they were leaving, thank goodness, and Mr. Longfellow had my only boots on, and his own under his arm. Says I, 'Hold on there, Evangeline, what you going to do with *them?*' He says, 'Going to make tracks with 'em, because—

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."'

[Laughter.]

"As I said, Mr. Twain, you are the fourth in twenty-four hours

—and I'm a-going to move—I ain't suited to a littery atmosphere."

I said to the miner, "Why, my dear sir, *these* were not the gracious singers to whom we and the world pay loving reverence and homage: these were impostors."

The miner investigated me with a calm eye for a while, then said he, "Ah! impostors, were they—are *you?*" I did not pursue the subject; and since then I haven't traveled on my *nom de plume* enough to hurt.

Such was the reminiscence I was moved to contribute, Mr. Chairman. In my enthusiasm I may have exaggerated the details a little; but you will easily forgive me that fault, since I believe it is the first time I have ever deflected from perpendicular fact on an occasion like this. [Laughter and applause.]

THE BABIES

Speech of Samuel L. Clemens at a banquet given by the Army of the Tennessee at Chicago, Ill., November 13, 1879, in honor of General Grant on his return from his trip around the world. Mark Twain responded to the toast: "The Babies: As they comfort us in our sorrows, let us not forget them in our festivities." The final sentence, which connected General Grant with the topic of the toast, came as a complete surprise to the diners.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—"The Babies!" Now, that's something like. We haven't all had the good fortune to be ladies; we have not all been generals, or poets, or statesmen; but when the toast works down to the babies, we stand on common ground—for we've all been babies. [Laughter.] It is a shame that for a thousand years the world's banquets have utterly ignored the baby, as if he didn't amount to anything! If you, gentlemen, will stop and think a minute—if you will go back fifty or a hundred years, to your early married life and recontemplate your first baby—you will remember that he amounted to a good deal—and even something over. [Laughter.]

You soldiers all know that when that little fellow arrived at family headquarters you had to hand in your resignation. He took entire command. You became his lackey, his mere bodyguard; and you had to stand around, too. He was not a commander who made allowances for the time, distance, weather, or anything else: you had to execute his order whether it was possible or not. And there was only one form of marching in his manual of tactics, and that was the double-quick. [Laughter.] He treated you with every sort of insolence and disrespect, and the bravest of you did not dare to say a word. You could face the death-storm of Donelson and Vicksburg, and give back blow for blow; but when he clawed your whiskers and pulled your hair, and twisted your nose you had to take it. [Laughter.] When the thunders of war sounded in your ears, you set your faces towards the batteries and advanced with steady tread; but when he turned on the terrors of his war-whoop [laughter], you advanced in—the other direction, and mighty glad of the chance, too. When he called for soothing sirup, did you venture to throw out any remarks about certain services unbecoming to an officer and a gentleman? No; you got up and got it! If he ordered his pap-bottle and it wasn't warm, did you talk back? Not you; you went to work and warmed it! You even descended so far in your menial office as to take a suck at that warm, insipid stuff yourself to see if it was right! —three parts water to one of milk, a touch of sugar to modify the colic, and a drop of peppermint to kill those immortal hiccoughs. I can taste that stuff yet! [Uproarious laughter.]

And how many things you learned as you went along! Sentimental young folks still take stock in that beautiful old saying, that when the baby smiles in his sleep it is because the angels are whispering to him. Very pretty, but "too thin"—simply wind on the stomach, my friends. [Laughter.] If the baby proposed to take a walk at his usual hour—half-past two in the morning—didn't you rise up promptly and remark (with a mental addition which wouldn't improve a Sunday-school much) that that was the very thing you were about to propose yourself? Oh, you were under good discipline. And as you went fluttering up and down the room in your "undress uniform" [laughter], you not only prattled undignified baby-talk, but even tuned up your martial voice, and tried to sing "Rock-a-bye-baby on the tree top," for instance. What a spectacle for an Army of the Tennessee! And what an affliction for the neighbors, too, for it isn't everybody within a mile around that likes military music at three o'clock in the morning. [Laughter.] And when you had been keeping that sort of thing up two or three hours, and your little velvet head intimated that nothing suited him like exercise and noise, and proposed to fight it out on that line if it took all night—Go on! What did you do? You simply went on till you dropped in the last ditch. [Laughter.]

I like the idea that a baby doesn't amount to anything! Why, one baby is just a house and a front yard full by itself; one baby can furnish more business than you and your whole interior department can attend to; he is enterprising, irrepressible, brimful of lawless activities; do what you please, you can't make him stay on the reservation. Sufficient unto the day is one baby. As long as you are in your right mind don't you ever pray for twins. Twins amount to a permanent riot; and there ain't any real difference between triplets and insurrection. [Great laughter.]

Among the three or four million cradles now rocking in the land, are some which this nation would preserve for ages as sacred things if we could know which ones they are. For in one of these cradles the unconscious Farragut of the future is at this moment teething. Think of it! and putting a word of dead earnest, unarticulated, but justifiable, profanity over it, too; in another, the future renowned astronomer is blinking at the shining Milky Way with but a languid interest, poor little chap, and wondering what has become of that other one they call the wet-nurse; in another, the future great historian is lying, and doubtless he will continue to lie until his earthly mission is ended; in another, the future President is busying himself with no profounder problem of State than what the mischief has become of his hair so early [Laughter]; and in a mighty array of other cradles there are now some sixty thousand future office-seekers getting ready to furnish him occasion to grapple with the same old problem a second time! And in still one more cradle, somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious commander-in-chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching grandeurs and responsibilities as to be giving his whole strategic mind, at this moment, to trying to find out some way to get his own big toe into his mouth, an achievement which (meaning no disrespect) the illustrious guest of this evening also turned his attention to some fifty-six years ago! And if the child is but the prophecy of the man there are mighty few will doubt that he succeeded. [Laughter and prolonged applause.]

UNCONSCIOUS PLAGIARISM

Speech of Samuel L. Clemens at the "Holmes breakfast" in Boston, December 3, 1879, given by the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly* to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes upon his seventieth birthday, for which occasion the Autocrat wrote his poem, "The Iron Gate," closing with the tender lines:—

And now with grateful smile and accents cheerful,
And warmer heart than look or word can tell,
In simplest phrase—these traitorous eyes are tearful—
Thanks, Brothers, Sisters, Children—and Farewell!

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I would have traveled a much greater distance than I have come to witness the paying of honors to Dr. Holmes. For my feeling toward him has always been one of peculiar warmth. When one receives a letter from a great man for the first time in his life, it is a large event to him, as all of you know by your own experience. You never can receive letters enough from famous men afterward to obliterate that one, or dim the memory of the pleasant surprise it was, and the gratification it gave you. Lapse of time cannot make it commonplace or cheap.

Well, the first great man who ever wrote me a letter was our guest—Oliver Wendell Holmes. He was also the first great literary man I ever stole anything from [Laughter], and that is how I came to write to him and he to me. When my first book was new a friend of mine said to me, "The dedication is very neat." Yes, I said, I thought it was. My friend said: "I always admired it, even before I saw it in 'Innocents Abroad.'" I naturally said, "What do you mean? Where did you ever see it before?" "Well, I saw it first some years ago as Dr. Holmes's dedication to his 'Songs in Many Keys.'" Of course my first impulse was to prepare this man's remains for burial [Laughter], but upon reflection I said I would reprieve him for a moment or two, and give him a chance to prove his assertion if he could. We stepped into a bookstore, and he did prove it. I had really stolen that dedication, almost word for word. I could not imagine how this curious thing had happened; for I knew one thing, for a dead certainty—that a certain amount of pride always goes along with a teaspoonful of brains, and that this pride protects a man from deliberately stealing other people's ideas. That is what a teaspoonful of brains will do for a man—and admirers had often told me I had nearly a basketful, although they were rather reserved as to the size of the basket. [Laughter.]

However, I thought the thing out and solved the mystery. Two years before I had been laid up a couple of weeks in the Sandwich Islands, and had read and reread Dr. Holmes's poems until my mental reservoir was filled up with them to the brim. The dedication lay on top and handy [Laughter], so by and by I unconsciously stole it. Perhaps I unconsciously stole the rest of the volume, too, for many people have told me that my book was pretty poetical in one way or another. Well, of course, I wrote Dr. Holmes and told him I hadn't meant to steal, and he wrote back and said in the kindest way that it was all right and no harm done; and added that he believed we all unconsciously worked over ideas gathered in reading and hearing, imagining they were original with ourselves. He stated a truth, and did it in such a pleasant way, and salved over my sore spot so gently and so healingly, that I was rather glad I had committed the crime, for the sake of the letter. I afterwards called on him and told him to make perfectly free with any ideas of mine that struck him as being good protoplasm for poetry. [Laughter.] He could see by that that there wasn't anything mean about me; so we got along right from the start.

I have met Dr. Holmes many times since; and lately he said—however, I am wandering wildly away from the one thing which I got on my feet to do; that is, to make my compliments to you, my fellow-teachers of the great public, and likewise to say I am right glad to see that Dr. Holmes is still in his prime and full of generous life; and as age is not determined by years, but by trouble and infirmities of mind and body, I hope it may be a very long time yet before any can truthfully say, "He is growing old." [Applause.]

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Speech of Samuel L. Clemens, at the "Ladies' Night" banquet of the Papyrus Club, Boston, February 24, 1881.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am perfectly astounded at the way in which history repeats itself. I find myself situated, at this moment, exactly and precisely as I was once before, years ago, to a jot, to a tittle, to a very hair. There isn't a shade of difference. It is the most astonishing coincidence that ever—but wait, I will tell you the former instance and then you will see it yourselves.

Years ago I arrived one day at Salamanca, Pa., eastward bound, must change cars there, and take the sleeper-train. There were crowds of people there, and they were swarming into the long sleeper-train and packing it full, and it was a perfect purgatory of rush and confusion and gritting of teeth, and soft, sweet, and low profanity. I asked the young man in the ticket office if I could have a sleeping section, and he answered "No!" with a snarl that shriveled me up like burned leather. I went off smarting under this insult to my dignity and asked another local official, supplicatingly, if I couldn't have some poor little corner somewhere in a sleeping-car, and he cut me short with a venomous "No, you can't; every corner's full—now don't bother me any more." And he turned his back and walked off. My dignity was in a state now which cannot be described. I was so ruffled that—well, I said to my companion: "If these people knew who I am they—" But my companion cut me short there, and said: "Don't talk such folly! If they did know who you are, do you suppose it would help your high mightiness to a vacancy in a train which has no vacancies in it? Ah, me! if you could only get rid of 148 pounds of your self-conceit, I would value the other pound of you above the national debt."

This did not improve my condition any to speak of. But just then I observed that the colored porter of a sleeping-car had his eye on me; I saw his dark countenance light up; he whispered to the uniformed conductor, punctuating with nods and jerks toward me, and straightway this conductor came forward, oozing politeness from every pore, and said: "Can I be of any service? Will you have a place in the sleeper?" "Yes," I said, "and much obliged, too; give me anything—anything will answer." He said, "We have nothing left but the big family stateroom, with two berths and a couple of armchairs in it; but it is entirely at your disposal, and we shall not charge you any more than we should for a couple of ordinary berths. Here, Tom, take these satchels aboard." He touched his hat, and we and the colored Tom moved along. I was bursting to drop just one little remark to my companion, but I held in and waited.

Tom made us comfortable in that sumptuous great apartment, and then said, with many bows and a perfect affluence of smile: "Now, is dey anything you want, sah?—'cause you kin have jes' anything you wants, don't make no difference what it is." I said, "Can I have some hot water and a tumbler at nine to-night—blazing hot, you know—about the right temperature for a hot Scotch punch?" "Yes, sah, dat you kin; you can 'pen' on it; I'll get it myse'f." "Good; now that lamp is hung too high; can I have a big coach candle fixed up just at the head of my bed, so that I can read comfortably?" "Yes, sah, you kin; I'll fix her up myse'f, an' I'll fix her so she'll burn all night, an' I'll see dat she does, 'case I'll keep my eye on her troo de do'; yes, sah, an' you kin jest call for anything you wants—it don't make no difference what it is—an' dis yer whole railroad'll be turned wrong eend up an' inside out for to git it for you—dat's so!" And he disappeared.

Well, I tilted my head back, hooked my thumbs in my armholes, smiled a smile on my companion, and said gently: "Well, what do you say now?" My companion was not in a humor to respond—and didn't. The next moment that smiling black face was thrust in at the crack of the door, and this speech followed: "Law bless you, sah, I knowed you in a minute! I told the conductah so. Laws, I knowed you the minute I set eyes on you." "Is that so, my boy (handing him a quadruple fee); well, who am I?" "General McClellan!" [Great merriment]—and he disappeared again. My companion said, vinegarishly, "Well, what do you say now?"

Right there comes in the marvelous coincidence I mentioned a week ago, viz., I was speechless. And that is my condition now. Perceive it? [Laughter and applause.]

WOMAN, GOD BLESS HER!

Speech of Samuel L. Clemens, at the 77th anniversary banquet of the New England Society in the city of New York, December 22, 1882. Joseph M. Fiske, president of the society, was in the chair. Mr. Clemens spoke to the toast "Woman, God bless her!"

THE toast includes the sex, universally; it is to Woman comprehensively, wherever she may be found. Let us consider her ways. First comes the matter of dress. This is a most important consideration, and must be disposed of before we can intelligently proceed to examine the profounder depths of the theme. For text let us take the dress of two antipodal types—the savage woman of Central Africa and the cultivated daughter of our high modern civilization. Among the Fans, a great negro tribe, a woman when dressed for home, or to go out shopping or calling, doesn't wear anything at all but just her complexion. [Laughter.] That is all; it is her entire outfit. [Laughter.] It is the lightest costume in the world, but is made of the darkest material. [Laughter.] It has often been mistaken for mourning. [Laughter.] It is the trimmest, and neatest, and gracefulest costume that is now in fashion; it wears well, is fast colors, doesn't show dirt, you don't have to send it down-town to wash, and have some of it come back scorched with the flat-iron, and some of it with the buttons ironed off, and some of it petrified with starch, and some of it chewed by the calf, and some of it rotted with acids, and some of it exchanged for other customers' things that haven't any virtue but holiness, and ten-twelfths of the pieces overcharged for and the rest of the dozen "mislaid." [Laughter.] And it always fits; it is the perfection of a fit. [Laughter.] And it is the handiest dress in the whole realm of fashion. It is always ready, always "done up." When you call on a Fan lady and send up your card, the hired girl never says, "Please take a seat, madame is dressing; she'll be down in three-quarters of an hour." No, madame is always dressed, always ready to receive; and before you can get the door-mat before your eyes she is in your midst. [Laughter.] Then, again, the Fan ladies don't go to church to see what each other has got on; and they don't go back home and describe it and slander it. [Laughter.]

Such is the dark child of savagery, as to everyday toilet; and thus, curiously enough, she finds a point of contact with the fair daughter of civilization and high fashion—who often has "nothing to wear"; and thus these widely-separated types of the sex meet upon common ground. Yes, such is the Fan woman as she appears in her simple, unostentatious, everyday toilet; but on state occasions she is more dressy. At a banquet she wears bracelets; at a lecture she wears earrings and a belt; at a ball she wears stockings—and, with true feminine fondness for display, she wears them on her arms [Laughter]; at a funeral she wears a jacket of tar and ashes [Laughter]; at a wedding the bride who can afford it puts on pantaloons. [Laughter.] Thus the dark child of savagery and the fair daughter of civilization meet once more upon common ground, and these two touches of nature make their whole world kin.

Now we will consider the dress of our other type. A large part of the daughter of civilization is her dress—as it should be. Some civilized women would lose half their charm without dress; and some would lose all of it. [Laughter.] The daughter of modern civilization dressed at her utmost best, is a marvel of exquisite and beautiful art and expense. All the lands, all the climes, and all the arts are laid under tribute to furnish her forth. Her linen is from Belfast, her robe is from Paris, her lace is from Venice, or Spain, or France; her feathers are from the remote regions of Southern Africa, her furs from the remoter home of the iceberg and the aurora, her fan from Japan, her diamonds from Brazil, her bracelets from California, her pearls from Ceylon, her cameos from Rome; she has gems and trinkets from buried Pompeii, and others that graced comely Egyptian forms that have been dust and ashes now for forty centuries; her watch is from Geneva, her card-case is from China, her hair is from—from—I don't know where her hair is from; I never could find out. [Much laughter.] That is, her other hair—her public hair, her Sunday hair; I don't mean the hair she goes to bed with. [Laughter.] Why, you ought to know the hair I mean; it's that thing which she calls a switch, and which resembles a switch as much as it resembles a brickbat or a shotgun, or any other thing which you correct people with. It's that thing which she twists and then coils round and round her head, beehive fashion, and then tucks the end in under the hive and harpoons it with a hairpin. And that reminds me of a trifle: any time you want to, you can glance around the carpet of a Pullman car, and go and pick up a hairpin; but not to save your life can you get any woman in that car to acknowledge that hairpin. Now, isn't that strange? But it's true. The woman who has never swerved from cast-iron veracity and fidelity in her whole life will, when confronted with this crucial test, deny her hairpin. [Laughter.] She will deny that hairpin before a hundred witnesses. I have stupidly got into more trouble and more hot water trying to hunt up the owner of a hairpin in a Pullman car than by any other indiscretion of my life.

Well, you see what the daughter of civilization is when she is dressed, and you have seen what the daughter of savagery is when she isn't. Such is woman, as to costume. I come now to consider her in her higher and nobler aspects—as mother, wife, widow, grass-widow, mother-in-law, hired girl, telegraph operator, telephone helloer, queen, book-agent, wet-nurse, stepmother, boss, professional fat woman, professional double-headed woman, professional beauty, and so forth and so on. [Laughter.]

We will simply discuss these few—let the rest of the sex tarry in Jericho till we come again. First in the list of right, and first in our gratitude, comes a woman who—why, dear me, I've been talking three-quarters of an hour! I beg a thousand pardons. But you see, yourselves, that I had a large contract. I have accomplished something, anyway. I have introduced my subject. And if I had till next Forefathers' Day, I am satisfied that I could discuss it as adequately and appreciatively as so gracious and noble a theme deserves. But as the matter stands now, let us finish as we began—and say, without jesting, but with all sincerity, "Woman—God bless her!" [Applause.]

IRVIN S. COBB

THE LOST TRIBES OF THE IRISH IN THE SOUTH

Irvin S. Cobb was born at Paducah, Kentucky, in 1876 and became editor of the local daily paper at the age of nineteen. Since 1911 he has been staff contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post* and represented that journal as war correspondent in Europe. He is the author of many plays, novels and collections of stories. He has lectured throughout the country and is extremely popular both as a speaker and as a writer. The first of the following addresses—"The Lost Tribes of the Irish in the South"—was given before the American Irish Historical Society, at the Waldorf-Astoria, January 6, 1917.

Mr. President, and Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am speaking but the plain truth when I tell you that I would rather be here to-night facing an assemblage of men and women of Irish blood and Irish breeding than to be in any other banquet hall on earth. For I am one who is Irish and didn't know it; but now that I do know it, I am prouder of that fact than of any one other thing on earth except that I am an American citizen.

I wonder if it ever occurred to you, what differences are to be found in many a country and in almost any country, between the temperaments and the spirits and the customs of those who live in the north of it, and those who live in the south of it? To the north, to Prussia, the German Empire has always looked for its great scientists and its great mathematicians and its propounders and expounders of a certain cool and analytical philosophy; but it was to the south, to Bavaria and to Saxony, that Germany had to turn for its poets and its story-tellers.

It was the north of France that produced and yet produces those men who have harnessed the forces of nature, who have made the earth tremble to the pulse-beat of their factories, who took the ore from the earth and the coal from the hillsides, and with them wrought out the great steel industries of that country; but it was out of the south of France that there came its marvelous fiction writers and minstrel bards, its greatest poets and its greatest dreamers; and out of that same south once upon a time there came, too, a fiery outpouring of shock-headed men and women who wore wooden shoes on their feet and red caps on their heads and who marched to the words of a song which has become the fighting song of every nation, craving liberty and daring to march and to die for it—the "Marseillaise Hymn." [Applause.]

The names of the Milanaise and the Lombards and the Venetians of modern Italy are synonymous with frugality in domestic affairs and energy in commercial pursuits, but it is down in the tip of the toe of the Latin boot that we find the Italian who loves the hardest and sings the loudest and fights for the very love of the fighting.

The north of Ireland, as we all know, has fathered the great business men of that little island, and the great manufacturers and the great theologians, many of them; and, regretful to say, it has also produced a spawn of human beings who, in the face of the fact that in every other land where men have equal opportunities, the Irishman has won his way to the front and has held his own with prince and potentate, yet cling to the theory that in Ireland, of all the spots of the world, the Irishman is not capable of governing himself. But always it was to the south of Ireland, and it is to the south of Ireland to-day, that one must turn to find the dreamer and the writer, the idealist and the poet. It is to the south of Ireland also that one must turn to seek for a people whose literature and whose traditions are saddened by the memory of the wrongs they have withstood and the persecutions they have endured and still endure, and yet whose spirits and whose characters are uplifted and sanctified by that happy optimism which seems everywhere on this footstool to be the heritage of the true Southerner. [Applause.]

In a measure these same things are true of our own country.

The North excels in business, but the South leads in romance. The North opens wide the door of opportunity to every man who comes to its borders with willing hands and eager brain. The South opens a door, too, but it is the door of hospitality, and it bids the stranger enter in, not so much for what he can give, but for what he can take in the way of welcome. I think there is a reason, aside from topography and geography and climate and environment, for these differences between the common divisions of our great country. And I am going to come to that reason in a minute.

As a boy, down South, there were two songs that stirred me as no other songs could—one was a song that I loved and one a song that I hated, and one of these songs was the battle hymn of the South, "Dixieland," and the other was "Marching Through Georgia." But once upon a time when I was half-grown, a wandering piper came to the town where I lived, a man who spoke with a brogue and played with one. And he carried under his arm a weird contraption which to me seemed to be a compound of two fishing poles stuck in a hot-water bottle, and he snuggled it to his breast and it squawked out its ecstasy, and then he played on it a tune called "Garry-owen." And as he played it, I found that my toes tingled inside my shoes, and my heart throbbed as I thought it could only throb to the air of "Dixie." And I took counsel with myself and I said, "Why is it that I who call myself a pure Anglo-Saxon should be thrilled by an Irish air?" So I set out to determine the reason for it. And this is the kind of Anglo-Saxon I found out I was:

My mother was of the breed of Black Douglas of Scotland, as Scotch as haggis, and rebels, all of them, descendants of men who followed the fortunes of Bonnie Prince Charles, and her mother lived in a county in North Carolina, one of five counties where up to 1820, Gaelic was not only the language of the people in the street, but was the official language of the courts. It was in that selfsame part of North Carolina that there lived some of the men who, nearly a year before our Declaration of Independence was drawn up, wrote and signed the Mecklenburg Declaration, which was the first battle cry raised for American independence. On the other side, I found, by investigation, that my father's line ran back straight and unbroken to a thatched cottage on the green side of a hill in the Wicklow Mountains, and his people likewise had some kinsmen in Galway, and some in Dublin with whom, following the quaint custom of their land, they were accustomed to take tea and fight afterwards. [Applause and laughter.] I found I had a collateral ancestor who was out with the pikes in '98 and he was taken prisoner and tried for high crimes and misdemeanors against the British government, and was sentenced to be hanged by the neck until he was dead and might God have mercy on his soul! And he was hanged by the neck until he was dead, and I am sure God did have mercy on his soul, for that soul of his went marching on, transmitting to his people, of whom I am proud to be one, the desire to rebel against oppression and tyranny. [Applause.] I had three great-great-grandfathers, two of them Irish and one of them Scotch, who were Revolutionary soldiers, and I had a father who was a Confederate soldier. And of these facts, too, I am quite proud, for I find that my strain, being Irish, is always intent either on trying to run the government or trying to pull it down.

You Irish-descended people of the Northern States are proud of Shields, the son of an Irish emigrant, who, if my memory serves me aright, helped to direct the destinies of three American commonwealths and was United States Senator from all three. But I like to think of another Irishman, Matthew Lyon by name, the son of an humble Wicklow peasant, who was sold as a slave to the New England plantations because he, an Episcopalian, dared to raise his voice and his arm in defense of the rights of his Catholic neighbors and kinsmen in the County of Wicklow; and he bought his freedom with a black bull, which, according to family tradition, he first stole, and he became a United States Senator from Vermont, and cast the vote against the wishes of his constituents, which made Thomas Jefferson President of this country over Aaron Burr and by so doing altered the entire course of our country's history; and while he was in jail in a town in Vermont for his attacks on the odious Alien and Sedition Laws, he issued a challenge for a duel to the President of the United States, and being released, he moved down to Kentucky and became a Congressman; and later, having quarreled with all his neighbors there, he moved on to Arkansas and was named as Arkansas' first territorial delegate to Washington, and he might have moved still further west and might have filled still more offices had he not in the fullness of his maturity, when he was seventy years young, been thrown from a mule and had his spine injured so that he died. I like to think of Matthew Lyon and his career because he also was an ancestor of mine. [Applause and laughter.]

Well, as I said a bit ago, I set out to trace my Irish ancestry. In that undertaking I found a ready helper in a distant kinsman who was not carried away by the fetish that the South was all Anglo-Saxon, whatever that is; and he worked me early and late on family records. Indeed, he worked me so hard that sometimes I think I might have likened my position to that of a colored brother in a little town in my state who was the only member of his race at the local election who voted the Democratic ticket. It was felt that such loyalty should be rewarded, so the incoming administration created a Department of Street Cleaning—an institution hitherto unknown in that community—to consist of a boss or foreman, and a staff. Quite naturally the job of foreman went to a white man, but upon the worthy colored person was conferred the honor of being the staff. Now, he held to the theory, common even among those of the more enlightened races, that a political office meant much honor and much pay but mighty little work. Nevertheless, as a matter of form he carried a shovel with him on the morning when he reported for service. But the white man who was to serve over him had very different ideas regarding the obligation owing to the municipality. No sooner had the darkey cleaned up one pile of débris than the foreman would find another and yet another for him to wrestle with. It was four o'clock in the afternoon before the darkey so much as straightened his back or wiped the sweat off his brow or blew on the new-formed blisters in the palms of his hands. Finally he said: "Boss, ain't you got nuthin' to do but jes' to think up things fur me to do?"

"Yes," the white man said, "that's all my job—just to keep you busy."

The darkey said: "Well, suh, in that case you will be pleased to know you ain't goin' to be workin' to-morrow." [Laughter.]

But I kept on working and I discovered a lot of things about the lost tribes of the Irish in the South. The State of Kentucky from which I hail has been called the cradle of the Anglo-Saxon race in America, and it has been said that the mountaineers of that state, with their feuds and their Elizabethan, Chaucerian methods of speech represent the purest strains of English blood to be found to-day on this continent. Now, then, let us see if that is true. I have looked into that matter and I tell you that fifty per cent, at least, of the dwellers of the mountains of the South and notably of Kentucky and Virginia are the lineal descendants of runaway indenture men, Irish rebels mainly, from the Virginia plantations. I know a mountain county in Kentucky of which half of the population bear one of three names. They are either Mayos, or Patricks, or Powerses. And I once heard an orator stand up before an audience of those Mayos and Powerses and Patricks and congratulate them on their pure English descent, and they believed it! [Laughter.]

I wish you would pardon me once more for referring to my line of ancestry, for it is testimony to prove my claim. On my father's side I am descended from a group of men who went from New England to Kentucky and the names of these men were Lyon and Cobb, which is a Danish corruption of O'Connor, and Machen, and Clendenin, and O'Hara, and Glenn, which is a corruption of Glynn. What a hot bunch of Anglo-Saxons! [Laughter.]

The Congressional District in which I was born and where I used to live has thirteen counties in it. Listen to the names of these thirteen counties: Marshall, Calloway, Graves, McCracken, Lyon, Livingston, Caldwell, Trigg, Crittenden, Ballard, Hickman, Fulton, Carlisle—thirteen counties and all but two of them have Irish names.

What is true of my own section of Kentucky is true of the rest of the State. Daniel Boone has been called the first explorer of Kentucky and it has been said he was of English descent. Both of those statements are wrong. Daniel Boone was not the first explorer of Kentucky. The first man to explore Kentucky was an Irishman by the name of John Finley. But before him was still another Irishman by the name of McBride —James McBride. He lingers in state history as a shadowy figure, but I like to think of him as a red-haired chap with a rifle in one hand and possibly a demijohn in the other, coming out through the trackless wilderness alone and landing from his canoe on what was afterwards to be known as the Dark and Bloody ground. Aside from his name, it is proven that he was an Irishman by the legendary circumstances that immediately after coming ashore he carved his name in deep and enduring letters in the bark of the largest beech tree of the forest, and claimed all of the land that lay within his vision as his own, and shot an Indian or two and went on his way rejoicing. As for Daniel Boone, the great pathfinder, he really was descended from the line of Buhun, which is Norman-Irish, and his mother was a Morgan, and his wife was a Bryan, and his father was an Irish Catholic.

The records show that nearly three-fourths of that dauntless little band who under the leadership of George Rogers Clark, an Irishman, waded through the floods to take Vincennes and thereby won all the great Northwest Territory away from the British and gave to the American colonies what to-day is the richest part of the United States, were Irishmen—not Scotch-Irish, nor English-Irish, but plain Irish-Irish men who were rebels and patriots by instinct and born adventurers by reason of the blood which ran in their veins.

The first settlement of English-speaking Catholics beyond the Alleghany Mountains was not located in the North but in the South, and in my own State of Kentucky at that. It endures to-day, after having given to this country one of its greatest and most scholarly churchmen, Bishop Spaulding. [Applause.] The children of the pioneers of Kentucky, almost without exception, learned their first lessons in log cabins under the teachings of that strange but gifted race of men, the wandering Irish schoolmasters, who founded the old field schools of the South and to whom the South is largely indebted for the seeds of its culture.

Irishmen from Kentucky, Virginia, Pennsylvania and Maryland bore the brunt of the western campaigns in 1812 against the British. Irishmen from Kentucky fell thick at the disastrous battles of the Thames, and the Raisin, and their Irish bones to-day rest in that ground sanctifying it and making of it an American shrine of patriotism. It was the hand of a Kentucky Irishman, Colonel Richard Johnson, afterwards Vice President of the United States, that slew the great Tecumseh. A good share of the Kentucky and Tennessee riflemen who at New Orleans stood behind Andy Jackson's cotton bale breastworks, mowing down Packenham's Peninsular Veterans and making their red coats redder still with the life blood of those invaders, were Irishmen, real Irishmen. They proved their Irish lineage by the fact that they fell out and quarreled with Old Hickory, because he denied them all the credit for winning the fight, and he quarreled back, for he was by way of being an Irishman himself. [Laughter and applause.]

It was a Kentucky Irishman, Dr. Ephraim McDowell, who performed the first operation for ovariotomy—performed it on a kitchen table with a mad husband standing over him with a drawn revolver, threatening to shoot him if his wife died under the knife. But he went ahead and it was a successful operation, and it has brought relief and life and sanity to millions of women all over the world. It was a Kentucky Irishman and a soldier, Theodore O'Hara, who penned perhaps the most beautiful lyric poem, and certainly the sweetest tribute to the brave in our language, the immortal "Bivouac of the Dead." It was another Kentucky Irishman, the saintly poet-priest, Father Ryan, whose hand wrote those two fondest poems in memory of the Lost Cause, "The Conquered Banner" and "The Sword of Robert E. Lee."

In the Civil War it was a Kentuckian of Scotch and Irish descent who led the North—Abraham Lincoln—and it was another Kentuckian of mingled Irish and Scotch blood—Jefferson Davis—who was President of the Confederacy.

The historian Collins said the five greatest lawyers Kentucky ever produced were Barry, Rowan, Haggin, Breckenridge, and Bledsoe—four Irish names and one Indian name—and yet these five have been called Anglo-Saxons, too.

What is true of Kentucky is to a greater or less degree true of the rest of the South. It was an Irish Virginian, Patrick Henry, who sounded the first keynote of the American Revolution, and at the risk of his life, by his words paved the way for the Declaration of Independence. The South Carolina Irishman, John C. Calhoun, first raised the slogan of Nullification, and it was another Irishman, Andrew Jackson of Tennessee, who swore by the Eternal to hang him higher than Haman if he carried out his plan.

To-night you have heard a tribute, and a deserved one, to little Phil Sheridan of the North, but I want to couple his name with that of a Southern Irishman, the son of an Irish refugee, Pat Cleburne of Arkansas, one of the most gallant leaders that the Civil War produced. [Applause.] Pat Cleburne died on one of the bloodiest battlefields of Christendom in his stocking feet because as he rode into battle that morning he saw one of his Irish boys from Little Rock tramping barefooted over the frozen furrows of a wintry cornfield and leaving tracks of blood behind him. So he drew off his boots and bade the soldier put them on, and fifteen minutes later he went to his God in his stocking feet. Raleigh laid down his coat before Good Queen Bess, and has been immortalized for his chivalry, but I think a more courtly deed was that of the gallant Irishman, Pat Cleburne. For one was kowtowing before royalty and the other had in his heart only thoughtfulness and humanity for the common man afoot.

Sam Houston, the first president of the Lone Star State, was a Tennessee Irishman, Irish through and through, and the present President of the United States, a Southerner also, is half Irish. One of the most distinguished members of the Supreme Court in recent years was a Kentucky Irishman, John M. Harlan, and to-day two of the men who sit on that tribunal are Irishmen—White of Louisiana, the distinguished and honored Chief Justice, and McReynolds of Tennessee.

[VOICE]: How about McKenna?

MR. COBB: He is not a Southerner, I regret to say. I suppose I could go on for hours, if your patience held out—and my throat—telling of the achievements of Irishmen, and of the imperishable records that Irishmen have left on the history of that part of the Union from which I came, but to call the roll of the great men who have done great things and won achievement and fame south of Mason and Dixon's line since there was such a line, would be almost like running through the parish registers of the counties of Ireland, both north and south. Indeed, in my opinion, it is not altogether topography or geography or climate that has made the South what it is, and given it those distinguishing characteristics which adorn it. The soft speech of the Southerner; his warm heart, and his hot head, his readiness to begin a fight, and to forgive his opponent afterwards; his veneration for women's chastity and his love for the ideals of his native land—all these are heritages of his Irish ancestry, transmitted to him through the generations. The North has put her heroes on a pension, but the South has put hers on a pedestal. There is not a Southern hamlet of any size to-day that has not reared a bronze or marble or granite monument to its own defenders in the Civil War, and there is scarce a Southern home where, at the knees of the mother, the children are not taught to revere the memories and remember the deeds of Lee and Jackson and Forrest, the Tennessee Irishman, and Morgan, the Kentucky Irishman, and Washington, and Light Horse Harry Lee, and Francis Marion, the Irish Swamp Fox of the Carolinas. I believe as firmly as I believe anything on earth that for that veneration, for that love of heroism and for that joying in the ideals of its soil, the South is indebted mainly to the Irish blood that courses through the veins of its sons and of its daughters.

No, ladies and gentlemen, the lost Irish tribes of the South are not lost; they are not lost any more than the "wild geese" that flew across the Channel from Ireland were lost. They are not lost any more than the McMahons who went to France, or the O'Donnells who went to Spain, or the Simon Bolivars and the O'Higginses who went to South America, or the O'Ferrells and the O'Briens who went to Cuba. For their Irish blood is of the strain that cannot be extinguished and it lives to-day, thank God, in the attributes and the habits and the customs and the traditions of the Southern people. Most of all it lives in one of their common characteristics, which, I think, in conclusion, may possibly be suggested by the telling of a story that I heard some time ago, of an Irishman in Mobile. As the story goes, this Irishman on Sunday heard a clergyman preach on the Judgment Day. The priest told of the hour when the trumpet shall blow and all peoples of all climes and all ages shall be gathered before the Seat of God to be judged according to their deeds done in the flesh. After the sermon he sought out the pastor and he said, "Father, I want to ask you a few questions touching on what you preached about to-day. Do you really think that on the Judgment Day everybody will be there?"

The priest said: "That is my understanding."

"Will Cain and Abel be there?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And David and Goliath—will they both be there?"

"That is my information and belief."

"And Brian Boru and Oliver Cromwell?"

"Assuredly they will be present."

"And the A. O. H.'s and the A. P. A.'s?"

"I am quite positive they will all be there together."

"Father," said the parishioner, "there'll be damn little judgin' done the first day."

[Applause and laughter.]

OUR COUNTRY

Speech delivered before the Pennsylvania Society at its annual dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, December 17, 1920.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—It is characteristic of that pestiferous and totally unnecessary breed known as after-dinner speakers that, getting on their feet, they almost invariably are reminded of a story. I am in no wise an exception to the run of my kind. Here and now at the outset of my brief remarks, I recall a story of a colored man in my native state who was haled before a court on a charge of mayhem. At the same time the victim of his atrocious assault was presented before the jury's eyes as Exhibit A for the case of the prosecution. Now, the unfortunate man's face was but little more than a recent site; his nose was entirely missing, he was shy one ear, and he had only gums where his teeth should be. The Judge, in pronouncing sentence, and pointing meanwhile at the chief complaining witness, said to the convicted man:

"That is the most lamentable exhibition of brutality I have ever seen. Surely no human being, unless he was swayed by diabolical influences could deliberately have worked such wreckage on the countenance of a fellow creature. The Devil must have actuated you in what you did; demons from Hell must have inspired your brutality." After a short pause the convicted man said: "Well, Jedge, in a way of speakin', dat's right. When I was cuttin' his nose loose frum his face with a razor it seemed to me like the Devil was right behin' me urgin' me on, an' 'spects it must have been dem demons you mentions dat suggested to me kickin' out his front teeth. But, Jedge, bitin' off his ear was stric'ly my own idea!"

Now, selecting me to respond to the toast "Our Country" was a notion which originated with your dinner committee, but departing from that theme is strictly my own idea. It is rather a broad subject—Our Country. If I took up its component parts alphabetically, beginning with Alabama, long before I had reached Pennsylvania, regarding which some few fugitive words of kindness have already been spoken, to-night—those of you who expect to spend Christmas there would be on your way. And, if I chose for convenience, and by a process of elimination to strike out, say, all the states that went Republican in the last election—no, that wasn't an election we held, it wasn't even a solemn mandate we passed on; it was a census we took—if I struck out the Republican states and spoke of the Democratic states, the only subject I could discuss, and it is a most depressing one, would be the condition of the cotton market in a few commonwealths of the remote South. And so I am going to narrow down to one state, for a moment—the state of Pennsylvania. And I feel that here I am not altogether an alien and an outsider, for we have at least one tie in common! If it was a gifted son of Pennsylvania who wrote "My Old Kentucky Home" in honor of my state it was a great modern master of the muses, a son of Kentucky, Mack Sennett, who named his "Keystone Comedies" in tribute to yours.

As a son of another part of the Union I joy with you in the spirit which has caused so many transplanted sons of Pennsylvania to meet me here to-night and eat such typical Pennsylvania dishes as Medaillon of Kingfish, Joinville, and Sweetbreads à la Montebello; and speak kind words for your old commonwealth, secure in the satisfaction that not one of you would go back there on anything short of a requisition. There are natives of certain geographical portions of our country who arrogate to themselves a special pride by reason of the fact that their parents had the forethought to choose those localities as suitable places for them to be born in. I think of Kentuckians in this connection, and Virginians and Californians and Carolinians and Massachusetts people—and notably those persons who were born in Boston and went through Harvard. For when you meet a well-born Bostonian who likewise has been through Harvard, it is as though you had met an egg which had enjoyed the unique distinction of having been laid twice and both times successfully. Pennsylvanians belong in that same category. You take a Pennsylvanian who has never been mixed up in an election scandal in Philadelphia, or a graft inquiry in Pittsburgh; who has never served a term either at Harrisburg or Moyamensing, and who, in addition to these distinctions claims to have an acquaintance with your president, Charles M. Schwab, and you have a man who gets down on his knees and thanks God he is not as other men.

While I speak of Pennsylvania, I am going to take for my text the personality of one man who, it seems to me, sums up and typifies the spirit which has made your state in many regards the greatest state we have in all this Union of ours. I had heard of him, curiously enough, some time before I met him. I remember reading a good many years ago that he was the first man in this country or in the world who had been given a salary, for services performed, of a million dollars a year. Now, that did not mean very much then to a newspaper reporter down South, because when the figures went above eighteen dollars a week they all sounded alike to me. Besides, on second thought, the most amazing reflection I had was not that a man was going to get a million dollars a year, but that a Scotchman would be willing to give it to him. And then, years later on, I met him and I knew why he was a master of men as well as a master of iron.

I found him, on knowing him, to be different from most of the self-made wealthy men I had met in my life. So many wealthy men, it seems to me—speaking purely as an outsider or, I might say, an innocent bystander—so many wealthy men, it seems to me, have nothing to commend them but that instinct to scent out a hidden dollar and to dig it up which a terrier has with regard to a rat in a wainscoting, and this, it seems to me, is after all not a gift or a power so much as it is a sublimated sense of smell. Who among us but has met some self-made man who was a profound disappointment to nearly everybody excepting his creator, meaning himself? It seems to me that there is a tremendous egotism in the man who proclaims himself self-made, because if he had been a failure he would have laid the fault on God Almighty, but having succeeded, he takes all the credit to himself. And so many self-made men really are not self-made; they are merely self-assembled. They are made up of interchangeable parts that they borrowed from Napoleon and the Kaiser and Midas and Crœsus and Captain Kidd and the late Jesse James. But in your president I have found a different man from most of the wealthy men and most of the synthetic geniuses that I have met in my life. He knows how to be important without being pompous; he knows how to keep a sense of humor and yet not shed his dignity; he has known how to climb and make new friends as he went and yet not lose the old friends he knew before he started climbing; and finally, he proved in time of war and stress that a man with a German name could be a pattern to all America for efficiency and patriotism. Which, very naturally, reminds me of another story.

Back in those old, ancient, sinful days that ended here about eleven months ago, on a Saturday night on the leading corner of a little town in a Southern community, in the local life saving station, with its swinging doors and its persuasive odor of stale malt and its regular subscribers draped over the bar-rail, a group of sturdy yeomanry were engaged in the quaint, old, now utterly obsolete pastime of pickling themselves, a process which I have heard described by my grandfather as having been very pleasing. And in the midst of this operation the swinging doors were thrust asunder and there entered one of those self-important, self-sufficient human beings who believe in telling their private affairs to others, and who, in those times, preferably chose as the proper recipient for such confidence a bar-keeper, as I believe they were called. This person, thrusting his way into the center of the happy, congenial group and breaking up the sport then going on, and, apropos of nothing which until that time had been said or done, he, addressing the bar-keeper, said: "The Doctor wants me to take a trip. I ain't been feeling just the best in the world. I've been a little off in my feed and one thing and another and my wife got worried—you know how women are—and to-night she sent for the doctor and he came and looked me over and took my temperature and five dollars and he says I ought to take a trip; he says I ought to go to California and see the sights. Why should I go to California? Ain't I been to California? I have! Ain't I seen every sight there is in the whole state? I have! As a matter of fact, I don't mind telling you fellows that I've been everywhere and I've seen practically everything there is." Whereupon, a gentlemen who was far overtaken in stimulant slid the entire length of the bar, using his elbow as a rudder, and he hooked a practiced and accomplished instep in the bar rail to hold himself upright and he focused a watery, wavering, wabbling eye full on the countenance of the newcomer and he said to him: "Excushe me—could I ash you a queshtion?" The stranger said: "What?" "I ashked you could I ashk you a queshtion?" "Certainly you could ask me a question." "The queshtion is as follows; Have you ever had d'lrms tr'mns?" The stranger said: "How's that?" "I ashked you—did you ever have the d'lrms tr'mns?" "Oh, do you mean delirium tremens?" "Certainly—that's what I ashked you." And the stranger said: "I have not." "Well, you big piker, then you ain't never been nowhere and you ain't never seen nothin'!"

I say, ladies and gentlemen, and I say it in all sincerity, without any desire to offer fulsome flattery to a man who has weathered a heavier rainstorm of flattery than almost any human being in our country, that until you have enjoyed the boon which to me came later than it did to most of you, until you have learned to know something of the real Americanism and the real essence of manhood that makes Charles M. Schwab's name a household name in America, "You ain't never been nowhere and you ain't never seen nothin'!"

JOSEPH BULLOCK COGHLAN

THE BATTLE OF MANILA

Speech of Captain Joseph B. Coghlan, at a banquet of the Union League Club of New York City, April 21, 1899. The banquet was given in honor of Captain Coghlan and the officers of the U. S. Cruiser *Raleigh*. Elihu Root presided, and said in introducing Captain Coghlan: "Behind the men at Manila were the ideas of liberty, justice and equal rights to all people. They did their duty, not thinking of theories or future governments; they had their orders, orders that led into the jaws of death, and they went in to do their work thinking of their work alone. But behind them were the great ideas that America represents in the progress of mankind. Greater than we know or realize was the work done by the brave sailors who followed Dewey in the harbor of Manila. And now I ask you to join me in drinking the health of Captain Coghlan and the officers of the *Raleigh*."

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Union League:—I thought I came here on the condition that I was to do no talking. I get scared to death when called upon to speak, and sometimes I don't say what I want to. So you will excuse me for everything out of the way that I say to-night. I was almost breathless as I listened to your president's speech. The more he spoke the more I thought: "For God's sake, can he mean us?" [Laughter.] As he went on and I recognized the name of our beloved chief, Admiral Dewey [applause], I knew he was simply patting the admiral over our shoulders, and I thought to myself: "He can't do too much of that to suit me." [Applause.] We feel that we may be congratulated on our home-coming, not for what we have done, but for having served under Admiral Dewey. We love him and give him all the credit for what was done by the American fleet at Manila. If we thought it was possible by accepting this kind reception to-night to take away from him one iota of this credit, we would feel that we were doing wrong. [Applause.]

We were with Dewey from the start to the finish, and on each day we learned more to love and respect him. The more we knew him, the more we knew that our country's honor was safe in his hands and that nothing in which he was engaged but would redound to the credit of our country. [Applause.] During the days after the great fight was over, he suffered the most outrageous nagging; on, on it went, day after day, rubbing clean through the flesh to the bone, but he always held himself and others up. I tell you it was magnificent. [Prolonged applause.] I must tell you of an incident which I think will be of interest. Our friend [sarcastically], Admiral von Diedrichs, sent an officer to complain of the restrictions placed upon him by Admiral Dewey. I happened to be near by at the time, and I overheard the latter part of the conversation between this officer and our chief. I shall never forget it, and I want the people of the United States to know what Admiral Dewey said that day. "Tell your admiral," said he, "his ships must stop where I say." "But we fly a flag," said the officer. "Those flags can be bought at half-a-dollar a yard anywhere," said the admiral, and there wasn't a bit of fun in his face when he said it either. "Any one can fly that flag," he continued. "The whole Spanish fleet might come on us with those colors if they wanted to. Therefore I must and will stop you. Tell your admiral I am blockading here. I am tired of the character of his conduct. I have made it as lenient as possible for him. Now the time has arrived when he must stop. Listen to me. Tell your admiral that the slightest infraction of these orders by himself or his officers will mean but one thing. Tell him what I say—it will mean war. Make no mistake when I say that it will mean war. If you people are ready for war with the United States, you can have it in five minutes." [Tremendous applause, followed by more cheers for Dewey.]

I am free to admit that the admiral's speech to that officer took my breath away. As that officer left to go back to his ship, he said to an American officer whose name I do not recall: "I think your admiral does not exactly understand." "Oh, yes, he does," said the American officer. "He not only understands, but he means every word he says." That was the end of that bosh. After that the Germans didn't dare to breathe more than four times in succession without asking the admiral's permission. I don't know what I can talk to you about that will interest you unless I tell you some of our experiences at Manila, and I guess you know most of that already. [Cries of "Tell us about the fight!"]

Well, I will. We held our last consultation at the dinner hour the night before the fight, and the admiral said that we were going in that night. I don't think any of us ate much dinner. We went in in a calm sea, although we were not so calm ourselves. About midnight we became a little anxious because we had arrived at a point where we had been informed there were lots of torpedoes anchored for us. Now torpedoes are all very well for the storehouse, but they are bad things to have floating round a ship. I've shot some myself, and they sometimes show an inclination to turn round and come back after you've started them. They're a loving sort of animal, and seem to hate to leave you. [Laughter.] But when we got to the entrance and the *Olympia* went through without being blown up, we felt better; we felt positively brave when the *Baltimore* went through all right, and were ready to go right through a graveyard ourselves then. You see the men at the batteries were sleeping some four miles away that night, and they didn't get to their posts until the poor old *Raleigh* came along. I saw a flash and turning to an officer I said: "Hallo, what's that?" He told me that was the second time he had noticed it, and asked if he should fire. I told him not to, as it was probably our friends the insurgents signaling to us; but when a shot came along a moment later, I knew better. Then a second shot came, and it was in response to this that the *Raleigh* fired her first gun. It was the first shot fired by an American ship at Manila, and there is the man sitting over there that fired it. [Captain Coghlan pointed to Ensign Provost Babin who sat several chairs away from him.]

I tell you we were all on the *qui vive* that night; our orders were to go in and anchor, eat breakfast at daylight, and wipe the Spanish fleet off the face of the earth; but in the darkness we overran our reckoning, and at daylight we found ourselves right under the batteries of Manila. In the tropics the daylight comes like a flash, and this was a most beautiful morning.

Our friends the enemy on shore opened upon us, and instead of the anticipated signal to take breakfast, the signal came from the flag-ship: "Engage the enemy." This is where the old man came in. His whole pre-arranged plan had to be changed in a second. We all turned and stood toward the Spanish fleet, taking the fire of the batteries, without response, for thirty-seven minutes. When we finally got into the position we wanted, we opened up and you know what followed. We kept at it for two hours and a half, and at the end of that time there was no Spanish fleet. [Applause.]

This is a good time for me to correct a statement which I understand has been most persistently spread here at home, that we were short of ammunition. It was reported to Admiral Dewey that certain classes of guns were short. He asked me about it, because there were many guns of this class on my ship. I told him that we hadn't used thirty-five per cent of this ammunition in the whole fight, and Captain Gridley—rest his soul!—reported the same thing. We were not short of ammunition at any time. The report that we were has gone out; but the proof that we were not has never been told. Why, we could have fought two battles that day without inconvenience. Well, the end of the battle found us in fine shape. The admiral told us we had better go in and clean up the rest of our work, so we steamed toward the shore and simply wiped out the batteries. After it was all over we felt "bully"; though I cannot say the same for the poor devils on the other side. It was at this time that to our utter amazement we saw Admiral Dewey steaming along right under the batteries. I tell you when I saw him there in that position I went right after him with the *Raleigh* as fast as I could. [Applause.] Fortunately nothing happened. I agree with our president that it is given to every man to be brave; but I tell you given to few men is the bravery of our admiral. He not only has the physical courage but also the moral courage to do anything in God's green world that he thinks will advance the interests of our country. [Prolonged applause.]

When he wished us to do anything, he did not hamper us with written orders—he just told us to do it, and we did it. He had the courage to try anything that was possible to be done; and we had the courage to try to do anything he said could be done. The North and South fought together at Manila Bay, as they did in Cuba; and I tell you together they are invincible. Not only is our country one to-day, but I tell you the English-speaking race is one also. [Applause.] The English people are with us heart and soul, and they were with us before we went to Manila, as I will show you. On the wharves at Hong Kong before we started for Manila, strange officers met us and introduced themselves, which you will agree is a very un-English proceeding. They wished us all manner of luck. One said to me: "By Jove, if you fellows don't wipe them out, don't come back to us, because we won't speak to you." Afterwards when we went back to Hong Kong, one of those English officers said to me: "By Jove, we never gave you credit for style, but my! you can shoot!" [Laughter and applause.]

And now that is all that I have to say, except to ask a favor. I want you to join me in drinking the health of our chief, Admiral Dewey.

At the close of his speech, Captain Coghlan was called upon to recite a burlesque poem entitled "Hoch! der Kaiser." His compliance with this request resulted in some diplomatic comment afterwards. In its original form (as appended herewith) the poem contains thirteen stanzas, but eight only were recited on the above occasion, the omitted portions being stanzas, 2, 6, 7, 8 and 9. The verses were written in Montreal in October, 1897, inspired by a speech of William II, Emperor of Germany, upon the divine right of kings and his own special mission upon earth. The author was A. M. R. Gordon, a Scotchman by birth, whose real name was A. McGregor Rose, a member of the Montreal *Herald* staff.

HOCH! DER KAISER

Der Kaiser of dis Faterland
Und Gott on high all dings command,
Ve two—ach! don't you understand?
        Meinself—und Gott.
He reigns in Heafen und always shall,
Und mein own Embire don'd vas shmall.
Ein noble bair I dinks you call
        Meinself—und Gott.
Vile some men sing der power divine

Mein soldiers sing "Die Wacht am Rhein,"
Und drink der health in Rhenish wine,
Of Me—und Gott.
Dere's France—she svaggers all aroundt,
She's ausgespielt, of no aggoundt,
To much ve dinks she don'd amoundt,
Meinself—und Gott.
She vill not dare to fight again,
But if she shouldt, I'll show her blain,
Dot Elsass, und (in French) Lorraine
Are mein—by Gott!
Von Bismarck vas a man of might
Und dought he was glear oud of sight,
But ach! he was nicht goot to fight
Mit Me—und Gott.
Ve knock him like ein man of sdraw,
Ve let him know whose vill vas law,
Und dot ve don'd vould sdand his jaw,
Meinself—und Gott.
Ve send him outdt in big disgrace,
Ve gif him insuldt to his face,
Und put Caprivi in his place,
Meinself—und Gott.
Und ven Caprivi get svelled hedt
Ve very bromptly on him set,
Und toldt him to get up and get,
Meinself—und Gott.
Dere's Grandma dinks she's nicht shmall bier,
Mit Boers und such she interfere,
She'll learn none owns dis hemisphere
But Me—und Gott.
She dinks, good Frau, some ships she's got,
Und soldiers mit der scarlet goat,
Ach! we could knock 'em—poof! like dot.
Meinself—und Gott.
In dimes of bease brepare for wars,
I bear der helm und shpear of Mars,
Und care not for den dousand Czars,
Meinself—und Gott.
In fact, I humor efery vhim,
Mit aspect dark und visage grim
Gott pulls mit me, und I mit Him,
Meinself—und Gott.

ROBERT COLLYER

TRIBUTE TO EDWIN BOOTH

Speech of Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer at a complimentary breakfast given to Edwin Booth by his friends and admirers, just previous to his departure for Europe, New York City, June 15, 1880. Judge John R. Brady presided.

Gentlemen:—I do not want to commence my speech by remarking that I do not know about the theater and the stage, because if I said that, I should not tell the truth. I go to the theater whenever I can get a chance. And I never go when a man like our friend is playing that I am not filled with it. I forget myself and laugh and cry at the beck of the actor, and cannot help it. [Applause.] I feel that I have no business to stand outside of the business of the evening and criticize it. What I have got to do is to enter into the spirit of the play, and have what I call a "good time." And I have had more grand times, I suppose, listening to Mr. Booth and watching him than any other actor living. [Applause.]

I recognize in the greatest that we ministers can do, and in the greatest our friend can do, that we are together in this great work of impressing the human heart and soul. The word he utters, the word we utter when we are lifted to the height of a great occasion, goes to the same place and goes on the same errand, and while "I magnify mine office," and believe that on the earth there is no higher and no better, I feel at the same time, when a man like our guest interprets some mighty mystery of life—the shadow of it, and the shine, the laughter and the tears, sin and sorrow and repentance, if it please God; there is no grander coadjutor of the minister than a man of this profession, who can teach the thought he carries hidden in his heart by the mightiest genius of the world. [Applause.] When our friends on the other side have been touched by the genius of our guest, as we have been touched so many times, then they will understand that there is something loved and cherished in the hearts of America besides the "almighty dollar." [Loud cheers.]

THE CHURCH AND THE STAGE

Speech of Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer at a banquet in honor of Tommaso Salvini, New York City, April 26, 1883.

Mr. Chairman:—I feel a little touch of fear, sir, that, in answering to this sentiment, "The Church and the Stage," if my speech does not seem to you a "Comedy of Errors" it may still seem to me to be "Love's Labor Lost," by reason of the wide distance between my good-will and my ability to do justice to such a theme.

This is one of those times when the Church should give you the best she has, and you should have found a bishop glad and proud to give the right hand of fellowship to your noble guest, and bid him Godspeed. But, speaking for the Church, so far as a heretic may, what can I say better than that the Church is the mother and the Stage is the daughter, and that, after so long an estrangement, they should kiss and be friends?

The mystery plays, to which the Church gave birth in the Middle Ages, are different only from the great dramas of the present, as the "infant muling and puking in the nurse's arms" is different from the splendid persons dowered with all beauty and aglow with the choicest genius—men like Mr. Salvini—who mirror forth our time.

Let us make sure that we are of one blood, and then we may come together again. The mother has scorned, and the daughter has scoffed. We would not see your play, and you would not hear our sermons. It is all a sham, we have said, your pretense of passion. And you have been of the mind of a manager who would not let a minister have his theater for a Sunday evening service, saying: "No, sir, I will not have so poor an actor on my stage. It will demoralize the place." Is it not time all this was ended? And if the Church says: "Why should I mingle my gold with such dross?" the answer is that some very good Churchmen have not thought it dross.

I was greatly charmed last summer, sir, by a sight in the mountains of four stately chestnuts growing from one root. I loved to sit in the shadow first of one and then of another, and to watch them swaying in the wind and kissing each other through the interlacing branches. So I have thought it is with the drama, the finer arts, and music, and with religious aspirations—each separate in some sense from the other, and yet, down in the deepest one, blossoming alike and bearing fruit, shooting up into the light together, and glorifying the land where they grow.

I love mine best; you love yours best; but I can see in all that there is the same spirit at work, to make men wiser and better. I thank God for them all, and look for the time to come when the whole world will hold them at their true worth.

ROSCOE CONKLING

THE STATE OF NEW YORK

Speech of Roscoe Conkling at the sixty-ninth anniversary banquet of the New England Society in the city of New York, December 22, 1874. The president of the society, Isaac H. Bailey, presided, and introduced Senator Conkling in these words: "Gentlemen, the third regular toast is,—'The State of New York,—her boundless resources, her world-wide commerce, and the steady virtue of her people will ever maintain her proud rank as the Empire State of the Union.' The gentleman who will respond to this toast has a right to speak for the State of New York, for the State of New York has spoken for him on two occasions. I introduce to you Senator Conkling." Another speech by Mr. Conkling is given in Volume XI.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the New England Society:—The annals of this honored association, resplendent as they are with so much that is illustrious and remarkable, record no instance, to my knowledge, in which a guest at a New England dinner ever labored under embarrassment or diffidence. Always to say, and say readily and easily, the right thing at the right time, has till now been the gift of all embraced in your boundless hospitality. [Applause.] At last selection has grown careless or perverse, and one has been bidden wanting in all that beseems the feast. This is not the worst of it. Bent on hurrying over everything dangerous to the enjoyment of the occasion, and usurping powers not conferred on him by your constitution or by-laws, the autocrat of the table gave me timely warning to be brief. I will not tell you how little is the drop of time poured out to me. It is not half so large as to hold half my thanks for a greeting so cordial. [Applause.] Being thus tethered on an isthmus not wider than a hair, I was blandly and generously given an empire for a theme, and told to feel perfectly free to range over all space. [Laughter.] This wonderful invention for contracting time, and expanding its use—a sort of intro-convertible scheme of financiering—impressed me the more because it revealed a trace of ingenuity and frugality notoriously foreign to the New England character. [Laughter.] It is but just to your president, however, to acquit him of all feeling toward me in this effort to abridge the right of free speech. He acted, no doubt, strictly on the principle which led the Puritans to oppose bear-baiting—not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the people. [Applause.]

The toast is a State—pardon me if I say in some respects the first Republican State in Christendom—that great commonwealth whose interests, whose honor, and whose destiny are so dear to all of us, whether we first breathed the air of New England, or the ashes of our fathers hallow the vales of New York. What trains of memories and hopes such a sentiment ushers in! We have no pyramids from which forty centuries look down upon us. Two centuries ago the agents of a Greenland company disputed with Henry Hudson whether they or he caught the first glimpse of rocks and sedges afterwards bartered for a trunk of beans—rocks and sedges ranged by wild beasts and wild men, now the home of mighty people, and the site of a world-trod city, in whose streets eighty-four languages and dialects are spoken.

Three-quarters of a century ago, progress had not yet made such headway as to dig a canal for drainage in this city, where now the pavements of Canal Street are worn by the feet of millions, and trampled by a traffic conspicuous in the ledgers of the world. In the lifetime of men still living, in three-quarters of the State, untrodden and trackless forests, unknown lakes and rivers, and undiscovered fields and mines, were wrapt in solitudes where now temples of charity and religion, temples of learning, and temples of mammon outglitter each other in the splendor of a wondrous civilization. A wondrous civilization, not merely because its energy has sent out the restless foot of adventure to traverse every continent, visit every island, vex every sea—not merely because of its opulence and enterprise, which for seventy years nourished the nation with ninety per cent of the nation's revenues, and, while an income tax was gathered, poured into the treasury, from one eleventh of the population of the United States, one-third of the total tax. A civilization wondrous, not merely because the men it marshaled and the wealth it had amassed saved the nation in a conflict described by a British statesman, the other day, in a speech in this city, as the greatest war of the century—he might have said, in some respects, the greatest war that ever shook the world. [Applause.] I say, saved the nation—is it too much to assert that the State of New York could not have been spared in the struggle for the Union? [Applause.]

War, in our times, is, in great part, a problem of money. The battles which the crusaders fought and the troubadours sang were all before the invention of the ponderous machinery and costly appliances of modern warfare. Valor and devotion alone cannot equip and maintain armies now, and at last the question is, who can pay, and feed, and clothe, and arm the most men? When that fact is ascertained, the fight is over. Thus it comes to pass, the last issues of war must be resolved by taxation, by credit, and by money; and I claim for the soldiers and seamen of New York, and for her taxpayers and capitalists, a share in the glory, the liberty, and the nationality, which, without them, could not have been won. [Applause.] A civilization, wondrous, not merely because its brief career is luminous with the names of heroes, patriots, sages, statesmen, and jurists, whose memorials the world will not willingly let die, but above all, because it has lifted higher and higher the standard of liberty, humanity, morality, and right. [Applause.]

Many would smile at the idea that, as a rule, men in our day have grown better. Many insist that decadence, and not improvement, in morality is the tendency of our times. I will not argue this. Curious witnesses might easily be called. I recently met with a report, made in 1695 to the Lord Bishop of London, by Rev. John Miller, a chaplain in the army, after a residence of some years in the Province of New York. He seems to have been a God-fearing man; it is not comforting to believe him a truth-telling man. [Laughter.] I read from this book as a lawyer read Blackstone to the justice of the peace—not to show that the justice was wrong, but only to show what an old fool Blackstone was. [Laughter.] He sets forth this list of shortcomings falling under his own observation: "First. Wickedness and irreligion in the inhabitants. Second. Want of ministers. Third. Difference of opinion in religion. Fourth. Civil dissension. Fifth. The heathenism of the Indians. Sixth. The neighborhood of Canada." He portrays all six of these sins vividly. Five of them need not be noticed, they are so nearly obsolete. No sane man in this presence dare pretend that we are still "wanting in ministers." [Laughter.] As to "differences of opinion in religion," we have none to speak of. [Laughter.] As to "civil dissension," there will be none till the next election, and then, if they be only "civil," we will cure them by the ballot—a safe and sovereign remedy for such disorders—invented since good Mr. Miller wrote. The "heathenism of the Indians" has nearly died out in this State; soon even Christian Indians will be few, and found only far toward the setting sun. "The neighborhood of Canada," to be sure, remains a case for moral suasion, and if it had proved as easy to change the map of America as it has been found to change the map of Europe, we might do away with Canada altogether. [Applause.]

But hear a few words of what this witness says about the prevailing bad morals of his day. Evidently the generation he knew, died, "no son of theirs succeeding." They may have gone back to England, or gone West. Decidedly they left no descendants here or hereabouts. This pious scribe thus descants: "The first is the wickedness and irreligion of the inhabitants, which abounds in all parts of the province, and appears in so many shapes, constituting so many sorts. In a soil so rank as this, no marvel if the Evil One finds a ready entertainment for the seed he is minded to cast in; and from a people so inconstant, and regardless of heaven and holy things, no wonder if God withdrew His Grace, and give them up a prey to those temptations which they so industriously seek to embrace; hence it is, therefore, that their natural corruption, without check or hindrance, is, by frequent acts, improved into habits most evil in the practice, and difficult in the correction. One of which, and the first I am minded to speak of, is drunkenness, which, though of itself a great sin, yet aggravated in that it is an occasion of many others. 'Tis in this country a common thing, even for the meanest persons, as soon as the bounty of God has furnished them with a plentiful crop, to turn what they can, as soon as may be, into money and that money into drink, at the same time when their families at home have nothing but rags to protect their bodies from the winter's cold: nay, if the fruits of their plantations be such as are by their own immediate labor convertible into liquor, such as cider, perry, etc., they have scarce the patience to stay till it is fit for drinking, but, inviting their pot companions, they all of them, neglecting whatsoever work they are about, set to it together, and give not over till they have drunk it off. And to these sottish engagements they will make nothing to ride ten or twenty miles, and at the conclusion of one debauch another generally is appointed, except their stock of liquor fail them. Nor are the country people only guilty of this vice, but they are equaled, nay, surpassed, by many in the city of New York, whose daily practice is to frequent the taverns, and to carouse and game their night employment. This course is the ruin and destruction of many merchants, especially those of the younger sort, who, carrying over with them a stock, whether as factors or on their own account, spend even to prodigality, till they find themselves bankrupt ere they are aware."

He goes on to speak of cursing and swearing, of open and shameless immorality, of dishonesty, of sloth, and profligacy among high and low, rich and poor. Unfortunately the witness is not solitary, and when we abate and jest away all me may, does not something in this quaint production seriously tell us that progress has been made in lifting society from the groveling instincts and low desires of an earlier age?

But I have dwelt on the past and the present, when I should have spoken on the future. States cannot live on the past, more than political parties. Chancellor Kent says, speaking of families, that they "must repose upon the virtue of their descendants for the perpetuity of their fame." The leader of an Arctic band said to his followers: "Whoever sits down will sleep, and whoever sleeps will perish." So will it be with the States. [Applause.] This is the law of matter, mind, and heart. At this moment the times are full of signs and warnings for New York, threatening her commercial and material primacy. I speak to those who know better than I the many things which might here be said; let me remind you of one of them: "Clinton's Ditch" was dug to bring the products of one part of this one State to another. Soon this great work of statesmanship and forecast transcended its mission, and bore to the sea from far Western States a traffic greater than that of the river Rhine, flowing through seven sovereignties in the heart of Europe. The Erie Canal, enriching and draining vast regions, poured like a golden river into the city of New York. Railways came and railways doubled, but there came also, at the rate of a State a year from distant lands, men and women to till that fertile basin between the two watersheds of the continent, stretching 2,000 miles north, and south, and 1,400 miles east and west. There in the valley of the Mississippi is, and is to be the granary of the world; there is the food of the nations; it is not wanted where it grows, and it is bound to get out and go where it is wanted. The value of property in this country is not in what it is, but in where it is. Speed the cereals of the West into the port of New York without cost in moving them, and the national debt would be like dust in the scales. [Applause.]

This cannot be done, but it can and will be done—nay, it is being done in part. Transportation can be cheapened, it will be cheapened, and the tracks will be marked anew for a colossal commerce. Shall New York have it? Shall Canada have it? Shall Pennsylvania and Maryland have it? Who shall have it? Men hear me who will do much to decide the question. Terminal facilities in this city, elevators, harbor accommodations, sea-going opportunities—these are factors in the problem, as well as canal and railway policy and advantages of route. Here is a huge, unfinished work for this State and this city, and he who lives for five years will see a vast stake won or lost by what shall yet be done or left undone. [Applause.]

This subject urges itself upon us in a double aspect. Laying aside the inquiry who shall profit by handling an untold traffic, the matter of cheap transportation touches the prosperity of the West; and whatever touches the prosperity of any section or State of the Union touches the prosperity of New York. [Applause.] Nothing affecting the welfare of any community in the nation can be without influence on this metropolis. "All roads lead to Rome"; and mad and guilty as sectional hate or jealousy must be everywhere in our land, nowhere could it be so besotted as here. The capital of New York is planted from sea to sea—from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf. There is not a State or city in all our borders which can be blighted without shriveling us. The bonds of every State, the bonds of cities, the bonds of the railways that gridiron the West and the South, are held in great sums in the East and in the North. Whatever wounds any member of the Union we feel also; whatever fertilizes and enriches the most distant field, invigorates this commonwealth from Buffalo to Montauk. [Applause.] Whenever help is needed, it is the highest policy of New York to help, whether in one quarter or another, as far as prudence points a way. The South cannot sit in the ashes of a fire kindled by herself, and not enfeeble every Northern State. The South cannot grope in the desolation of shattered institutions, without unbalancing the healthful forces of all the nation. When she can feel this, and know that every patriot in the land longs for her resurrection, for the time when in all her borders the Constitution and laws, and order, and peace, and common sense, shall reign, then if she can rule her own spirit, her wealth will be our wealth, her welfare our welfare.

But prosperity, like charity, begins at home. Who would have the rose themselves must grasp the thorn. Every community must trim its own vineyard. Rapid transit on Manhattan Island would kindle new life here and send it through a circuit sweeping far beyond this State. Regeneration in finance, sound and wholesome methods in business, thorough and frugal management of public affairs, state and municipal—these are some of the matters in which New York should lead.

The drama of the Western Hemisphere is only begun; the scene thus far enacted might be entitled "breaking the way for future ages." Let those now on the stage act well their parts, and when the portals are closed behind us, New England dinners will be celebrated in New York amid a grandeur yet more worthy of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man—a grandeur which will endure when dynasties have decayed and diadems have crumpled. [Applause.]

CALVIN COOLIDGE

AN AGE OF COMMERCIAL CRITICISM

Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States, was born in Plymouth, Vermont, in 1872. He graduated from Amherst in 1895 and began the practice of law in Northampton, Massachusetts, in 1897. He became Governor of Massachusetts in 1919, Vice President of the United States in 1921, President on the death of President Harding in 1922 and was elected for a second term in 1924. His speeches, whether on political or on other topics, have demanded wide attention because of their vigor and sanity. The following speech was made at the dinner of the Amherst College Alumni Association, at Boston, February 4, 1916. Other speeches by President Coolidge are printed in Volumes IV and VIII.

We live in an age which questions everything. The past generation was one of religious criticism. This is one of commercial criticism.

We have seen the development of great industries. It has been represented that some of these have not been free from blame. In this development some men have seemed to prosper beyond the measure of their service, while others have appeared to be bound to toil beyond their strength for less than a decent livelihood.

As a result of criticizing these conditions there has grown up a too well developed public opinion along two lines; one, that the men engaged in great affairs are selfish and greedy and not to be trusted, that business activity is not moral and the whole system is to be condemned; and the other, that employment, that work, is a curse to man, and that working hours ought to be as short as possible or in some way abolished. After criticism, our religious faith emerged clearer and stronger and

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freed from doubt. So will our business relations emerge, purified but justified.

The evidence of evolution and the facts of history tell us of the progress and development of man through various steps and ages, known by various names. We learn of the Stone Age, the Bronze, and the Iron Age. We can see the different steps in the growth of the forms of government; how anarchy was put down by the strong arm of the despot, of the growth of aristocracy, of limited monarchies and of parliaments, and finally democracy.

But in all these changes man took but one step at a time. Where we can trace history, no race ever stepped directly from the Stone Age to the Iron Age and no nation ever passed directly from despotism to democracy. Each advance has been made only when a previous stage was approaching perfection, even to conditions which are now sometimes lost arts.

We have reached the age of invention, of commerce, of great industrial enterprise. It is often referred to as selfish and materialistic.

Our economic system has been attacked from above and from below. But the short answer lies in the teachings of history. The hope of a Watt or an Edison lay in the men who chipped flint to perfection. The seed of democracy lay in a perfected despotism. The hope of to-morrow lies in the development of the instruments of to-day. The prospect of advance lies in maintaining those conditions which have stimulated invention and industry and commerce. The only road to a more progressive age lies in perfecting the instrumentalities of this age.

The only hope for peace lies in the perfection of the arts of war.

> We build the ladder by which we rise
>
> . . . . .
>
> And we mount to the summit round by round.

All growth depends upon activity. Life is manifest only by action. There is no development physically or intellectually without effort, and effort means work. Work is not a curse, it is the prerogative of intelligence, the only means to manhood, and the measure of civilization. Savages do not work. The growth of a sentiment that despises work is an appeal from civilization to barbarism.

I would not be understood as making a sweeping criticism of current legislation along these lines. I, too, rejoice that an awakened conscience has outlawed commercial standards that were false or low and that an awakened humanity has decreed that the working and living condition of our citizens must be worthy of true manhood and true womanhood.

I agree that the measure of success is not merchandise but character. But I do criticize those sentiments, held in all too respectable quarters, that our economic system is fundamentally wrong, that commerce is only selfishness, and that our citizens, holding the hope of all that America means, are living in industrial slavery. I appeal to Amherst men to reiterate and sustain the Amherst doctrine, that the man who builds a factory builds a temple, that the man who works there worships there, and to each is due, not scorn and blame, but reverence and praise.

GEORGE BRUCE CORTELYOU

MEN OF VISION WITH THEIR FEET ON THE GROUND

Mr. Cortelyou was on terms of intimacy with Presidents Cleveland, McKinley, and Roosevelt, holding three different portfolios in the Cabinet of the latter. He has been president of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York since 1909. The following address, which recalls his association with the three Presidents, was given at the joint dinner of the Natural Gas Association and the American Petroleum Institute May 21, 1919. Another speech by Mr. Cortelyou is printed in Volume IV.

Mr. Toastmaster, Honored Guests, Gentlemen of the Natural Gas Association of America, of the American Petroleum Institute, and of the Association of Natural Gas Supply Men—and, I might add, any others present who are not so fortunate as to belong to either of these great and helpful organizations:—I am always at a loss to respond fittingly to such references as have been made by your toastmaster. My relations with the men he named were so close that even through the lapse of years I hesitate to express myself regarding them. But I can say just this word in passing, that those of us who were privileged to be near those men never felt any diminution of the stature of their character because of that proximity. They at all times measured up to the great responsibilities of the Presidency, and the allusion of the toastmaster has recalled to my mind two or three of their utterances that seem to me peculiarly appropriate to these times in which we live.

The great citizen of Ohio, on a memorable occasion, said: "We know no enemy's country in this fair land of ours"; and on a subsequent occasion he said: "We know no class distinction in this fair land of ours." And his great predecessor, the rugged old giant from New York, said, as you will remember, that "Public office is a public trust"; and the successor of the great son of Ohio, said, as you will also remember: "In the long fight for righteousness the watchword for all of us is 'spend and be spent.'" They were great men; great citizens; great Presidents; great Americans, all of them.

At the outset, Mr. Toastmaster, let me express the great pleasure I have felt in attending the meeting of your Convention this afternoon. It was a high privilege to listen to the addresses, and particularly to the notable address of Secretary Lane. As I sat there listening to his address—or rather speech, as he preferred to call it—I recalled that I had in my files a letter referring to conferences I had the good fortune to have with the Secretary some years ago in Washington. I have known him intimately for years. It was a letter from President Roosevelt referring to some features of a conference, and he concluded with the words, "Isn't Frank Lane a bully fellow?" He is. And he made an inspiring contribution to the record of your meeting.

The invitation to attend this meeting was extended to me so graciously in your behalf by your president and Mr. Daly in a personal call in New York and later emphasized it in so cordial a manner by correspondence, that I wish, first of all, to express my appreciation of it and of the opportunity it has afforded me to meet so many of the men active in your great industries, and to discuss with you, briefly, but none the less sympathetically, subjects that we have to deal with in common. I congratulate you on the attendance at your convention and upon the spirit shown in its deliberations, and convey to you, too, the hearty congratulations and the good wishes of the American Gas Association. I cannot say that as between your Associations and ours it is a case of "two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one," but I can say that we have the same problems centering around that most important of our aims, that much discussed and, I regret to say, much misunderstood feature of our business—service—public service, to be exact. The American Gas Association greets you in a fraternal spirit, will coöperate with you, and will lose no opportunity of showing its interest in your work.

It is a genuine pleasure to be again in Cleveland. It revives many memories. This city has given great citizens to its local life, to the State and to the nation—great citizens of the past and of the present. Some of them have been Republicans, some Democrats, some Independents for aught I know; and while he was not a citizen of this city its name suggests a great Democrat of the past, who was first of all a great American. Many of them have been and are what a recent writer has called "men of vision and with their feet on the ground." That strikes me as a well-nigh perfect definition of the good citizen in these trying and unsettled times, these days of world-wide reconstruction and readjustment.

This evening I devote the few minutes I have allotted to myself—of the time to which you have generously set no limit—in speaking upon some of the lines along which we may make progress, if only a little, toward realizing that high qualification.

We hear much of the needs of the utilities. Presupposing that they are honestly and efficiently conducted, what is their greatest need to-day? Simply that they should have what we mean when we ask for a "Square Deal." A public utility is a part of the community—an essential part—its personnel are citizens, taxpayers, business men, as surely as any others who bear those honorable names. Why should there be the discrimination that in many places exists in the public mind? Partly because of past mistakes, of the misdeeds of a few, of the exigencies of politics, of a variety of causes, but in my judgment quite largely because we have underestimated the inherent sense of fairness of the American people when they are informed, when they are in possession of the facts. We have not given them the facts. Much of our publicity has been of a halting, apologetic kind, as though we were on the defensive. I say to you, gentlemen, that the facts are with us—the nature of our business, the cost of conducting it, the burdensome restrictions put upon it, the lack of flexibility in its regulation, the part it plays in the life of every community. We must make every company in very truth a public utility and then see that the public is made to realize that it is. With this established, we have made progress toward adequate rates, enhanced credit and a responsive market for our securities.

How many American communities know even the general features of our business? Properly told it would be a most interesting story; in these days when so much stress is laid upon practical information, it would be eminently practical.

And cost of production! Highly interesting, too; also, serious and well-nigh ruinous for some companies; but extremely instructive in itself and when compared with that of other products.

Restrictions are probably necessary in some degree in all business, but does business thrive in proportion to the stringent character of these restrictions? Rather, does it not expand and realize the hopes of both producer and consumer alike in proportion to their tendency toward reasonableness.

And that brings us to the absence of flexibility in public regulation. I undertake to say that much of the regulation of this character makes it impossible for the companies to render their best service. That is what each community wants from its utilities, the best service, and if it can be made to see that the multitude and rigidity of the exactions put upon them are counter to its own best interests, we have prepared the way for sympathetic response to our just claims.

The public is better informed of the part played by the utilities in the war than of their daily routine of business—and it was a splendid and essential part—but it seems to me that, aside from all other aspects, that most patriotic and creditable record is useful as a foundation for the diffusion of a more permanent understanding of their vital relations to all industrial activity.

We must hasten the day when we shall, as great industries, take and maintain our place in American business life by the side of merchant and manufacturer and banker, and as surely and with as general acceptance. But back of all publicity must be adequate equipment, trained personnel, contented labor and a management alive to its responsibilities; for when the response comes to our announcements we must be ready to meet it in full measure.

In our business nothing confounds hostile attacks so quickly as good service; nothing silences hasty criticism so thoroughly as honest and efficient management.

Mr. Toastmaster, we are signally honored to-night by the presence of so many of the pioneers and veterans of your industries and the past presidents of your Association, whom you and your committee have invited to attend this meeting. If you will permit me to say so, I think their presence is its distinguishing feature.

I do not subscribe to the doctrine, somewhat prevalent at the moment, that the past should be scrapped, that it can be of little use to us in solving the problems of this new era; nor to that twin monstrosity that anything of to-day or to-morrow that is consistent with what has gone before is a menace to mankind. Out of the past come the lessons of experience; out of the past come incentive and inspiration; out of the past come memories of courage and self-sacrifice, of loyalty and devotion. Why, we can almost say to-day that out of the past comes a picture, in this world cataclysm through which we have gone, of a heroic figure in Belgium; a figure of a great churchman, who, during all the dreadful months since August, 1914, remained at his post, ministering to the people of that stricken land; who through all that hell of war moved unceasingly on, holding ever aloft the symbol of Christianity that faith might not entirely forsake the thoughts of men—Cardinal Mercier.

I am for the veterans; I honor them for their achievements. I say to them, *Hail* and not Farewell!

And then I say to them, "The torch you have passed on to us we will carry forward to further achievement and to further service."

And so let us be among those who are "men of vision and with their feet on the ground"; looking out upon the world with a faith fortified by the wisdom and experience of these, the pathfinders; vision to see the future possibilities of our industries, realizing and correcting any weaknesses that may to-day exist either in methods or tendencies and then go to the people with the facts. Along that pathway, bright with promise, lie prosperity and good repute for the public utilities, for all business, in this America of ours—"God's wonderland, whose opportunities have blessed our generation with the fairest heritage that ever fell to lot of man."

FREDERIC RENÉ COUDERT

OUR CLIENTS

Speech of Frederic R. Coudert at a dinner given to Benjamin Silliman by the Bar of New York and Brooklyn to commemorate the sixtieth anniversary of his admission to the Bar. The banquet was given in New York City, May 24, 1889. Mr. Coudert responded to the toast, "Our Clients."

Mr. President and other Venerable Gentlemen:—I am grateful to you for this undeserved honor. I have few reminiscences. I do not know anything about the past, very little about the future, and less about the present. I had hoped that I would have some comfort in the companionship of my brother Carter [James C. Carter], but when he got up claiming to be sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything, when he invoked the favor of the audience and placed his plea wholly upon age, I felt that I was alone here to plead the privilege of infancy and to invoke the benefit of the statute. [Laughter.]

I do not know, I repeat, a great deal about the great men who have passed before us. I have no opinion to speak of. In fact, my opinion on that subject is vague, and its value easily susceptible of illustration. One gentleman to-night mentioned a great advocate, George Wood. I can remember, looking back to early boyhood, that venerable figure and recall speaking to one of his contemporaries about him. He said, "Yes; a client of mine got an opinion from him once." "Well," I said, "how was it done; how much did he charge?"—for even in those days the professional instinct asserted itself. [Laughter.] "Well," he said, "my client went to him and said, Mr. Wood, I would like to have your opinion on these papers." "Give me the papers; come back to-morrow." And he went back the next day and Mr. Wood said, "Fifty dollars," and nothing more. The client was intelligent, and assumed that he should pay him that sum, which he did. "What about my papers?" he said. "They are not worth a damn," said he. [Laughter.]

If this is a sample of the methodical business practices of the ancient Bar, I am not surprised that our learned and distinguished brother should have attained prosperity and distinction both together. I attribute it rather to that, than to the happy accident of his sleeping in the solitudes of Brooklyn of which you have spoken.

That this is a great day for Brooklyn we all realize. The hordes of Brooklyn men who have appeared to-night, drawn by the prospects of this feast and the allurements—they were bound to be deceived—the allurements of a speech apiece, are such as have never been known before. The first arrangement for the program of this evening's speech-making was the best. I understood that our distinguished friend was to be partitioned. You will observe that out of respect to him I adopt the word usually applied to large communities. One was to have "Our Brother, his Mental Qualities," another his "Moral Qualities," another his "Stomach," and so on. It was found that there was enough of him to go around, but the difficulty was that every Brooklyn man wanted at least twenty minutes and a computation of at least eighty speeches at twenty minutes could easily be made. Thus it had to be abandoned, and the desultory course which we have taken to-night was perforce selected. You now understand the unhappy faces of our Brooklyn friends, and may give them your sympathy. [Laughter.]

Let me tell them, however, that the manufacture of a speech is never in vain. Either they can find a client who will take it upon reasonable terms, or they may discharge it on some future occasion.

I read but recently a story in Plutarch's "Morals," a work that I have no doubt Mr. Silliman reads in his leisure moments. There was a certain officer of Thrace, who, taking a dislike to a dog, fired a stone at him. He missed the object, but struck his mother-in-law. [Laughter.] "It was not so bad a shot," he philosophically exclaimed. I leave my Brooklyn friends to draw the moral.

As to speaking for our clients, I cannot be dictated to in that fashion. What have our clients done for us to-night that we should do this for nothing for them? If there be a weak spot in the constitution and mental organization of Mr. Silliman, I fancy it had been an undue yielding to the caprices of clients. Let us be braver and bolder and stronger than he. Let them get all they are entitled to, and very little of that. [Laughter.] They are certainly not entitled to be admitted to our secret rites, nor to pervade this hall and its atmosphere with their uninvited and gratuitous presence.

Much has been said to-night to show that our profession of to-day, and our Bar, are equal to the profession and the Bar of the past. But, is it claiming more than we are entitled to if we insist that the Bar never has had as much honor, as much talent, as much industry, considering the vastly increased numbers in its ranks and the vastly increased temptations to-day? It is idle to talk of a great body remaining stationary and immovable. The Pyramids of Egypt may do that, but no living organization ever will. We are improving or we are going back. It was a beautiful thought of Pascal that the human race was like a child, always growing, but never growing old. So of every large and organized body of learned and intelligent men.

And so especially it is with our profession—the profession of professions—if we do not keep ahead of the time we go back. The examples that we have in these older men, all stimulate us to nobler effort, perhaps, and teach after all, that in the record of an upright and honorable life, there is much to stimulate even the baser motives of self-interest. But as the great mass of our people are being instructed, so should we rise with and above the rest, and although each one of us will not deserve, as few of us ever can, the eulogies that pour from our hearts through our lips to-night in the presence of a beloved and honored brother, each man may do his best in his own sphere at least, so that some of us who may remain behind him shall not be unworthy to stand by the monument that shows where he rests, and say one kindly and loving word for him.

I am exceeding my time, but no one will follow more sincerely the echo of what was said to-night of Mr. Silliman. I am not prepared like Brother Carter to recite, in advance, his obituary notice. Far distant be that day! Many of us will fall by the wayside before he is gathered to his fathers. But we will continue to honor and to love him, and to honor and love those younger brethren who grow in honor by our side, for we know the increased and accumulated weight of daily temptations that press upon their shoulders. For him I can only say, in closing, that I know that I am giving voice to what you all feel—Deal with him gently, gentle Time. [Great applause.]

SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX

SMITH AND SO FORTH

Impromptu speech of Samuel Sullivan Cox, at the 120th annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York. The banquet was given in New York City, November 20, 1888. Mr. Cox, after much reluctance, responded to the call for an address.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Chamber of Commerce:—I have no particular toast to speak to, but in my emergency, I may select a subject fruitful to many a student, and especially as we are at the festive climax of our entertainment. In looking around this audience I feel like generalizing, and in a nebulous way, therefore, allow me to select as a subject that of Smith. [Laughter.] We have two representatives of the family here to-night[1]. Both are near to me. And, if you will look in the New York Directory, you will find 2,000 other names, members of the same Smith family. As a politician not unused "on the occasion sudden," to cultivating the graces, I will never utter a syllable against the Smith family. [Laughter.] Why, in the early days of Grecian history, they were demigods and founders of states. The only place where they were not is recorded in Samuel—the chapter and verse I will not recall, for I am not certain about them. But it will not hurt you to search for the verse yourself from Genesis to Revelation. [Laughter.] The words are: "There was no Smith in all Israel." Whenever the children of Israel wanted to sharpen their spears, or polish their plowshares or cutlasses, or close up the rivets in their armor, they had to go down to Tyre or Sidon, and call in the Smiths of that locality.

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[1] Charles S. Smith, President of Chamber; Professor Goldwin Smith.

The Smiths have progressed and multiplied; they are everywhere, including Canada. [Laughter]. The Registrar-General of Great Britain says, that in England and Wales there are three-quarters of a million of Smiths. Oh, sir, it is a great family. [Laughter.] In the early chronicles of Norseland, it is said, the Smiths were honored by being admitted to the royal presence. They drank mead with the king. I never saw a Smith in my life that would ever refuse to take a drink. [Roars of laughter, in which President Smith and Professor Goldwin Smith heartily joined.] It mattered not what kind of liquor. [Laughter.] Why, when the Smith family predominated in every country liberty also triumphed ["Good! good!"] —commercial, personal, and public liberty. [Cheers.] The age of iron was the age of the Smith. The age of iron has always ruled. It means to-day speedy locomotion and transportation. [Cheers.] It means commerce, with its chambers of influence. Iron does not mean the mere furtherance of trade between one state and another—between one country and another. It means the largest liberty of interchange between all the chambers of political power, as well as the chambers of commerce.

I dare to say to you, to-night, as a representative of New York City, not altogether in the minority.—[Renewed laughter, which drowned the remainder of the sentence.] I believe my friend, Warner Miller, is gone. [Laughter.] I wanted to sympathize with him. [Cheers and laughter.] For I noticed that when your President Smith called upon our late candidate for governor to speak, he did not ask you to fill your glasses to the Millers. High license and other sumptuary laws would have prevented that. [Laughter.]

Nevertheless my party is in one sense in the minority, along with the Millers. I am not one of those that repine because we are thus situated. It has its compensations. For one, I am used to it. [Laughter and cheers.] I have been there before. [Renewed merriment.] I am about the only Democrat here this evening that is called upon to speak. I feel lonesome [Laughter], as this is a non-partisan association. [Laughter.] But still, out of my solitude I want to say to you, gentlemen, that, in this great whirling, swirling city of New York, our party still has a majority of one hundred thousand to back up its commercial interests, freedom, and unity. I join the sagacious and eloquent gentleman from Canada (Mr. Smith), who has addressed you on this question of enlarged interchange. I may not live to see the time when the Democratic party may resume power. [Laughter.] I am getting to be old—and when I sat here this evening, and heard the victors reviving and rejoicing over their recent victories[1], I gathered some consolation from the verse of Virgil. When Dido asks Æneas to recount the miseries of the siege of Troy, he responds:—

O Regina, jubes renovare infandum dolorem.

Every syllable is a tear; but there is a prism of hope in its every hue. [Cheers and laughter.] It is not altogether a dead language. It is not Turkish, either. [Laughter.]

When my friend, Mr. Miller, talked about the advantages of this magnificent port, and its early history, as the goal and home of adventure and trade—when he spoke about the natural advantages we enjoy, which your enterprise has enhanced in a marvelous manner—my heart burned within my body, as if some divine truth had inspired him. I felt that our defeat was negative success; for had it not converted him to the main issue of the recent election? I felt that our triumph may be such a victory as Wendell Phillips called a minority of one with God! [Laughter.] Wait till the time rolls around, when, perhaps, there are bad crops here and good crops abroad—and the stress for a larger education falls upon the land—then the bucolic element will rise up and recall to power the party which favors agricultural cultivation and commercial freedom between the nations.

I have been interested in hearing all the gentlemen who have spoken; and, politics aside, I am proud to know that since our elections are over—after one party has been more or less in the ascendant—a little "more" than "less" [Laughter]—that under our institutions and liberalities, we can accept the result in a manner creditable to our good feeling and our best interests. Why do we thus acquiesce? It is because we have a constitutional and political order, and an educational discipline in this country which is beyond all praise, as it is without a precedent or a peer. The Constitution, with its refinement of theory and practice of administration, is never greater than when its majesty asserts itself through popular and electoral majorities. Greater than our Washingtons, Jeffersons, and Madisons; greater than our Jacksons, Lincolns, and Grants; greater than all civic and military personalities, is the Constitution, which gives to us that personal liberty and religious freedom, that autonomy of state and unity of federation; that great and glorious ægis, brighter, more resplendent and more far-reaching than all other politics which have come through all the ages of mankind, and, we hope, more enduring than any other system ever devised by the prudence of man.

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[1] The Presidential election of 1888 when Benjamin Harrison defeated Grover Cleveland.

I remember once when I resided in Turkey, as its representative, to have seen the Sultan coming down from his star palace of Yildiz, at the season of Bairam, to visit the mosque in Stamboul, where the banner of the prophet was preserved. Forty thousand soldiers guarded his passage over the Golden Horn, and a hundred thousand of the Faithful welcomed him as he passed by on his sacred mission. As he moved on toward the mosque of his devotion, to kiss the hallowed ensign of his religion, I heard the multitude salute him with the acclamations: "Long live Abdul Ahmed the Second! Long live the Padishah of the Ottoman! Great is our Sultan! Great is the Caliph of Islam! But there is One—One greater than he—Allah il Allah! Allah il Allah!" These salutations were carried along the route, with an ecstasy that proclaimed at once the loyalty of his subjects, and the fidelity of the devotees of an unseen God!

So I say to you, that although, in our elections, we may have designated and proclaimed this and that man to be our chief and vice magistrates—and although the historic Muse points with significant gesture to our statesmen and heroes who are great—yet there is something greater than them all, and that is, the Constitution of the United States, and its representative element and order. Irrespective of parties and their vicissitudes, it stands unassailable and splendid—amidst all the passionate force and fiery ordeals by which it has been tried by a benignant Providence! [Applause.]

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

LIBERTY UNDER THE LAW

Speech of George William Curtis at the seventy-first anniversary banquet of the New England Society in the city of New York, December 22, 1876. The president of the society, William Borden, presided. The toast to which Mr. Curtis responded was, "Forefathers' Day—we best celebrate the day by imitating the virtues of the men who made it glorious." The conclusion of this speech contains one of the earliest suggestions of the eventual solution of the Tilden-Hayes Presidential election controversy known as the "Electoral Commission Law of 1877." Mr. Curtis's tribute to James Russell Lowell is printed in Volume IX, and another speech in Volume XI.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the New England Society:—It was Izaak Walton in his "Angler" who said that Dr. Botelier was accustomed to remark "that doubtless God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but doubtless He never did." And I suppose I speak the secret feeling of this festive company when I say that doubtless there might have been a better place to be born in than New England, but doubtless no such place exists. [Applause and laughter.] And if any skeptic should reply that our very presence here would seem to indicate that doubtless, also, New England is as good a place to leave as to stay in [Laughter], I should reply to him that, on the contrary, our presence is but an added glory of our mother. It is an illustration of that devout, missionary spirit, of the willingness in which she has trained us to share with others the blessings that we have received, and to circle the continent, to girdle the globe, with the strength of New England character and the purity of the New England principles. [Applause.] Even the Knickerbockers, Mr. President—in whose stately and splendid city we are at this moment assembled, and assembled of right because it is our home—even they would doubtless concede that much of the state and splendor of this city is due to the enterprise, the industry, and the genius of those whom their first historian describes as "losel Yankees." [Laughter.] Sir, they grace our feast with their presence; they will enliven it, I am sure, with their eloquence and wit. Our tables are rich with the flowers grown in their soil; but there is one flower that we do not see, one flower whose perfume fills a continent, which has blossomed for more than two centuries and a half with ever increasing and deepening beauty—a flower which blooms at this moment, on this wintry night, in never fading freshness in a million true hearts, from the snow-clad Katahdin to the warm Golden Gate of the South Sea, and over its waters to the isles of the East and the land of Prester John—the flower of flowers, the Pilgrims' *Mayflower.* [Applause.]

Well, sir, holding that flower in my hand at this moment, I say that the day we celebrate commemorates the introduction upon this continent of the master principle of its civilization. I do not forget that we are a nation of many nationalities. I do not forget that there are gentlemen at this board who wear the flowers of other nations close upon their hearts. I remember the forget-me-nots of Germany, and I know that the race which keeps the "Watch upon the Rhine" keeps watch also upon the Mississippi and the Lakes. I recall—how could I forget?—the delicate shamrock; for there "came to this beach a poor exile of Erin," and on this beach, with his native modesty, "he still sings his bold anthem of 'Erin go Bragh.'" [Applause.] I remember surely, sir, the lily—too often the tiger-lily—of France [Laughter and applause], and the thistle of Scotland; I recall the daisy and the rose of England; and, sir, in Switzerland, high upon the Alps, on the very edge of the glacier, the highest flower that grows in Europe, is the rare *edelweiss.* It is in Europe; we are in America. And here in America, higher than the shamrock or thistle, higher than rose, lily or daisy, higher than the highest, blooms the perennial Mayflower. [Applause.] For, sir, and gentlemen, it is the English-speaking race that has molded the destinies of this continent; and the Puritan influence is the strongest influence that has acted upon it. [Applause.]

I am surely not here to assert that the men who have represented that influence have always been men whose spirit was blended of sweetness and light. I confess truly their hardness, their prejudice, their narrowness. All this I know: Charles Stuart could bow more blandly, could dance more gracefully, than John Milton; and the cavalier King looks out from the canvas of Van Dyke with a more romantic beauty of flowing love-locks than hung upon the brows of Edward Winslow, the only Pilgrim Father whose portrait comes down to us. [Applause.] But, sir, we estimate the cause beyond the man. Not even is the gracious spirit of Christianity itself measured by its confessors. If we would see the actual force, the creative power of the Pilgrim principle, we are not to look at the company who came over in the cabin of the *Mayflower;* we are to look upon the forty millions who fill this continent from sea to sea. [Applause.] The *Mayflower,* sir, brought seed but not a harvest. In a century and a half, the religious restrictions of the Puritans had grown into absolute religious liberty, and in two centuries it had burst beyond the limits of New England, and John Carver, of the *Mayflower,* had ripened into Abraham Lincoln, of the Illinois prairie. [Great and prolonged applause.]

Why, gentlemen, if you would see the most conclusive proof of the power of this principle, you have but to observe that the local distinctive title of New Englanders has now become that of every man in the country. Every man who hears me, from whatever State in the Union, is, to Europe, a Yankee, and to-day the United States is but the "Universal Yankee Nation." [Applause.] Do you ask me, then, what is this Puritan principle? Do you ask me whether it is as good for to-day as for yesterday; whether it is good for every national emergency; whether it is good for the situation of this hour? I think we need neither doubt nor fear. The Puritan principle in its essence is simply individual freedom. From that spring religious liberty and political equality. The free State, the free Church, the free School—these are the triple armor of American nationality, of American security. [Applause.] But the Pilgrims, while they stood above all men for their idea of liberty, have always asserted liberty under law and never separated it from law. John Robinson, in the letter that he wrote the Pilgrims when they sailed, said these words, that well, sir, might be written in gold around the cornice of that future banqueting hall to which you have alluded: "You know that the image of the Lord's dignity and authority which the magistry beareth is honorable in how mean person soever." [Applause.] This is the Puritan principle. Those men stood for liberty under the law. They had tossed long upon a wintry sea; their minds were full of images derived from their voyage; they knew that the will of the people alone is but a gale smiting a rudderless and sailless ship, and hurling it a mass of wreck upon the rocks. But the will of the people, subject to law, is the same gale filling the trim canvas of a ship that minds the helm, bearing it over yawning and awful abysses of ocean safely to port. [Loud applause.]

Now, gentlemen, in this country the Puritan principle in its development has advanced to this point, that it provides us a lawful remedy for every emergency that may arise. [Cheers.] I stand here as a son of New England. In every fiber of my being am I a child of the Pilgrims. [Applause.] The most knightly of all the gentlemen at Elizabeth's court said to the young poet when he would write an immortal song, "Look into your own heart and write." And I, sir and brothers, if, looking into my own heart at this moment, I might dare to think that what I find written there is written also upon the heart of my mother, clad in her snows at home, her voice in this hour would be a message spoken from the land of the Pilgrims to the capital of this nation—a message like that which Patrick Henry sent from Virginia to Massachusetts when he heard of Concord and Lexington: "I am not a Virginian, I am an American." [Great applause.] And so, gentlemen, at this hour, we are not Republicans, we are not Democrats, we are Americans. [Tremendous applause.]

The voice of New England, I believe, going to the capital, would be this, that neither is the Republican Senate to insist upon its exclusive partisan way, nor is the Democratic House to insist upon its exclusive partisan way, but Senate and House representing the American people and the American people only, in the light of the Constitution and by the authority of the law, are to provide a way over which a President, be he Republican or be he Democrat, shall pass unchallenged to his chair. [Vociferous applause, the company rising to their feet.] Ah! gentlemen [renewed applause]—think not, Mr. President, that I am forgetting the occasion or its amenities. [Cries of "No, no," and "Go on."] I am remembering the Puritans; I am remembering Plymouth Rock, and the virtues that made it illustrious. But we, gentlemen, are to imitate those virtues, as our toast says, only by being greater than the men who stood upon that rock. [Applause.] As this gay and luxurious banquet, to their scant and severe fare, so must our virtues, to be worthy of them, be greater and richer than theirs. As we are three centuries older, so should we be three centuries wiser than they. [Applause.]

Sons of Pilgrims, you are not to level forests, you are not to war with savage men and savage beasts, you are not to tame a continent, nor even found a State. Our task is nobler, is diviner. Our task, sir, is to reconcile a nation. It is to curb the fury of the party spirit. It is to introduce a loftier and manlier tone everywhere into our political life. It is to educate every boy and every girl, and then leave them perfectly free to go from any schoolhouse to any church. [Cries of "Good," and cheers.] Above all, sir, it is to protect absolutely the equal rights of the poorest and the richest, of the most ignorant and the most intelligent citizen, and it is to stand forth brethren, as a triple wall of brass, around our native land, against the mad blows of violence or the fatal dry-rot of fraud. [Loud applause.] And at this moment, sir, the grave and august shades of the forefathers whom we invoke bend over us in benediction as they call us to this sublime task. This, brothers and friends, this is to imitate the virtues of our forefathers; this is to make our day as glorious as theirs. [Great applause, followed by three cheers for the distinguished speaker.]

JOSEPHUS DANIELS

INVENTION

Speech given before the Lotos Club November 27, 1915, on the occasion of the dinner in honor of John J. Carty, Chief Engineer of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., and perfecter of the Wireless Telephone System.

I THINK there was a motive in Mr. Carty's calling up all the cities between New York and San Francisco, particularly in Nevada, that he might show that if this Republic were in trouble the armies could be mobilized from ocean to ocean by wireless telephone. Captain Bullard has told you of the great service the Navy will derive from this new method of communication, and Mr. Carty has told us that its chief use would be in sending messages across the sea to remote places. In the Navy we regard communication as one of the chief elements of preparedness; exactly what preparedness means in our country needs to be defined. Perhaps the Hoosier Schoolmaster defined it better than any Naval Secretary or War Secretary has ever been able to do. You recall the story of the frontier town in which the big boys resolved that no school teacher should remain at the school longer than a week, and successfully drove out half-a-dozen until the trustees feared that they would not be able to secure any one to teach their children. The place was vacant for some weeks until at last a young Easterner drifted out to the West without intending it, heard of the vacancy and made application to be principal of the school. And the chairman of the board of trustees looked at him and said, "Those roughs play pretty mean there, and it is a hard job; every teacher they have had they have driven away. But you can have the job if you want it." The youth accepted, and the first morning he went into the school, the scholars beheld him carrying a card to the back part of the room, and he tacked it up there over their heads, returned to his desk, drew a revolver and hit the bull's-eye seven times. Then he reloaded his weapon, laid it down, took out two derringers and laid them on his desk. All this time there was not a sound. And then the young Eastern teacher looked up and said, "This school will open with prayer."

Most of the inventions, more of the progress of our age is in the development of prophecy, for we have had more prophets than appear in Holy Writ. Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" was a prophecy of the submarine, and Tennyson's picture of the air navies patrolling in the central blue foretold the coming of the airships; and since I came here to-night your eloquent and perennial president has reminded me of another prophecy, and he propounded a conundrum to me which I propound to you. Where did it enter the mind of Sir Walter Scott in the day long before Carty was born, or Graham Bell and Edison, to say, "When in the warlock's cave he raised the magic wand, a wave that should ring the bells of another time"? Was he raving of the future or was he referring to our present? I am one of those who could not be surprised at any possible discovery or invention. I believe we have come to an age when so many wonderful things have happened in our age that if somebody would tell us the stars could be put on poles to illuminate New York, we would believe it and expect to see it come true.

I knew a man who lived in Dry River, North Carolina. A very hot-headed old farmer neighbor came in and said to him, "Mr. Page, I am going to tell you a story of something impossible," and he told it. The old man received it with the face of a poker player, calm and impassive, and without a comment. Finally the farmer said, "Mr. Page, aren't you surprised?" "Surprised?" was the reply. "Why sir, I wouldn't be surprised to see Dry River run upstream." So when some months ago Admiral Barker and Captain Bullard came in and told me what you were doing, I wasn't surprised. Twenty years ago I would have thought of believing with the folks that hanged all witches. But I knew it would come true, and I expect to be on Venus and hear your songs.

What a wonderful thing is the human voice. What a power it has over man, asserted in every age. I love to think of the time when the godlike Daniel Webster sitting for the first time under the charms of the music of Jenny Lind, unaware of what he was doing, rose in the audience and bowed to her. In the early days the voice was above the man, and we are told that the prophet said, "I am a Voice crying in the wilderness." It was the voice of Demosthenes and Patrick Henry and orators of all ages who have moved men to noble action and high deeds. But the voice of orators and the voice of singers have moved only those who were in the range of hearing. But our modern Svengali not only can have Trilby sing to me here to-night the "Music in the Air" from San Francisco to Washington and stand here while the National Air is sung, but have her heard all along the line. I am proud to be here to-night representing the Navy, to be with you when new stars are in the galaxy of your national firmament. The most impressive part of the great speech of Mr. Carty was when he read the names of those men, most of whom are not known to us, who were his associates. I was glad to hear two of them, a grandson of Bancroft, one of the greatest Secretaries of the Navy in the history of America, and founder of the Naval Academy, and Gherardi, the name of one of our greatest Admirals; the Naval Attaché at Berlin is his grandson. So that the Navy has a special interest, a special pride in what we have done and heard.

It is a gratifying thing to see a man achieve what will bless the world and in his young manhood receive recognition for it, because it so often happens that the benefactors of the world can do their work and wait for a monument to be erected after they are dead instead of receiving flowers while they live. Emerson has told us that if a man write a better book, if he can preach a better sermon, if he can make a better candlestick than any one else, though he may make his home in the woods the world will beat a trodden path to his door. To-night we stand and the world will stand beating a path to the door of our distinguished friend whom this Club honors and, honoring him, honors itself.

JOHN WILLIAM DAVIS

GEORGE WASHINGTON

John William Davis was born at Clarksburg, West Virginia, in 1873, graduated from Washington and Lee University in 1892 and was admitted to the Bar in 1895. He was elected to Congress in 1911 and resigned to become Solicitor-General of the United States in 1913. He was ambassador to Great Britain 1918–1921, and Democratic candidate for President in 1924. As Ambassador in London Mr. Davis sustained the high traditions of that office and won universal commendation by his admirable speeches on public occasions. The following speech was made in London at the dinner of the English-Speaking Union, February 22, 1919. Another address by Mr. Davis is given in Volume VI.

If one were called upon to suggest a motto for the English-Speaking Union he might offer these words, "To know the affinity of tongues seems to be one step toward promoting the affinity of nations." If he were asked to choose from the page of history some man typical of all that is best in the English-speaking peoples he might well select the man who wrote these words. He came of unmixed English ancestry, was reared as a British subject, fought for England in her border wars, separated from his mother country with reluctance only when it became inevitable, risked his all in defending what he believed to be the immemorial rights of Englishmen, and held it the long purpose of his life to make his fellow countrymen secure in those liberties which all English-speaking people enjoy to-day. His name was George Washington. True he took part in events that marked the political severance of the two great branches of the English race, yet to-night a Union composed of Britons and Americans fitly meets to celebrate his anniversary and to prove again that the nations whose governmental unity was sundered in his day have, with the lapse of years, found a new and truer bond in sentiment and purpose.

Of Washington the man I have never found it easy to speak in terms of measured praise for I do not hesitate to confess my own belief that like some mountain peak tallest among his fellows he remains the greatest man yet born upon the soil of the Western hemisphere. I am aware that the subtle quality which men call greatness is the hardest of all human attributes to measure or define, for the test must constantly vary with age, and clime and circumstance. But ingenuity will tax itself in vain to set up a standard that will deny this man his eminence. If it be the obstacles that are confronted, let it be remembered that for eight long years he led in the mad enterprise of revolt a scanty and primitive population scattered over vast distances along a fringe of seacoast, a trackless ocean in their front and an unbroken and savage wilderness in their rear; that even of these a very respectable minority opposed the whole undertaking and the remainder were discordant, mutually suspicious one of another, boasting jointly no effective and coherent government and bound together only by the tie of a common danger and a common need. And yet the American Revolution succeeded because Washington lived. If he is to be tried by the results attained, credit to the constant blunders of his adversaries rather than to his own genius and persistency as much of his military successes as you will, and you have still the united nation that emerged under his hand and whose course for all future years he marked and charted. But if the test be, as I think it must, that supreme test of all—individual character—by whom is he surpassed in physical and moral courage, in fiery energy, in tireless patience, in dogged and unyielding endurance, in personal modesty and absence of self-seeking, and in that rare sense of the true proportion of things which is the very crown of wisdom? Looking back through the perspective of a hundred years, on what occasion is it that we wish this man had acted other than he did? Why should not men of English speech, wherever their home or whatever their flag, rejoice that they come of the same fertile stock from which he sprung? For it may be said of him as of a man different in race but not unlike in character, William the Silent, that "So long as he lived he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets." Nobler praise than this there cannot be.

The service of the truly great is not ended with their generation. The whole earth, as Pericles tells us, is their sepulcher and their story is not graven only on the stone over their native earth but lives far away, without visible symbol, woven into the stuff of other men's lives. "Show me," says the proverb, "the man you honor and I will tell you the man you are." As I repeat this saying my fancy turns to a sword hanging on the wall of Washington's home at Mount Vernon which bears the inscription, "From the oldest soldier in the world to the greatest." It was the gift of Frederick the Great. It was sent by a man who believed that duplicity was a virtue and deception a fine art; who was a treacherous ally and an unfaithful friend; who taught the nation that he ruled how to spring upon its unsuspecting neighbors and despoil them of their lands and goods. It was received by one whose whole life was an open book, who abhorred war with his very soul and would draw the sword only for the "right which is more precious than peace," and who wished his people to learn that it is righteousness alone which exalteth a nation. You and I have lived to see the Teutonic creed of Frederick and the Anglo-Saxon faith of Washington come to grips with one another and, thank God, the creed of Washington has won.

If Washington abhorred war it was certainly not through ignorance nor because he was in any sense a pacifist. A soldier since he came to man's estate he remained a soldier until his death. At twenty-two he served in the field against the French and Indians. At twenty-three he braved a storm of bullets to bring off his Colonials in safety from the scene of Braddock's defeat. Eight years he spent with his troops in the field during the Revolution sharing all the dangers and hardships of his men; and after he had retired in the evening of his life to the repose he longed for, war threatened again and he was called once more, after he was sixty-five years of age, to become commander of the forces of his new made country. He spoke, not as one who had tasted only the bitterness of defeat, but as one who had felt the intoxication of complete victory, and yet he wrote in 1785 to David Humphries, Secretary of a Commission sent abroad to negotiate treaties of commerce, "My first wish is to see this plague of mankind banished from the earth and the sons and daughters of this world employed in more pleasing and innocent amusements than in preparing implements and using them for the destruction of mankind." In 1788 he wrote with apprehension to Lafayette, "There seems to be a great deal of bloody work cut out for this summer in the north of Europe. If war, want and plague are to desolate those huge armies that are assembling, who that has the feelings of a man can refrain from shedding a tear over the miserable victims of regal ambition? It is really a strange thing that there should not be room enough in the world for men to live without cutting one another's throats." To the Marquis de la Rouerie who had just been appointed to command a French army corps he wrote, "I never expect to draw my sword again. I can scarcely conceive the cause that would induce me to do it. My first wish is (although it would clip the wings of some of your young soldiers who are soaring after glory) to see the whole world in peace and the inhabitants of it as one band of brothers striving who should contribute most to the happiness of mankind."

Shall we call the man who said these things an idealist? Quite probably. No man with brains in his head was ever anything else. But he was an idealist who was not afraid to practice the principles he professed. The former colonies which he had led to victory had proclaimed themselves free and independent states, as free and independent of one another as they professed to be of the country whose allegiance they had shaken off, and when the common danger was over quarrels broke out among themselves which not only threatened war but in at least one case led to armed conflict. It was the Constitutional Convention over which Washington presided that brought them together in a league of nations and set up a tribunal to settle their disputes. When he became President it was among his earliest acts to lay before Congress a plan for the creation of an international joint commission to settle the boundary between the new states and the British provinces on the north. When public clamor, irritated by the state of trade between the new country and the old, sought to hurry him into the vortex of war that accompanied and followed on the French Revolution, he kept his head and held Congress back from any act of hostility to Great Britain. It was he who dispatched John Jay, Chief Justice of the United States, as his envoy to Great Britain to negotiate for the removal of the trade restrictions which then burdened and destroyed the commerce between the two countries. He recognized as all statesmen must that commerce is one of the greatest incentives to peace, and that nothing can more surely tend to destroy the amity and concord of nations than discriminating and oppressive restrictions upon commerce and intercourse between them. Peace is not served by offering friendship with one hand and refusing trade and commerce with the other. For commerce is not a mere matter of dollars or pounds sterling; of bookkeeping and balance sheets; of profit and loss. It is the interchange of services. It is, in the last analysis, bread and meat, and clothing, and shelter, and happiness and life itself. So when Jay returned to be maligned and assailed by those who thought the terms he had secured inadequate, when men put up such classic posters as, "Damn John Jay; damn every one who won't damn John Jay; damn every one who won't put lights in his windows and sit up all night damning John Jay," it was Washington who stood by the treaty until men saw the fruits of its reciprocal concessions and were content. May I digress long enough to express the gratification of all Americans that the next English-speaking Chief Justice serving as an ambassador sailed from this side of the water, and I am sure that if any posters greet him as he goes to and fro amongst us he finds them inscribed, "Thrice welcome Lord Reading."

But it cannot be that in honoring me with an invitation to address you, you had any purpose to subject yourselves to a lecture on either English or American history or both combined, and perhaps I should apologize that I have been tempted into that field. My defense must be your own selection of this date and my earnest wish that the relations between our countries may long remain what Washington sought to make them. I have offered his name to you as a type of English-speaking manhood. Has the breed run out? Who dares to say so? Shall we say that the valiant souls who fought and fell at Mons, at Ypres, at Lens, at Loos, at Jutland, upon the Marne or along the Somme were men of lesser sort than their ancestors of Cressy, of Agincourt, of Blenheim, of Trafalgar, or of Waterloo? Or did those who crossed three thousand miles of sea to stand with them have less of vigor in their veins than the men of Lexington, of Saratoga, of Trenton, of Valley Forge, or of Yorktown? Ah, when I sat some days ago in St. Paul's at that moving and inspiring Memorial Service to the officers and men of the Brigade of Guards who had fallen in this war my heart did homage not to them alone, but to the great cloud of English-speaking heroes they had gone to join, whose tents are spread on Fame's eternal camping ground.

Surely the world needs such men. It needs them now. It needs them none the less because the tasks ahead are those of peace rather than of war. Problems of domestic order, of individual liberty, of economic restoration, of a secure and fruitful peace—all these are before us. Whether we will or not, we are on the threshold of a new international order. Old empires have crumbled and old thrones have disappeared. New nations of unequal strength have come into being and old States have changed their form. Men everywhere are demanding the right to be masters of their own destinies. It has been proved again at frightful cost in blood and treasure that the world will never permit any single power, or any selfish combination of powers, to exercise dominion over it. Alliances whether temporary or permanent have shown that they are not certain to endure in time of storm and stress. War has demonstrated that in its modern form, fed from the awful arsenal of science, it holds within its possibilities the annihilation of civilization if not, indeed, of the race itself.

Under such compelling circumstances men of the English-speaking race take up the duty fate has thrust upon them of setting to rights the ghastly disorder which has fallen on mankind. We of this generation will deserve well of posterity if we boldly grapple with our problems and succeed in settling them. Perhaps posterity will not deal kindly with our memories if we fail. But we shall receive, as we shall merit, nothing but the contempt of posterity if we do not make our utmost effort for a sound and permanent solution. The brightest promise of success which the present holds rises beyond per-adventure from the fact that America, Great Britain and her Dominions beyond the Seas bring to their joint labor not alone a common speech, but a common purpose to seek the right and pursue it rather than the merely expedient. The first fruits of this coöperation we have already seen in the Covenant for the League of Nations which has been laid before the Peace Conference for its discussion. It is heartening indeed to note the general approval with which it has been greeted. Some there will be, no doubt, who think that it does not go far enough, others that it goes much too far—there is an advance guard and a rear guard in every army—but there will be none, I believe, who will not see in it an earnest effort to meet the world-wide desire for lasting peace and order, or who will doubt that humanity, in the striking phrase of General Smuts', has struck its tents and is once more on the march. God grant that men of English speech may have the post which is at the same time that of honor and of danger, at the head of the column!

I go back once more to Washington. When the Constitutional Convention over which he presided was threatened with failure, when men feared to attempt a bold solution of the problems before them, when the prospect of a lasting league between the independent States they represented seemed to fade, he rose in simple dignity and said, "If to please the people we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterwards defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair. The event is in the hand of God."

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY MEMORIAL

Address by John W. Davis, American Ambassador, in Stratford-on-Avon church, April 23, 1920.

This is holy ground. The sacred dust here mingled with the soil has sanctified forever this enclosure. The blaze of undying genius illuminates this spot and all around it with all of immortality things mortal can attain. To this shrine to-day, as on yesterday and to-morrow, the feet of countless pilgrims press with reverential zeal. Three centuries have spent themselves in praise of Shakespeare; three times three generations of men have turned to him for inspiration; the words set down for Elizabethan England have long since become the common treasure of mankind. One who speaks here then should be content when he has enrolled himself with all humility among the throng of worshipers.

But for America I ask the right to say that she comes not as a stranger to pay tribute to the poet of a foreign land or of an alien tongue. Her pride in Shakespeare is no less than England's nor held by any lesser right. It is not merely because she speaks his language, and needs no interpreter to make her feel the thrill of his majestic music, that neither time, nor chance, nor change can rob her of her share in his legacy to men of English speech. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the islands of the sea may come under their common flag to claim their share of the inheritance; but America, though she bears a standard of her own, does not forget that in the days when Shakespeare lived and sang she herself lay hidden in the womb of the same great and fertile motherland that gave him birth. She stands here as a daughter in the house to claim her right of patrimony.

Surely, then, the ceremonies of to-day are not without their deep significance. They mark that essential unity of the English-speaking peoples of which the name and fame of Shakespeare is shibboleth and sign. In the blood-stained drama of a frightful war this unity has played but yesterday a part greater than any that Shakespeare ever dreamed. In the providence of God it will supply in coming years an epic of peaceful glory which no genius less lofty than his own will be worthy to portray.

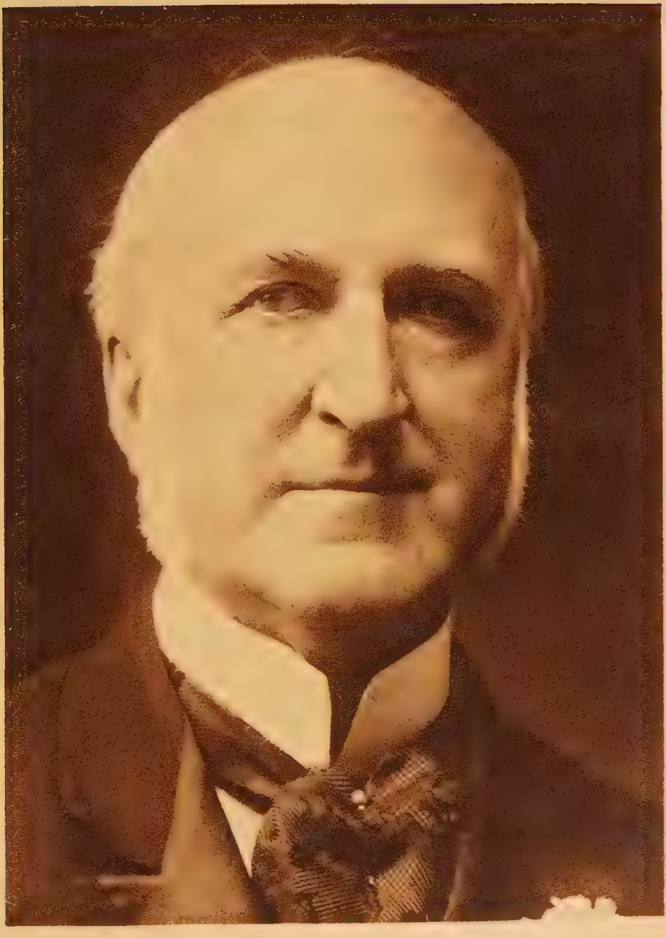
CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW

EIGHTY-SEVENTH BIRTHDAY

Mr. Depew was born in 1834 and has been constantly before the public as a speaker for nearly seventy years. His after-dinner speeches gathered here cover a period of nearly a half century. We begin with a speech at his eighty-seventh birthday in 1921. The next speech is dated 1875, and others follow in chronological order. Other addresses by Mr. Depew are given in Volumes IV and VIII. This speech was delivered by Mr. Depew on his eighty-seventh birthday at the Montauk Club, Brooklyn, N. Y., April 30, 1921, being the thirtieth annual dinner given by this Club.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FRIENDS:—All of our meetings and greetings have been interesting. Some of them have had special significance. This, the thirtieth, marks an epoch. It is difficult to grasp the idea and visualize the recollections of thirty years of continuous celebrations of the birthday of a single individual. Necessarily, in the course of nature, most who were at our first dinner have joined the majority, but their places have been filled by their sons and new members, equally loyal to this original idea. It is a tribute to the continuance of friendships, under all conditions, favorable and unfavorable, and it is a monument to good fellowship.

We hear so much of the growing selfishness of communities, of their jealousies, rivalries and competitions which separate them into hostile groups that we get a general idea that good fellowship and unselfish companionship have largely disappeared. Like most generalizations from narrow data, this is untrue. College fraternities for undergraduates were never so prosperous and never so homogeneous as they are now. The annual alumni meetings were never so largely attended, and never with such admirable results, both for the individual alumnus and *alma mater*. Our meeting here has no political, religious, sectional, trade or personal purpose. It is simply a signifi-



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

cant proof that men of all creeds and professions can meet together and enjoy each other with hearty good-will, and separate with better purposes for the welfare and prosperity of the community in which they live, of the state of which it is a part, of the country which represents it entire and of their associates.

It is an almost forgotten memory how often the country has gone to the dogs during these thirty years. The tragedy at the time of the crisis was that so many of our people had lost faith in the future. It is well that we are so absorbed in the policies or measures or conditions of the hour that we visualize their dangers and concentrate ourselves upon their remedies.

President Harrison

It was a happy promise for the future that we began these birthday celebrations during Harrison's administration. Harrison was among the ablest of our Presidents. He was a great international lawyer and brought about a settlement of the long pending and critical disputes with Great Britain in the Behring Sea which satisfied American opinion and American honor. He strengthened the Federal courts by a selection of judges for merit and in disregard of partisan claims and political pressure. His appointments won from his successor, Grover Cleveland, who also was a firm friend of the judiciary, this praise, "I cannot see how he did it. I thought I recognized the importance of the Federal courts resisting mere party pressure and giving to my appointments jealous care, but I must confess that Harrison has beaten me."

Dr. Cadman, the eloquent Brooklyn preacher, in a recent address on orators, says, "Perfect taste in public speech was as nearly attained by President Harrison as by any publicist of the last thirty years."

President Cleveland

Our experiences with Cleveland were original and interesting. He was a Chief Magistrate much misunderstood by his co-temporaries, but has grown in reputation with the years.

Our country was going to the dogs and rescued twice during his administration, and by his courage and statesmanship. The strikes under the leadership of Mr. Debs tied up all the railroads of the country and by paralysis of transportation threatened to destroy all business and starve and freeze the people. It was easy, without much exaggeration, to picture what would happen in great industrial centers when such conditions were created, but President Cleveland was equal to the occasion. He said that if it took all the forces at the command or control of the Government, the mails should be carried and communication between the different parts of the country kept open. He immediately mobilized the army and drew upon the navy, the country responded and in a few days the national highways were free.

One of the singular and almost universal crazes of our financial experience was the enthusiasm of that period for silver as the standard of value. One of the great parties was almost unanimously for it and the other so infected that at least a majority were in favor of it. This led to legislation which would have speedily resulted in the United States taking its place alongside that of Mexico and China, and losing its association with the great commercial and industrial nations of the world. Mr. Cleveland saw the situation very clearly and demanded a repeal of these laws. He found the leaders of his own party unanimously against him, and little help from the opposition. Then he made an appeal to human nature. The appeal demonstrated that Rochefoucauld, the great French philosopher and creator of maxims, was eminently correct when he remarked, "There is a great deal of human nature in this world."

Mr. Cleveland's party, for the first time since the Civil War, or in a generation, was in control of every branch of the Government. The hunger of a quarter of a century had reached an acuteness where it was ravenous. It was hunger for the most alluring position to so many Americans, the possession of office. The masses came down on their Senators and Representatives in Congress; they crowded the Capitol, they invaded the halls of legislation, they were armed with information as to who could be turned out and replaced and what new places could be created. Mr. Cleveland met the Senators and Congressmen with the calm statement, "My silver repeal first, and then I will take care of your constitutents." The Senators and Congressmen sent their constituents to the White House: the President received them with cordiality and said, "The places you want and which I want to give you are in the hands of your Senators and members of Congress, as soon as they repeal this iniquitous silver bill." These office seekers were all silver advocates, but not at the expense of the offices which they desired. They bombarded their Representatives in Congress and held up to them the certainty of their political death unless they opened the gates so that they could march triumphantly into the departments of the Government and take possession. The result was Mr. Cleveland's repeal bills were passed, a financial crisis of the gravest peril to our industrial and commercial situation was averted, a most distinguished service was done to the country and the President became the most unpopular man in the United States. He retired from office almost by unanimous consent, and yet will take his place when the roll call is made in the future of our Presidents as one of the most courageous and wisest of executives.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY

Then we passed through the administration of William McKinley. He was so cordial, so companionable, had such universal interests, that he almost seemed present at our annual gatherings. Without regard to party, he was popular with us all. McKinley's disposition was so kindly that he could not say no, and it is pleasant to recall what is now forgotten, that he gratified all applicants for office by a phrase which at one time was of national use, "My dear friend, I cannot give you what you wish, but I will give you something equally good." If the aspirant wanted to go to Paris and received an appointment of the same grade for Africa, he was mollified but not satisfied.

The convention which nominated Mr. McKinley marked another crisis. The silver forces had gathered, the other party was committed to their view and it looked as if the Republicans might equally be stampeded and the country return to a silver basis. But by a combination of circumstances, more psychological than practical, a gold plank was inserted in the Republican platform. Very many of the delegates were frightened when this was discovered. The result, however, very unexpectedly proved that the stone which had nearly been rejected was the corner of the whole edifice. There were many planks in the platform and the strongest was the tariff, but it turned out that the most popular was the gold plank. It grew in strength and in popularity day by day until election. It was universally recognized as the source of McKinley's strength and of his election. Then came this interesting episode. Every statesman in the convention claimed to be its author. Senator Foraker, in his interesting autobiography, devotes unusual space to proving that none of these claims had any rights, but that the committee of which he was chairman and which he dominated, was the author. He was so angry because a well-known newspaper proprietor, who had formerly been a baker, claimed the authorship of the gold plank and was asserting it constantly in his newspaper, that he published with great glee a letter from the eloquent and sarcastic Senator Ingalls of Kansas in which he said: "I am glad you slit the gullet of that pastry cook." I was overwhelmed with requests for a certificate of authorship by many distinguished and ambitious statesmen.

PRESIDENTS ROOSEVELT AND TAFT

It was a fruitful lifetime during the administration of Theodore Roosevelt. I was in Buffalo when President McKinley died. The next evening Mr. Roosevelt arrived. It was thought necessary that there should be no interruption in the government, that Mr. Roosevelt should be at once inducted into office. A small party met in the parlor of the private house where Mr. Roosevelt was staying and a United States District Judge administered the oath of office. Mr. Elihu Root, then Secretary of State, in one of the most impressive addresses ever delivered and with a voice full of tears, stated to the Vice President the necessity for his at once assuming executive duties because of the tragedy which had taken the life of the President. I left the house with Mark Hanna. The interview called to my mind Cardinal Wolsey's soliloquy in Shakespeare's "Henry VIII." A few hours before, Hanna was the Warwick of the administration. His unrivaled practical ability admirably supplemented and enriched for practical administration the idealism of the President. He knew perfectly well that with the forceful, masterly and aggressive Roosevelt, there was no place for a Warwick. What promised to be one of the most influential careers in American politics had suddenly come to an end.

For seven years Theodore Roosevelt was President of the United States. We never had a dull moment during that period. His activity, versatility, and genius for affairs were phenomenal. The strike in the coal region threatened to stop production, close factories and freeze people in their homes. He brought the operators and operatives together and in his masterly way forced a settlement. The whole country had a thrill. The war between Russia and Japan threatened to involve the world. Roosevelt saw the peril and acted in his own original way, on his own initiative. Figuratively he grasped each opponent by the neck and said, "In the interests of civilization, you must get together." The command was obeyed and Roosevelt received the Nobel prize. We had another thrill.

Balboa, standing on the heights of the Isthmus dreamed of uniting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The world master, Charles V, wished he might have the power to accomplish that result. Four hundred years elapsed, with succeeding nations and their rulers desiring to unite the two oceans. It became absolutely necessary for the United States that its eastern and western coasts should be brought together commercially, and that they might be protected by one navy. Roosevelt conceived the plan, presented it to Colombia and after various agreements had been made and broken, in his own original way he built the Panama Canal. To critics who assailed him from various viewpoints, his only answer was, "We got the ditch." And we had another thrill.

Then we had more thrills when Roosevelt opposed the Kaiser in the Venezuela controversy and saved the Monroe Doctrine, and still more when he asserted the rights of American citizenship against the Moroccan bandit chief Raizuli.

It is too early yet to predict Roosevelt's place in American history, but the cult is growing and when to picturesque and romantic facts such as I have briefly stated, is added with the years the force of tradition, Roosevelt may take his place as the third of a triumvirate with Washington and Lincoln. Every one of us knew him; he was our neighbor and our friend. That is one of the great privileges of having lived during this period.

We enjoyed Taft, his ability, his justice, his fairness, and we basked and were merry and glad in the sunshine of his resistless smile.

President Wilson

We cannot escape a brief review of our experience with President Wilson. It was original. Mr. Wilson was for a time the foremost, the most popular and powerful statesman in the world. I have found in meeting intimately during my long life masterful men in every department of activity, that all of them if they continue in the same line until after middle age, never escape or try to get rid of their training. President Wilson had a great mind and boundless industry, and as a teacher soon reached the head of one of the great universities of the country. For almost a generation, as a teacher, he was bringing immature minds to a preparation where they could enter fully equipped upon the competitions and activities of life. He did not want from them either advice or suggestion. That was natural. It was for him to set them on the right path and keep them in it. One of the most remarkable revolutions in our political history made him President, with a large majority of his party friends both in the Senate and House of Representatives.

Democratic Senators, with whom I served for many years, told me that Wilson never consulted them, nor would he accept their volunteered advice. They said, "We had free communication with McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft, but our President presents us measures and says, 'Enact them into law.' Our constituents accept him as the leader of our party. He declines to discuss the matter and says simply, 'This is a party measure, and I trust you will not make it necessary for me to tell your people that you are no longer a Democrat.' We all surrender our personal convictions and obey the order. The few who have refused to do so, he has retired to private life by simply so advising their constituents." So Mr. Wilson had more power over Congress than any of our Presidents, not excepting General Jackson. His own reason for his personal policy was that he has a single track mind. To a railroad man, that simile is very clear. A locomotive on a single track cannot be passed by one behind it, nor have another move beside it. If there is one coming in the opposite direction, a collision occurs.

Mr. Wilson, with his great ability, threw himself wholeheartedly into the formation of peace by the creation of a League of Nations. Foreigners are unable to understand why that proposed League of Nations was not accepted by the American people. The reason can be found in Mr. Wilson's favorite explanation of most difficulties, and that is—American psychology. The whole American people wanted peace, not only wanted, but were eager for it, and yet the League of Nations was rejected on a direct issue by over 7,000,000 majority; over a million in our State of New York, and nearly 400,000 in our great city. Libraries have been written on the subject, and yet the explanation is found in the remark of a farmer to a journalist friend of mine. This reporter was out for his paper, which was ardently for the League of Nations as presented by Mr. Wilson, to get public opinion, and especially in its favor. He found a farmer in the fields and approached him on the subject. The farmer said, "Yes, I secured a copy of the League of Nations and I have read it three times, and I am opposed to it." "Why?" said the reporter. "Because," answered the farmer, "there is no Bunker Hill in it."

In the psychology of the American people there is an ineradicable sentiment of Revolutionary patriotism. It may be hidden by our national prosperity, by materialism, by the obvious advantages of the present, but if the crisis is sufficient and the appeal goes deep enough, the American citizen as a rule is with the founders of the Republic. He may be called isolated or provincial or behind the times or unequal to the responsibility which the cable and the wireless have placed upon the citizens of the world by making them one, and yet when he hears or thinks he hears the voice of Washington saying, "Be friendly with all nations, but have entangling alliances with none and keep out of European quarrels," when he hears or thinks he hears that same sentiment repeated, in inaugural addresses or messages, by every succeeding President of the United States, his mind is made up and his position is fixed.

I have been actively in politics for sixty-five years, not as an office holder, but as an American profoundly interested in our government. When I used to take the stump for a few weeks, I could always tell how the State or country would go. It was because I sedulously sought the opinion of the man in the street. The man in the street is the everyday fellow, just like you and me, and nine-tenths of the time his mind is occupied with his personal affairs and associations, but in a political crisis he thinks nationally. So going through the State I interviewed everybody—the passengers on the cars, not on the drawing-room but the ordinary cars, the conductor, brakeman, and the engineer on the train, the men in the shops, the farmer in the fields, the casual acquaintance at the hotels. It is curious, in a hardly contested fight, to notice how a wave of similar sentiment will sweep over the country and impress all these people the same way. The man in the street rules our country, and makes mighty few mistakes.

President Harding

It was one of the privileges of a lifetime for me to be at the same hotel at St. Augustine, Florida, where President Harding spent most of his vacation. It was a rare opportunity to judge our Chief Executive. He worked hard in the morning in conferences with party leaders and prospective Cabinet officers. He played golf in the afternoon with the regular players on the course, and captured all of them. He was accessible to everybody and his mind transparently open to suggestions. One of the leading Southern Democrats in Florida said to me, "Senator

Harding, by his good fellowship, camaraderie, and cordiality with our people, has come mighty near breaking up our party."

His first act in opening the gates to the White House grounds and the doors of the White House is significant, as was the ancient method with the temple of Janus, only with a reversal of the process; the gates of the temple were open during war and closed for peace. Once in the White House the President immediately summoned the leaders of Congress, he called together the members of his Cabinet, he invited the Vice President to sit with them, he consulted with the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, he saw men of leading minds from every walk in life. Before he acts, he will have received hospitably every suggestion, advice or information possible on the subject, but the judgment he forms will be his own. I believe that judgment will be right, and that it will be accepted as such by the American people. One of the leading Democratic papers in the South while I was there and after the President had left Florida, said, "We have yet to find a paper which is hostile to President Harding. The whole field of journalism accepts the tremendous verdict of the country and wishes the President a successful administration."

There never has been a time in our history when our entire population, men, women and children, were so immediately affected by the government as now. Out of the Great War to which we contributed unstintedly of our manhood and our means, have come burdens which rest heavily upon us. Relief can only be had by wise legislation and responsive effort from the people. Productiveness is the keynote of our industrial salvation. The older nations of the world, on account of economic necessities, have taken finance out of politics and treated financial questions with expert ability. Our system has been a happy-go-lucky one, because our resources were enormous and our needs not in proportion. All highly organized governments have had a budget for the year which detailed what was required and then the taxes were distributed and levied accordingly. We have appropriated the money first in a haphazard way and then tried to find sufficient revenue. The surplus of our tariff after taking care of the government prevented right thinking upon taxation.

When the war thrust upon Congress the necessity of raising billions instead of millions, politics still governed the situation. My old friend, Senator Tillman, knocked out stamps upon checks, an easy method of raising revenue, by shouting, "Every citizen who licks a stamp will turn around and help to lick us." Tea, coffee, and sugar, which are the large sources of revenue in every other country, were barred for revenue because we must not touch the American breakfast table. Alcohol for general use, another large contributor in other lands, was knocked out on moral grounds by prohibition, and tobacco treated with gentle hands. The national financiers, abandoning all the lessons of experience, finally adopted practically only one method for revenue. That was excessive taxation of business and individual success. The returns from these two sources are as unstable as the tides, and stability is the life of revenue.

Employers and Employees Must Get Together

In the fluctuating conditions of domestic and foreign trade, of demand and supply, of capital and labor, prosperity in business one year becomes a deficit the next. Our first need is for the whole population, rising to the occasion, as it did in the adoption of the gold standard, to help the Government solve its problems and adjust the burdens, so that adequate revenue may be received and business stimulated; that taxes may be adjusted, not according to political popularity or sectional favoritism, but upon sound economic principles; that the different committees which have charge of many branches of appropriation be willing to surrender the patronage and power of their position to a budget committee of supreme authority. The victory of the Allies in the Great War saved liberty and civilization for all future generations, and by the extension of the debt they should bear their proportion of the sacrifices which made them free. Employers and employees, as never before, must get together. Daniel Webster once said that the Ten Commandments, the Golden Rule, and the law of love were part of the common law of the land. Employers and employees who meet together in the spirit of this law can arrive in their several industries and occupations at adjustments which will promote mutual good-will and the happiest results.

It has been difficult for us during this war to appreciate its results. It is difficult for us now to grasp that we are in the midst of the solution of the problem of the ages. One of the most significant of recent utterances has been that of Lenine, the autocrat of Russia, to the congress of his deputies. For four years he has controlled Russia with an absolutism the Czar never was able to enforce. Having command of an obedient army and all the sources of food and fuel he held 180,000,000 people, a singularly undeveloped people, in a grip of steel. Property was ex-propriated, the intelligent and educated classes exterminated. After four years, during which millions have died of starvation and tens of thousands have been arbitrarily executed, he finds himself and his government facing industrial and economic chaos, with no remedy in sight. He therefore says to the few who with him own the government, "Our communistic principles will not work. We have given them a fair trial and they are a failure. We must recognize property and its accumulation and protection. We have destroyed capitalists and enterprises in Russia; we must import them from abroad. We must invite foreign capital. We must let it enjoy enormous profits and be safe in its business and its accumulations. We must allow Russian enterprise to make headway and furnish security for its successes. We find the farmer will not produce unless he owns his farm and controls his product. We find the manufacturer must have the incentive of protection in his work and in its expansion. If, after ten years of capitalism, in other words a recognition of the right of a man or woman to what they earn or make, has placed our country upon a sound economic basis, then, or perhaps later, we may try again our communistic principles."

IT IS OUR PRIVILEGE TO SEE THE END OF RULING BY DIVINE RIGHT

Going back millions of years, we find that the cave man fought first for his wife, then for his cave, then for his farm and a patrimony for his children. With other cave men, he formed a government and elected a chief, about whom was thrown the mantle of divinity to protect his family and his property. As he developed government and laws, they were all for the safety of life and property and the largest possible liberties consistent with everybody else's liberties. The Roman Empire conquered the world because it carried everywhere a system of law and justice which the people craved. Its corruption and the crimes of its emperors led to its destruction. The principles of Christ captured mankind. New governments were formed and divinity thrown around the king or emperor, but under him the people secured protection for their lives, their liberties and their property. In recent centuries a few royal families governed Europe by divine right. Their tyrannies led to the revolts of their subjects, who wanted more liberties for themselves and more protection for their property from confiscatory taxation. Napoleon shattered the principle of divine right as he tumbled kings from their thrones, but in 1816 the Holy Alliance was formed to extirpate representative government and protect the divinity of sovereigns. The Monroe Doctrine prevented the Alliance from destroying the Spanish republics of South and Central America and Mexico. France, having thrown off the Bourbons, was seeking a government of the people through universal suffrage, but the Hohenzollerns, the Hapsburgs, the Romanoffs and the family of Abdul Hamid still governed by divine right.

The new factor, and the most revolutionary one, in the scheme of governing the world was the Republic of the United States. Its government began in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, by proclamation of a charter which said, "We will form a government of just and equal laws." That evoluted into the Declaration of Independence and was crystallized in the Constitution of the United States. The quarrel between the Kaiser and the Czar, when from the intimacy of Willie and Nicky they become enemies, broke up the unity of the divinity of kings. The Kaiser and his allies, the Emperor of Austria, the Sultan of Turkey, and the King of Bulgaria, staked the doctrine of the divine right of kings to rule the world and the overthrow of popular government upon the issue of war. They have failed, the Romanoff family is destroyed, the Hapsburgs and

Hohenzollerns are in exile, and the Sultan has lost his power. For the first time in the ages, the divine right of kings to govern is dead. There are a few kings, but they have no power. Everywhere it is a people's government, growing as nearly as possible in every case to the example of the Republic of the United States. There is absolute stability in the great powers of the United States, Great Britain and her self-governing colonies, in France and Italy. Starvation and economic chaos threaten most all other nations.

We read the outlines of history so graphically presented and condensed by H. G. Wells. He pictures the rise, prosperity and extinction of great empires. Babylon, Assyria, Persia, the Mongols, Egypt, Greece, and Rome occupy the stage and become historic pictures, but they seem very local and very small compared with the tragedy of our own time upon which the curtain has not yet fallen. The singular phenomenon of the present is that it has produced no great and dominating genius. More human beings have lost their lives, more boundaries of states have been changed, more far-reaching effects have been felt, from the highest civilization to the most savage nations or tribes, than in all the past ages put together, and yet it has produced no representative of the epoch, and no historian, or poet, or novelist to picture in enduring form its progress, its philosophy, or significance. There is no Alexander the Great, no Cæsar, no Napoleon, no Bismarck, no Washington, no Lincoln, no Gladstone; no Dante to lead us through hell, no Milton to take us through heaven, no Walter Scott, no Dickens, no Thackeray, no Irving, no Hawthorne. It may be because the peril is not yet past nor the results of the battle crystallized. Liberty and civilization are still facing chaos and anarchy in a great part of the world. Happily, the signs are hopeful, but for the solution there is still required the maximum of Christian forbearance, of wise statesmanship, of universal helpfulness of the strong for the weak and of the prosperous for the needy.

I should fail to meet the expectations of this occasion, so personal to myself, if I did not answer the question which is put to me every day, "How about eighty-seven; how did you get there; how do you retain possession of all your faculties, and how are you so healthy, so happy, so hopeful?" At the Republican National Convention at Chicago last June, I was suddenly called upon to make a speech. There were 15,000 in the audience, the thermometer was 94, and the situation difficult. Happily, the speech was a success, and mine, though by far the oldest, was with one exception the only voice distinctly heard. From the crowds gathering about with their congratulations, I had an experience, which was one out of many I have had, of what the average person regards as the most encouraging thing to say. An enthusiast shouted, "Chauncey Depew, I want to shake your hand; I have wanted to for twenty years, but I live up in the mountains, where you never come, and we seldom get down. I was in the convention hall there, on that platform up under the roof, two miles from the stage apparently. I never heard a word any other speaker said, but every word that you uttered. In your eighty-seventh year, it was a miracle. But come to think of it, my father on his eighty-fourth birthday was quite as remarkable, just as strong and vigorous as you were while making that speech at eighty-seven, and a week afterwards he was dead."

We have had many anniversaries during the year, but it seems to me, for everyday life and everyday people like you and me, old Benjamin Franklin and his thrift carries the most lessons. Matthew Arnold has put him on a pedestal as the most remarkable man of his period. Certainly he is the most inspiring. From nothing, he became of world-wide importance. All his life he was working, and happy in his work. He is the father of our modern successes with electricity. He was the philosopher of getting on and success who has inspired more people than all the libraries put together. He was an inventor and he was a statesman. The rulers of Great Britain recognized his ability and he captured the beauties of the court of Louis XVI, the king, the queen and the government. Then along in the 80's, and possessing the levelest head among the statesmen of our country, he was the old man, eloquent and wise, in the Constitutional Convention.

Franklin was always healthy, happy and had a good time. The lesson of his life was of varying one's occupation. It is the most valuable lesson for continuing intellectual and physical vigor and for success in the career which you have selected for your life work. The man who gives his days and nights wholly to his business or his profession, without any change of work or proper recreation or play, does not live long and his talent deteriorates. He can play golf, or if that is denied him, baseball or football, or if that is too strenuous he can walk or row, or instead of plodding away and spurring a tired brain which has become exhausted by continuous strain, he can put his gray matter upon something else, learn to have an interest in that pursuit and turn to it for relief, recreation, and life.

The Benefit of Variety of Occupation

With one exception, all of my co-temporaries are dead who became railroad executives when I did. They died because they were chained to their desks and to their tasks. I found that I had no talent or taste for sport or physical exercise, but some ability for public speaking and easy preparation. My almost daily appearance before the public in the evening changed the switch, freshened my mind, gave me sleep and fresh brains for the morning's task, but it nearly lost me the confidence of my stockholders.

One of the great crimes which shorten life is indifference. As one loses interest in his church, in his political party, in his club, in his friends and acquaintances, he dries up and the grave claims one whom no one wants or laments. The two most fatal phrases and the most common are, "What's the use?" and "Why should I?" A hungry and a needy world answers both with open opportunities for service, helpfulness, and good fellowship. I once applied a radical remedy to a friend who came to my office broken in health and spirits and despairing. I said to him, "Take nothing seriously." It was hard for a serious man, in domestic grief and financial trouble, but months afterwards, he came again to my office, cheerful, happy, and successful, and said, "Thanks for your remedy, but it has lost me the confidence of my friends."

Have a hobby, but never a fad. I look over with interest and amusement the fads of the past. When I was a young man, the country went mad over the speedy end of the world. A sect called the Millerites selected the day and the year. The confessions of unhappy couples, so that they might enter the next world at the assigned hour with a clean slate, led to many of them hoping and praying that Gabriel would blow his trump at once. We all remember the blue-glass cure. It was a picturesque sight on going to one's office in the morning to see in almost every house a big window through which the sun could shine, covered with blue glass and a man or woman sitting there, hoping for an early cure. We recall the enthusiasts who walked barefooted in the grass in the park to get the benefit of the early dew. We remember when it was generally taught and almost universally believed that the eating of fish increased one's brain power, and the enormous increase in skin troubles from over-indulgence. I recall with delight the story of the man who wrote his diagnosis to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and said, "Will you please prescribe how much fish I should eat a day for the improvement of my mind?" The doctor answered, "In your case, I think it will be sufficient if you take for breakfast every morning a whale on toast."

Before Columbus sailed for America, a Venetian wrote the story of his life, which centuries after was found in the library of the University of Bologna and printed. His name was Carnaro. His first pamphlet was written when he was sixty. His story briefly is this: At forty, most of the young men of Venice who had money, died of excesses. He recovered from his severe illness by the doctor putting him upon a severe diet. He felt so well, that he continued it. It amounted to about 12 ounces of selected food a day, with a pint only of red wine. At sixty, his co-temporaries were all dead. At eighty, he wrote another volume detailing the success of his experiment. At ninety, another, when he had recovered his fortune which had been lost by his grandson. At one hundred, another pamphlet, when he was still as vigorous as ever and "going some." History does not record what killed him at one hundred and five; it was probably over-indulgence. The greatest life-saver and health preserver is to be able to cut out whatever disagrees with one, and to limit the quantity of whatever agrees with you.

My Mother's Advice

I have investigated by personal experience spiritualism and its various forms of faith and practice. I have never been satisfied that we really could get communication with the other world, though I have tried very hard. I cannot believe that those we love who are there, and who would be delighted to communicate with us, have yet the power to do so, but I have experienced two most helpful aids. Whenever great misfortune or losses overtook me, as they have, my mother, who was a firm Calvinist, has said, "The Lord has sent this to you as a discipline. It is for your own good. Receive it as such and do the best you can, with renewed energy and hopefulness, and this apparent misfortune will prove a real blessing." In every case, this has come out as my mother predicted. I have absolute faith, from repeated trials, of the efficacy of prayer. While the answer has not come by voice or letter or through mediums, yet in some way it has been direct and positive. But the greatest aid is faith, faith in your church, at the same time with a broad charity for all who prefer other creeds; faith in your government, when its foundations and principles have been demonstrated, like ours, as the best; faith in your fellow man and woman. You may be often deceived, cheated, and meet with losses and embarrassment, but these are isolated, and very few compared with the great mass of friends and acquaintances who are dependable and valuable. Have faith in yourself and the guidance of God for proper living, thinking, associations, and ambitions.

WOMAN

Speech of Chauncey M. Depew at the seventieth anniversary banquet of the New England Society in the city of New York, December 22, 1875. The president of the society, Isaac H. Bailey, presided. In introducing the speaker, he said: "Gentlemen, our next toast is 'Woman.'

'From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire,

> They are the books, the arts, the academes,
> That show, contain and nourish all the world.'
> ["Love's Labor Lost," Act IV., Sc. 3.]

"Gentlemen, this toast will be responded to by one who deserves to be known as an expert on all questions that concern the fair sisters—Mr. Chauncey M. Depew."

Mr. President:—I know of no act of my life which justifies your assertion that I am an expert on this question. I can very well understand why it is that the toast to "Woman" should follow the toast to "The Press." [Laughter.] I am called upon to respond to the best, the most suggestive, and the most important sentiment which has been delivered this evening, at this midnight hour, when the varied and ceaseless flow of eloquence has exhausted subjects and audience, when the chairs are mainly vacant, the bottles empty, and the oldest veteran and most valiant Roman of us all scarce dares meet the doom he knows awaits him at home. [Laughter.] Bishop Berkeley, when he wrote his beautiful verses upon our Western World, and penned the line "Time's noblest offspring is the last," described not so nearly our prophetic future as the last and best creation of the Almighty—woman—whom we both love and worship. [Applause.] We have here the President of the United States and the General of our Armies: around these tables is gathered a galaxy of intellect, genius, and achievement seldom presented on any occasion, but none of them would merit the applause we so enthusiastically bestow, or have won their high honors, had they not been guided or inspired by the woman they revered or loved.

I have noticed one peculiarity about the toasts this evening very remarkable in the New England Society: every one of them is a quotation from Shakespeare. If Elder Brewster and Carver and Cotton Mather, the early divines of Massachusetts, and the whole colony of Plymouth could have been collected together in general assembly, and have seen with prophetic vision the flower of their descendants celebrating the virtues of their ancestry in sentiments every one of which was couched in the language of a playwright, what would they have said? [Laughter.] The imagination cannot compass the emotions and the utterances of the occasion. But I can understand why this has been done. It is because the most versatile and distinguished actor upon our municipal stage is the president of the New England Society. We live in an age when from the highest offices of our city the incumbent seeks the stage to achieve his greatest honors. I see now our worthy president, Mr. Bailey, industriously thumbing his Shakespeare to select these toasts. He admires the airy grace and flitting beauty of Titania; he weeps over the misfortunes of Desdemona and Ophelia. Each individual hair stands on end as he contemplates the character of Lady Macbeth; but as he spends his nights with Juliet, he softly murmurs, "Parting is such sweet sorrow."

You know that it is a physiological fact that the boys take after their mothers, and reproduce the characteristics and intellectual qualities of the maternal, and not the paternal, side. Standing here in the presence of the most worthy representatives of Plymouth, and knowing as I do your moral and mental worth, the places you fill, and the commercial, financial, humane, and catholic impetus you give to our metropolitan life, how can I do otherwise than on bended knee reverence the New England mothers who gave you birth! [Applause.] Your worth, the places you fill, and the commercial, financial, humane president, in his speech to-night, spoke of himself as a descendant of John Alden. In my judgment, Priscilla uttered the sentiment which gave the Yankee the keynote of success, and condensed the primal elements of his character, when she said to John Alden, "Prythee, why don't you speak for yourself, John?" [Laughter.] That motto has been the spear in the rear and the star in the van of the New Englander's progress. It has made him the most audacious, self-reliant, irrepressible member of the human family; and for illustration we need look no farther than the present descendant of Priscilla and John Alden.

The only way I can reciprocate your call at this late hour is to keep you here as long as I can. I think I see now the descendant of a *Mayflower* immortal who has been listening here to the glories of his ancestry, and learning that he is "the heir of all the ages," as puffed and swollen with pride of race and history, he stands solitary and alone upon his doorstep, reflects on his broken promise of an early return, and remembers that within "there is a divinity which shapes his end."

In all ages woman has been the source of all that is pure, unselfish, and heroic in the spirit and life of man. It was for love that Antony lost a world. It was for love that Jacob worked seven long years, and for seven more; and I have often wondered what must have been his emotions when on the morning of the eighth year he awoke and found the homely, scrawny, bony Leah instead of the lovely and beautiful presence of his beloved Rachel. A distinguished French philosopher answered the narrative of every event with the question, "Who was she?" Helen conquered Troy, plunged all the nations of antiquity into war, and gave that earliest, as it is still the grandest, epic which has come down through all time. Poetry and fiction are based upon woman's love, and the movements of history are mainly due to the sentiments or ambitions she has inspired. Semiramis, Zenobia, Queen Elizabeth, claim a cold and distant admiration; they do not touch the heart. But when Florence Nightingale, or Grace Darling, or Ida Lewis, unselfish and unheralded, perils all to succor and to save, the profoundest and holiest emotions of our nature render them tribute and homage. Mr. President, there is no aspiration which any man here to-night entertains, no achievement he seeks to accomplish, no great and honorable ambition he desires to gratify, which is not directly related to either or both a mother and a wife. From the hearthstone around which linger the recollections of our mother, from the fireside where our wife awaits us, come all the purity, all the hope, and all the courage with which we fight the battle of life. The man who is not thus inspired, who labors not so much to secure the applause of the world as the solid and more precious approval of his home, accomplishes little of good for others or of honor for himself. I close with the hope that each of us may always have near us

A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command.
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

[Applause.]

YALE UNIVERSITY

Speech of Chauncey M. Depew at a dinner of the Yale Alumni, New York, January 20, 1888. Mr. Depew presided and, in opening the speaking, announced the apologies of some who were unable to be present, among whom were William M. Evarts, Wayne MacVeagh, and Abram Hewitt. When the laughter following Mr. Depew's humorous presentation of these apologies had subsided, he said: "Notwithstanding these disappointments, Yale is here. [Applause.] For the loss of no man affects Yale. [Applause.] It only affects the man himself." Then he turned to his speech, which follows:

GENTLEMEN:—An eminent alumnus said to me some years ago that there was not enough in the theme or enthusiasm to sustain the annual dinner for any American college. The conditions which he contemplated at the time this remark was made, justified the assertion. The annual collegiate dinner at varying intervals was celebrated and abandoned, and nowhere except in New York was it observed at all. Now there is no territory in the United States that does not look forward with increasing interest to these gatherings, and they have become so frequent and at points so distant that the health and digestion of the college presidents have been found absolutely unequal to their demands. [Laughter.] We need not look far for the reasons of this extraordinary and significant revolution. The college of Abelard, which the conservatism of the Middle Ages had confined within the scholastic limits of the classics and creeds, continued to be, until the close of our Civil War, very largely the college of the Republic. Not the least of the emancipations of that terrific struggle was the liberalism of the university. The spirit of unrest was communicated from the alumni to the faculty, from the faculty to the students. The mighty forces which were combined in the prodigious development of the nation urged irresistibly upon the colleges the necessity of an education which should be abreast of the times. [Applause.] The old training which gave to the student mental discipline and little else, must be exchanged for the new learning which would give him mental discipline and everything else.

With scarcely any adequate recognition of the change, the great colleges of the country advanced in the years following the war with a step that kept pace with the highest progress of the age. When our New York alumni began to question the policy of the college and claim that it was not producing the peculiar results which the times demanded, the college had already reached a point beyond the demands of the critics. [Applause.] The youth, the experience, the talent for administration, the popularity of its new president, enabled him to seize at once upon all the elements of university life which existed in the college, and with the material which only required the molding hand of a great architect, to build upon the old foundation a nineteenth century university. [Applause.] From the teacher only, the president became the executive of teachers; from the active head of a department, he became the responsible manager of all departments and the sole administrator of the young republic. The college was no longer bureaucratic and disintegrated in its work, but it had an efficient executive and an admirable working cabinet. [Applause.]

There is this difference between these two greatest and most beneficent governments on earth—that of the United States and that of the University of Yale—one does not know how to handle a surplus in the treasury, and the other is showing a marvelous ability with a deficiency. [Laughter and applause.] Not that Yale is in debt or running down, but her resources and income are unequal to her superb preparation for expansion and her great opportunities.

The resurrecting process and the rapid evolutions which followed the creation of the university, developed limitless opportunities for useful work. I have no hesitation in saying from personal examination of the subject that, if the liberal wealth, which is so freely bestowed when rightly informed, could be given to the extent of three or four millions of dollars to Yale University, there would be in New Haven, within five or six years, an institution of learning so full rounded and complete in every department of education, of thought and of practical work, that it would have no equal in any country of the world. [Prolonged applause.] Its influence would be felt through the magnificent equipment of its graduates to the lasting honor and glory of the country.

The graduate of thirty years ago could not enter the freshman class of to-day. [Laughter.] His education has come to him largely through the hard knocks and trying experience of the making of a career, and yet he feels more strongly than any one else the advantages of an all-embracing university. He knows that the student of the present and of the future should be left, not to his own ideas of what he needs, not to the narrowing forces of a specialty through the abuse of the optional system, but he should be so broadly cultured and at the same time so practically informed, that when he comes out and enters upon the law, which will narrow him; upon the pulpit of his sect, which may make him to some extent a bigot; upon the journalistic career, which will develop the partisan; upon the medical or scientific course, which will absorb his attention and enthusiasm from other pursuits, the healthful and never ceasing influence of the broad and general realization of his universal education will prevent him from ever becoming completely narrow or bigoted or partisan or blind. [Applause.]

We got back to our college home at the annual Commencement after a lapse of years and we rejoice and are proud of the things that make it unlike the Yale of old. Our gratitude and our admiration are outspoken for the Sheffield foundation, the Peabody, the Sloane, the Dwight Hall contributions, the buildings which immortalize the donors and aggrandize the college, and we say to the corporation and the faculty: "Some things are sacred and must not be touched; increase your improvements but, no matter how weighty the considerations for the change, spare the college fence. [Laughter and applause.] It is connected with associations that are tender and reminiscences that are rich beyond the power of eloquence or poetry to portray. [Applause.] The seat upon the college fence was our first title of manhood. From it we viewed for the first time that beatific vision of the New Haven student, the New Haven girl; but whenever we returned, no matter how long have been the intervening years, she looks as fresh and beautiful as if she had drunk at the fountain of perennial youth. [Laughter and applause.] Sitting upon the fence, no matter how our early musical training may have been neglected, we have there acquired a musical education. [Laughter.] The intense and absorbing strain produced by the excitements of the opera compels the continuous conversation during the acts to escape the dangers incident to nervous prostration, but when the sound is in progress upon the college fence, no conversation is possible—or desirable. What Thermopylæ was to Greece, Runnymede to England, Yorktown to the American Republic, the fence is to the students and alumnus of Yale, and it must not be touched." [Laughter and applause.]

At the Columbia dinner an eloquent and witty representative of Harvard took occasion in recounting the recent glories of Yale to speak slightingly of her Sunday evening appearance at Dockstader's theater. His remarks illustrated upon what widely different lines Harvard and Yale have progressed from their Puritan foundation.

When the Monday morning after we met, the metropolitan press took exception to the remarks of Stagg that he always prayed before he pitched, it showed a lamentable ignorance of the true meaning of the Puritan spirit. It was of the same origin as Cromwell's famous order: "Trust in God and keep your powder dry," which carried his Ironsides to victory and liberty. [Applause.] It meant that we are not fatalists, but believe in the old doctrine that "God helps those who help themselves, and those who help themselves God only helps." But Harvard had a closer territorial relationship and repulsion from the extremes of Puritan history; instead of beginning her athletic contests in the spirit and with the invocation of Naseby and Marston Moor, she ends them by imitating the example of that famous army which was the antithesis of Puritanism, and of whom the historian says that "they swore terribly in Flanders." [Laughter and applause.] The athletic record of the year reads like a triumphal announcement of the heralds at the Olympian games. With bat and ball and oar on land and water the blue has been uniformly triumphant and Yale reigns supreme. Columbia cheers and strives to imitate, Princeton applauds and despairs, and Harvard goes back to Cambridge and kicks; but her misfortune is, that she does not kick hard enough at the right time. The athletic triumphs of Yale are celebrated by the increasing number of the freshman class, for the students at the preparatory schools know what constitutes the higher branches of a liberal education. But the enthusiasm of the victory stretches beyond the field and the college walls. It stirs up the old doctor riding around on his country calls; it gives a sensation not felt in years to the old lawyer among his dusty briefs; it quickens the pulse of the judge upon the bench, the grave statesman of the Senate, the journalist in his sanctum, and the minister in his study, and brings to the surface that deep bond of sympathy which binds in one united whole the students and faculty, corporation and the alumni of the University of Yale. Gentlemen, here's to Yale and her president, Timothy Dwight. [Great applause.]

TO PREMIER BRIAND

Tribute to M. Aristide Briand, Premier of France, at the dinner given him by the Lotos Club of New York, Thanksgiving night, November 27, 1921.

Mr. President, Mr. Prime Minister, and Gentlemen:—I have been a member of the Lotos Club for forty-eight years. I have been living more than eighty-seven and have passed through many interesting and trying experiences. I have been to many Lotos nights, but never to any such as this. Furthermore, I have never been in a position where I thought, and still think it so impossible for any one else to make a speech, following the gentlemen who have spoken—Briand and Butler.

After the oration of President Butler, there is nothing which can be said upon the ancient, mediæval or modern examples of those who have struggled and sacrificed for liberty and civilization. He described them superbly.

I have long wanted, because I have read of and watched his career with the greatest interest, to see the gentleman who has spoken to us to-night for France, but I never conceived precisely what was the source of his power. I have been a student of the source of power of American politicians and American statesmen for the past sixty-five years, and generally, I think, have been able to diagnose them correctly; but I could not pass judgment upon this French statesman, never having heard him speak. As I heard Premier Briand to-night, I could see the Old Guard of Napoleon charging to victory. Nobody can wonder that when his enemies, and all men in public life have enemies, said: "You shall not leave the country, and you shall not go to the conference at Washington," and he, after a speech, submitted the question to the French Assembly, they said practically unanimously: "You are France; you go."

Well, gentlemen, I will go back to early relations with France. My grandfather, at a very young age, was a soldier in the Westchester County regiment of the Continental Army, and was stationed much of the time at that center of civilization, Peekskill-on-the-Hudson. Washington during the seven years of the war, had to go frequently to West Point, but he made his headquarters in Peekskill. Lafayette was always with him, and I was able to hear my grandfather describe that young officer, having seen him there.

When the French army came over, Rochambeau went from Peekskill to camp for a week at Verplanck's Point, about four miles below. In his delightful history of the war, Marquis de Chastellux, giving his experience in America, said when he reached Verplanck's Point, where Washington's army was encamped, he had an attack of pneumonia, very sharp and dangerous. Washington took him personally in charge, loaned him his horse to ride, and gave him plenty of Madeira wine. In a few days the Marquis recovered. I told that to a prohibition friend of mine in Washington the other day, and he said the horse cured the Marquis.

After the victory at Yorktown, which was won by the united efforts of our own troops and the French, Rochambeau's army returned to Peekskill, waiting to start for the seacoast to board their ships. The time came for Rochambeau and his army to go. He was surrounded by his brilliant staff, and the word to march was just about to be given, when a Peekskill constable rushed up waving a paper and said: "General, you cannot go. The Justice of the Peace has issued an order prohibiting it." The General asked: "Why cannot I go?" The constable replied: "Because the farmer who owns the farm on which you camped has presented a claim for his destroyed apple trees." The General asked: "How much does the claim amount to?" The constable answered: "Four thousand dollars in gold." Four thousand in gold at that time of Continental currency would have bought the whole of Westchester County. Rochambeau left the money with the American officers and sailed away.

When the case was tried, the neighbors of the farmer who served on the jury gave him four hundred dollars.

Well, my friends, I have another recollection. My father remembered very well when Lafayette came over in 1824 for his second visit. Washington was dead, and all over the country Lafayette was hailed because of his services for our independence, and because all knew how Washington loved him as a son. He received unbounded acclaim from the old soldiers who were with him in the army, and of whom there were a few thousand left. Now remember, at that time there were only about five millions of people along the Atlantic coast, but these soldiers represented the Continental Army and had fought with Lafayette.

Now ninety-eight years go by and we have history repeating itself. Marshal Foch comes over here and instead of being only five millions we are one hundred millions. Instead of there being only a few thousands of the old Continental Army, there are four millions of the army which was raised for the purpose of saving liberty and helping France. Two millions of these went over and fought, and everywhere Foch is acclaimed as the great genius who, in consolidating the armies, carried them to victory. He is touring over this country, and they never want him to return home.

I heard a Lotos man say downstairs this evening: "What a mistake it is that we have this dinner, even if the exigency demanded it, on Thanksgiving Day." I said to him: "My friend, you are mistaken, it is the best day of all the year when we have the guest we have to-night. It is the greatest day of all the year when we recognize the mission on which he came." Three hundred years ago this day, Governor Bradford of the Plymouth Colony in Massachusetts, because the hundred colonists would have starved if they had not had an abundant harvest, ordered a day of thanksgiving. We have kept it up for three hundred years, and during that long time there has never been a Thanksgiving Day with such great reason for celebrating it as to-day.

We can cite plenty of reasons in the conditions of our country, as compared with the rest of the world, in our wealth and ability to take care of ourselves, and our ability to help the Old

World. But all of it is as nothing compared with the conference in Washington, out of which we hope will come the peace of the world, and by which war and chaos may be prevented.

I made a speech on Friday afternoon, before a large audience, and in the course of the speech I said: "I read this afternoon and re-read with great interest the address made by Mr. Briand, the Prime Minister, at the conference at Washington on Monday." Immediately that audience arose and there were cheers after cheers. Why? Because that audience, composed of people in all walks of life, was a section of the American public, and they represented American public opinion. Their unanimous cheers at my simple mention of that speech, which they had all read, show that the American people believed in what the Premier of the French Republic said, and will stand by him.

Not long ago a distinguished statesman stated that there could be no sort of an alliance or agreement or treaty by which the United States would join with Great Britain or any other of the Allies for the purpose of protecting France; that it was against the advice of Washington and the traditional history of the United States.

My friends, I say what I think, and what I believe every American thinks, and it is that we know France stands in a critical position on the borders of civilization and liberty. We know that France, in order to maintain her position and protect herself, is obliged to keep a standing army of nearly a million men. We know that the terrible burden of wars, the wars which have happened and the wars which may happen, are pressing hardships on the life, prosperity, and productive power of France. We know that she ought not to stand alone. We know that the nations which fought with her, and for the same cause, ought not to leave her in a position to be attacked again.

And then, my friends, let us look at a little history—only for a minute. We have not always stood by that declaration of Washington's, which was all right at the time it was made, when we only had a population of about five millions and had no credit, no army, and no navy. That was the right time for him to say it. But in 1821, one hundred years ago, when the autocratic powers of Europe formed the Holy Alliance for the avowed purpose of crushing liberty in Europe, crushing representative government, and the Central and South American republics, then Canning, a broad-minded British Minister, said to President Monroe: "We will join with you in making liberty and independence safe in the republics of North and South America." Monroe consulted with Jefferson and Madison, both ex-Presidents, and they said: "That is all right, go ahead." There was no treaty made, but an agreement, and that agreement has lived until to-day, and is known as the Monroe Doctrine.

The Holy Alliance did not dare to come over here, and only once has the Monroe Doctrine been seriously questioned. Bismarck said that the Monroe Doctrine was a danger to his government, and it ought to be done away with. The Kaiser, William II, said: "I will do away with it." He had a claim against Venezuela and sent his fleet over to take a province of that country in order to exact the claim. Roosevelt, who was President, said: "Kaiser" (I do not know the diplomatic language used), "you know the Monroe Doctrine will not permit it." The Kaiser said: "The Monroe Doctrine is not international law, and I will not recognize it. I have ordered my fleet to take a province in Venezuela, if necessary." Roosevelt answered by cable: "Admiral Dewey and the Atlantic fleet sail to-night for Venezuela." The next day the Kaiser cabled: "Let us have arbitration."

And so it would be if we should proclaim in some emphatic way that France could rest assured that the American people were with her and would support her whenever she was assailed by the forces of militarism and autocracy. Then she never would be in danger. France could then demobilize her army, or reduce it to a size sufficient for home purposes and get rid of that enormous expense. She could then devote her revenues to internal developments and the cultivation of the arts of peace.

My friends, I believe that there is some relationship by which those who have gone before can communicate with us. I believe that while this conference is in session in Washington there is hovering over it a company of immortal spirits. With

Washington is his aide, Lafayette, who induced France to come to our assistance at the crisis of our history. There is also Rochambeau, who brought over the army which helped us to win the victory and the money which restored our credit and clothed and fed our army. There is also de Grasse, who commanded the navy. I believe that Lafayette is saying to Washington: "We want the assistance of your people in this great crisis of our nation," and I believe Washington is saying: "In my Farewell Address I gave that warning about foreign alliances which was right at that time, but two millions of our boys went over to fight in France and shed their blood with the French for the preservation of civilization and liberty. I approve of that, and I think if necessity should arise, you can be sure, my comrade-at-arms of one hundred and forty years ago, that in a crisis as you stood by us then, the American people will stand by you."

My friends, this is Thanksgiving Day. It is full of glorious thoughts and recollections. I heard a speech the other day by Mr. Wells, the great English author, in which he said: "The whole world is going to smash." My friends, the world is not going to smash. Amity, friendship, love, mutual assistance are going to rule; they are going to come out of that conference in Washington, because the public opinion of the whole world, which is concentrated upon that conference, will force it. I say to our distinguished guest, Premier Briand, he can sail tomorrow for France, knowing that a hundred million Americans, no matter what their race or nationality, are behind him and his country. I wish to assure him that he can carry with him this message: If the emergency should again arise because the enemies of civilization and the friends of autocracy or militarism are crossing the borders of France, millions of American soldiers will land in France and shout as they did four years ago: "Lafayette, we are here!"

INTRODUCING LORD CECIL

This speech was given by Mr. Depew at a dinner of the Pilgrims in honor of Lord Cecil on January 2, 1925. The dinner was one of the most brilliant and largely attended entertainments in the annals of the society. In spite of his ninety years Mr. Depew, the president of the society, braved the blizzard weather to take the chair.

VISCOUNT CECIL OF CHELWOOD AND FELLOW PILGRIMS:—In the course of our twenty-one years of activities, we have had the privilege of entertaining distinguished representatives from almost every branch of public service in Great Britain and its colonies—admirals, generals, diplomats and men of letters. This period, which is the span of young manhood, has been peculiarly rich in events and people who have contributed to the object for which the Pilgrims Societies of the United States and Great Britain were organized.

The English-speaking peoples of the world understand each other better and have becomes centuries nearer each other in these two decades. Our meetings were peculiarly thrilling when we met to welcome the missions which came to us during the Great War, and afterwards to the almost only successful conference, the one which met in Washington to decide the questions of the Pacific and disarmament. But to-night is the only time when we meet to celebrate simply peace. [Applause.]

There have been periods in the history of our country when such an event seemed impossible. But some patriotic and far-seeing citizens and friends of President Wilson created a Foundation which should be applied to the promotion of the ideas for which he labored and stood. These friends of President Wilson threw the competition open in order to give the whole world an opportunity to attain the honor which would go to the man who had done most for the promotion of the peace of the world. The contestants were many and distinguished, but with singular unanimity the judges selected our guest to-night, Viscount Cecil, of Chelwood. [Applause.]

Viscount Cecil is an eminent member of a family which has occupied prominent places in the government of Great Britain for nearly a thousand years. I doubt if there ever was a time, during this long period, when a member of the Cecil family had not been governing Great Britain as Prime Minister, or active and influential in its Parliament.

I remember one of my visits to England. Our Minister took me to call upon Lord Salisbury, our guest's father, who was then Prime Minister of England. When I was introduced to him in the Foreign Office, I had the same sensation which, I think, all Americans feel when visiting Great Britain, and when they come in immediate contact with the events which preceded our colonial settlement and history. We were then all sharers in the great days and in the mighty events which laid the foundations for both English and American liberty. I saw before me Lord Burleigh, the great Minister of Queen Elizabeth, and the ancestor of the Cecils. There arose, naturally, a vision of the events, the statesmen, admirals, generals and men of genius whose immortal work is our common heritage, and who adorned the reign of the great Queen Elizabeth. Shakespeare, Bacon, and subsequently Milton have illumined the centuries and are still the lighthouses of our literature.

We cannot help recalling the serious effort for peace among the English-speaking peoples which followed the war of 1812. The commissioners of the two countries met at Ghent, because in their judgment it was the only neutral place in Europe. This was demonstrated by the Burgomaster of the town when he gave a dinner to the American delegates and said in his toast that he wished them every possible success over the British. [Laughter.] At the conclusion of the two commissions' labors, the American commissioners gave a dinner to the British commissioners. The toast of John Quincy Adams was that this successful peace-treaty, which had just been concluded, might be forever unbroken. [Applause.] Its beauty, its mystery, and its longevity seem to be due to the fact that it neither mentioned nor settled any of the controversies which had been fought for in the war. [Laughter.]

Since then there have been many movements from both sides to bring these great branches of the English-speaking peoples together. The main contributor for many years was Washington Irving, who secured against the British reviewers from Walter Scott the acknowledgment that the British people would read an American book. [Laughter.] Probably the most successful contributor was the poet Longfellow. He brought to the world the Indian romances which attracted the attention of not only English scholars and educators, but fascinated the imagination of a generation of English children. Then followed

James Fenimore Cooper with his "Leather Stocking Tales." One result was that a rising generation of England thought that the Americans were Indians. One American told me of stopping at a country house on the sea, and that one of the old ladies said to him, "How we are blessed by the stormy ocean, except for that we might be massacred by those American savages." [Laughter.]

The contributions to the unity of the English-speaking race by Dickens and Thackeray cannot be estimated. How much English lecturers, who have come here in multitudes and given us their messages, have aided in the great movement is a subject of dispute. One of the most valued and valuable was Mathew Arnold. He brought me his itinerary which had been furnished by his American manager. Mr. Arnold said to me, "I am an Oxford professor, and I have instructed the director of my lectures to put me only in university towns." "Well, Mr. Arnold," I said, "he seems to have misunderstood you. In the first place where you lecture, the only university is an insane asylum, and the only college in the next place is an inebriate home; but outside the subject on which they have gone wrong, they are remarkably intelligent people." [Laughter.]

But, my friends, everything prior to 1917, when the United States entered the Great War, is ancient history. We entered then upon a new era. It was the comradeship of youth, when both countries were fighting under the entwined flags of their nationalities, and for the same ideals and ready to make the supreme sacrifice together for law, order, civilization, and liberty.

When the war was over, and the great Council met at Versailles, the future of the world was dependent upon its decisions. A distinguished ex-Prime Minister of Great Britain said to me, "Now that you have come in with all your strength, the victory for the Allies is assured. The councils after great wars in the past have left in their conclusions the seeds for future wars, and I fear the same results when the Allies get together around the council table." But it could not escape in its deliberations the century-old animosities and craving for territory and power. One brilliant and outstanding exception, who wanted neither territory nor possessions, who wanted only justice and peace and who hoped to realize his ideals, was Woodrow Wilson. He represented not only his own convictions but the public opinion of the United States. If, to assist Mr. Wilson, our guest to-night had also been a controlling commissioner, the result might have been different for the world.

Viscount Cecil, as a member of the War Cabinet of Lloyd George, held the most difficult position in the most difficult period of his country's history. He was Minister of Blockade. The War and the Navy Ministers and other statesmen who represented divisions and subdivisions of the war machinery of the government, and were raising and equipping armies and furnishing navies to fight the battles, had their duties defined. But his duties were not defined; they were mainly to watch the United States. It was a most delicate and difficult mission. It required tact, sense, and diplomacy to limit as far as possible the contraband of war the United States could furnish other neutral nations for Germany and Austria.

The United States was neutral and the great merchant of the war. Without causing any irritation or anger, he succeeded in diminishing the sales without offending the salesman. While almost all other nations were fighting or involved in fighting, the United States furnished arms, munitions, provisions, and everything needed by the combatants. Many millions now due us represent in some measure the vastness of our traffic with the Allies.

And here, permit me to say that one of the most valuable contributions to peace and good-will among the English-speaking peoples is the wonderful way Great Britain has met and adjusted her debt. [Applause.] And I will also say how deeply I regret the recent expressions of ill-will towards France on account of her attitude in regard to her war debt. I am sure the position of France is wholly misunderstood. France is the soul of honor and will demonstrate it. We have too many things of sentiment and interest in common with France, running from Lafayette to Jusserand, to permit any ill-feeling between our countries. [Applause.] But the enemies of the Allies were equally anxious for their supplies, and to prevent Germany and Austria from getting them, the British Navy maintained a rigid blockade. Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Spain were neutral countries and quite alert in securing contraband from the United States and profiteering by reselling it to Germany and Austria. It was the duty of Viscount Cecil, as Minister of Blockade, to minimize that traffic without offending the United States, because the Allies expected, sooner or later, the United States to come in as a decisive factor in the war. When the United States came into the war, we had neither enmity nor irritation about the activity of the Minister of Blockade. His was a signal triumph in active war and a genius for peace. Since the war, almost every successful movement which has checked or prevented chaos and helped the distressed nations on the pathway to peace, has been conceived or carried through by Viscount Cecil. [Applause.]

There is a message in this morning's papers from one of the best known American observers in Europe. He says that the people on the Continent are full of hatred and desire for revenge, and regardless of consequences would welcome the breaking out of the war, and the only restraining influence of what would mean chaos is the solid strength and sane activity of the United States and Great Britain who are closely acting together for peace. [Applause.]

Peace is the one hope of the world. A recurrence of war threatens civilization. Nations cannot be reconstructed except under favorable economic conditions. These can only be had with peace. Production can only be stimulated by peace. Recuperation can only come through peace. The Woodrow Wilson Foundation has decided to give its prize for the most successful worker for peace to that distinguished statesman, Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, who is our guest to-night.

I want to introduce to you, ladies and gentlemen, Viscount Cecil of Chelwood. [The assembly arose and greeted Viscount Cecil with applause.]

CHARLES DICKENS

FRIENDS ACROSS THE SEA

Speech of Charles Dickens at the banquet given him by the "Young Men of Boston," February 1, 1842, in response to the toast: "Health, Happiness and a Hearty Welcome to Charles Dickens." The company consisted of about two hundred, among whom were George Bancroft, Washington Allston, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. At the close of the novelist's speech, which the newspapers of the day recorded as having been delivered in a "warm, fluent and manly tone," the president of the evening, Josiah Quincy, Jr., rose amid the cheering, and proposed a second toast as follows: "It has been said that painters in portraying pictures of ideal female beauty unconsciously sketched the features of her who was dearest to their hearts. If this were true of the novelist as of the painter, how greatly are the admirers of the lovely creations of our friend's genius indebted to her who holds this relation to him! With his permission, therefore, I propose the health of the lady of our distinguished guest. If she were the model of the pure and elevated women of his works, it might be well said that she was the better half even of Charles Dickens." This toast was received with nine cheers, and was drunk while the company were all standing.

GENTLEMEN:—If you had given this splendid entertainment to any one else in the whole wide world—if I were to-night to exult in the triumph of my dearest friend—if I stood here upon my defense, to repel any unjust attack—to appeal as a stranger to your generosity and kindness as the freest people on the earth—I could, putting some restraint upon myself, stand among you as self-possessed and unmoved as I should be alone in my own room in England. But when I have the echoes of your cordial greeting ringing in my ears; when I see your kind faces beaming a welcome so warm and earnest as never man had—I feel, it is my nature, so vanquished and subdued, that I have hardly fortitude enough to thank you. If your president, instead of pouring forth that delightful mixture of humor and pathos which you have just heard with so much delight had been but a caustic, ill-natured man—if he had only been a dull one—if I could only have doubted or distrusted him or you, I should have had my wits at my fingers' ends, and, using them, could have held you at arm's length. But you have given me no such opportunity; you take advantage of me in the tenderest point; you give me no chance at playing at company, or holding you at a distance, but flock about me like a host of brothers, and make this place like home. Indeed, gentlemen, indeed, if it be natural and allowable for each of us, on his own hearth, to express his thoughts in the most homely fashion, and to appear in his plainest garb, I have a fair claim upon you to let me do so to-night, for you have made my house an Aladdin's Palace. You fold so tenderly within your breasts that common household lamp in which my feeble fire is all enshrined, and at which my flickering torch is lighted up, that straight my household gods take wing, and are transported there. And whereas it is written of that fairy structure that it never moved without two shocks—one when it rose, and one when it settled down—I can say of mine that, however sharp a tug it took to pluck it from its native ground, it struck at once an easy, and a deep and lasting root into the soil; and loved it as its own. I can say more of it, and say it with truth, that long before it moved, or had a chance of moving, its master—perhaps from some secret sympathy between its timbers, and a certain stately tree that has its being hereabout, and spreads its broad branches far and wide—dreamed by day and night, for years, of setting foot upon this shore, and breathing this pure air. And, trust me, gentlemen, that, if I had wandered here, unknowing and unknown, I would—if I know my own heart—have come with all my sympathies clustering as richly about this land and people—with all my sense of justice as keenly alive to their high claims on every man who loves God's image—with all my energies as fully bent on judging for myself, and speaking out, and telling in my sphere the truth, as I do now, when you rain down your welcomes on my head.

Your president has alluded to those writings which have been my occupation for some years past; and you have received his allusions in a manner which assures me—if I needed any such assurance—that we are old friends in the spirit, and have been in close communion for a long time.

It is not easy for a man to speak of his own books. I dare say that few persons have been more interested in mine than I, and if it be a general principle in nature that a lover's love is blind, and that a mother's love is blind, I believe it may be said of an author's attachment to the creatures of his own imagination, that it is a perfect model of constancy and devotion, and is the blindest of all. But the objects and purposes I have had in view are very plain and simple, and may be easily told. I have always had, and always shall have, an earnest and true desire to contribute, as far as in me lies, to the common stock of healthful cheerfulness and enjoyment. I have always had, and always shall have, an invincible repugnance to that mole-eyed philosophy which loves the darkness, and winks and scowls in the night. I believe that Virtue shows quite as well in rags and patches as she does in purple and fine linen. I believe that she and every other beautiful object in external nature, claim some sympathy in the breast of the poorest man who breaks his scanty loaf of daily bread. I believe that she goes barefoot as well as shod. I believe that she dwells rather oftener in alleys and by-ways than she does in courts and palaces, and that it is good, and pleasant, and profitable to track her out, and follow her. I believe that to lay one's hand upon some of those rejected ones whom the world has too long forgotten, and too often misused, and to say to the proudest and most thoughtless—"These creatures have the same elements and capacities of goodness as yourselves, they are molded in the same form, and made of the same clay; and though ten times worse than you, may, in having retained anything of their original nature amidst the trials and distresses of their condition, be really ten times better." I believe that to do this is to pursue a worthy and not useless vocation. Gentlemen, that you think so too, your fervent greeting sufficiently assures me. That this feeling is alive in the Old World as well as in the New, no man should know better than I—I who have found such wide and ready sympathy in my own dear land. That in expressing it, we are but treading in the steps of those great master-spirits who have gone before, we know by reference to all the bright examples in our literature from Shakespeare downward.

There is one other point connected with the labors (if I may call them so) that you hold in such generous esteem, to which I cannot help adverting. I cannot help expressing the delight, the more than happiness it was to me to find so strong an interest awakened on this side of the water, in favor of that little heroine of mine, to whom your president has made allusion, who died in her youth. I had letters about that child, in England, from the dwellers in log-houses, amongst the morasses, and swamps, and densest forests, and deepest solitudes of the Far West. Many a sturdy hand, hard with the ax and spade, and browned by the summer's sun, has taken up the pen, and written to me a little history of domestic joy or sorrow, always coupled, I am proud to say with something of interest in that little tale, or some comfort or happiness derived from it; and my correspondent has always addressed me, not as a writer of books for sale, resident some four or five thousand miles away, but as a friend to whom he might freely impart the joys and sorrows of his own fireside. Many a mother—I could reckon them now by dozens, not by units—has done the like, and has told me how she lost such a child at such a time, and where she lay buried, and how good she was, and how, in this or that respect, she resembled Nell. I do assure you that no circumstance in my life has given me one hundredth part of the gratification I have derived from this source. I was wavering at the time whether or not to wind up my Clock[1] and come and see this country, and this decided me. I felt as if it were a positive duty, as if I were bound to pack up my clothes, and come and see my friends; and even now I have such an odd sensation in connection with these things, that you have no chance of spoiling me. I feel as though we were agreeing—as indeed we are if we substitute for fictitious characters the classes from which they are drawn—about third parties, in whom we had a common interest. At every new act of kindness on your part, I say to myself, "That's for Oliver; I should not wonder if that were meant for Smike; I have no doubt that is intended for Nell"; and so I became much happier but a more sober and retiring man that ever I was before.

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[1] "Master Humphrey's Clock," under which title the two novels—"Barnaby Rudge" and "The Old Curiosity Shop"—originally appeared.

Gentlemen, talking of my friends in America brings me back, naturally and of course, to you. Coming back to you and being thereby reminded of the pleasure we have in store in hearing the gentlemen who sit about me, I arrive by the easiest, though not by the shortest course in the world, at the end of what I have to say. But before I sit down, there is one topic on which I am desirous to lay particular stress. It has, or should have, a strong interest for us all, since to its literature every country must look for one great means of refining and improving its people, and one great source of national pride and honor. You have in America great writers—great writers—who will live in all time, and are as familiar to our lips as household words. Deriving their inspiration from the stupendous country that gave them birth, they diffuse a better knowledge of it, and a higher love for it, all over the civilized world. I take leave to say, in the presence of some of those gentlemen, that I hope the time is not far distant when they, in America, will receive of right some substantial profit and return in England from their labors; and when we, in England, shall receive some substantial profit and return in America for ours. Pray do not misunderstand me. Securing to myself from day to day the means to an honorable subsistence, I would rather have the affectionate regard of my fellow men, than I would have heaps and mines of gold. But the two things do not seem to me incompatible. They cannot be, for nothing good is incompatible with justice. There must be an international arrangement in this respect. England has done her part, and I am confident that the time is not far distant when America will do hers. It becomes the character of a great country; firstly, because it is justice; secondly, because without it you never can have, and keep, a literature of your own.

Gentlemen, I thank you with feelings of gratitude, such as are not often awakened, and can never be expressed. As I understand it to be the pleasant custom here to finish with a toast, I beg to give you: "America and England, and may they never have any division but the Atlantic between them."

JOHN ADAMS DIX

THE FLAG—THE OLD FLAG

Speech of Major-General John A. Dix at the fifty-eighth annual dinner of the New England Society in the city of New York, December 22, 1863. The president, Henry A. Hurlbut, occupied the chair. The fifth toast was: "The Flag—The Old Flag—At last it waves again upon the soil of every State. It flaunts defiance in the face of treason, and soon shall float in triumph and in honor over the unhallowed grave." In introducing Major-General Dix the president said: "The gentleman who will respond to this toast, is one whom we all know, love and esteem. When he held the position of Secretary of the Treasury, you all recollect that he issued that memorable order: 'If any man attempts to haul down that flag, shoot him on the spot.'" Three cheers were given for General Dix. All present rose, and made the banquet hall ring with their cheers and plaudits.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—The enthusiastic response which the sentiment just read has received, is but the emanation of a principle in our nature as old as human society. In every age through which mankind has passed, organized communities have had appropriate emblems for the assertion of their authority at home and their rights abroad. From the eagles, under which the Roman empire was extended over the known portions of the globe, the crescents of the Saracenic race, and the banners and oriflammes of the Middle Ages, down to the national flags and standards of our own times, a peculiar veneration has consecrated these symbols of sovereignty. Victories, social progress, the march of the nations to prosperity and power, have become identified with them. Insult to them from abroad has been resented by war. Treachery to them at home has been visited with the penalties of treason. They have been hallowed by lofty and ennobling associations; but none of them by higher or more endearing recollections than the flag which hangs over us to-day [cheers]—the same flag under which our fathers battled for freedom and independence. [Applause.] It was adopted by the old Congress while the new-born Republic was struggling into life. Our armies first went forth to combat under it when Washington was their commander-in-chief. [Cheering.] In the hour of victory we have given it to the winds, as the expression of our thankfulness and joy. In the days of our calamity we have turned to it for support, as the people of God turned in the darkness of the night to the Pillar of Fire, which was conducting them through the perils of the wilderness. [Loud cheering.] Holy associations like these should have made it sacred. But it has been more than once torn down, and trampled under foot by traitors. When men have made up their minds to treason, the highest of all crimes, there is no baseness so low that they will not descend to it.

Two years and a half ago, a hundred thousand people met together in this city to resent the insult to the Flag at Sumter, and to prepare for putting down by force a conspiracy against the authority of the government and the integrity of the Union. The conspiracy was inaugurated by the treacherous seizure of forts and revenue vessels, the plunder of mints and arsenals, and by a course of fraud and violence on the part of the leaders without a parallel in the annals of civilization. The authority of the government had been struck down in every State south of Maryland. The navigation of the Mississippi had been usurped, and was permitted to be carried on only by sufferance of the rebel authorities at New Orleans. The piratical flag of Jefferson Davis and his associates had been unfurled where the old Flag of the Confederation and the Union, consecrated by a thousand precious memories, had waved for more than three quarters of a century as the emblem of order, enlightened government, and civil liberty. [Cheers.] Thank God! the old banner has been restored in portions of every State of the Union. [Enthusiastic applause.] The waters of the Mississippi flow on from their source to the sea without obstruction, bearing on their bosom no token of the treason which but recently held dominion over them. [Loud cheering.] The ancient geographical boundaries are being rapidly regained. In population the power of the rebellion is declining as signally as in territorial extent. The seceded States began the contest with about five hundred thousand men capable of bearing arms. One-half must have perished by the sword and disease, or have become disqualified for service in the field. We began with two millions of able-bodied men. Our losses do not exceed theirs; and equal losses, with aggregate numbers so unequal, must soon exhaust them, while our own relative strength is every moment increased. [Applause.]

The time is not far distant when the elements of society in the United States, thus rudely and wickedly disturbed, must be re-adjusted, and the old order of things reëstablished, possibly with modifications, growing as necessities out of the shock they have sustained. With whom shall the conditions of the re-union be negotiated and arranged? Certainly not with the men who caused the war ["No, no!"], and with it a sacrifice of half a million lives. National honor, retributive justice, respect for the principle of stability in established systems, a proper regard for the generations which are to come after us, and whose political organizations will derive strength or weakness from the issue of the mighty conflict we are engaged in—all these considerations demand that the architects of disorder who have violated the public peace, and broken the social contract they had sworn to observe, shall have no part in our future government. With them we can never even negotiate for peace. [Great applause.] When they shall have been expelled from the country they have devastated and dishonored, when their military power shall have been broken, and their forces dispersed, and the deluded masses of the South shall have been liberated from the tyranny under which they have been crushed, it will be time to make terms—not with the guilty leaders, but with those whom they have defrauded, plundered, and oppressed. [Loud cheering.]

In a contest reaching far beyond ourselves, involving the destinies of our children, and the fate of the country itself—a contest which is to settle for all future time the momentous problem whether governments founded upon popular representation have the strength necessary to sustain themselves against internal discord and violence—it is amazing that there are any among us who cannot rise above the level of their personal and party interests, and act only in reference to the great peril with which we are grappling, and which still threatens with destruction all that is most sacred in government, in society, and in domestic life. [Enthusiastic applause.]

In such a contest, no man who thinks rightly can doubt wherein his duty consists. It may be stated in a single breath. Stand by the Union. Stand by the Government; it is the representative of the Union. Stand by the Administration in its war measures; it is the exponent of the Government [Cheers]; nay, it is, for the time being, the Government itself. ["That's it!"] It may not have suited us all in every respect. We may think that in some things it has done wrong, in others that it might have done better. But the destinies of the country are in its hands ["That's so"], and it is not only the duty, but the interest of those who desire a speedy and successful termination of the war, to sustain it, strengthen it, coöperate with it cordially and thoroughly, until its authority is firmly reëstablished. [Great applause.]

Let us bear perpetually in mind that, in a Government constituted like ours, with numerous parts aggregated into one consistent whole, disruption is death—not merely to one or a few, but death to each and to all. No sacrifice of treasure or life is too great to avert such a dissolution of our political system. [Louder cheers.] Better that these walls within which we are assembled should crumble into dust; better that this island, with all its treasures of industry and art, with its unexampled social and commercial activity, to which a million of voices every day of its great life bear testimony—better, I say, that it should be given up, with all these trophies of civilization, to its primeval silence and solitude, than that the institutions which have made it what it is should be torn down by traitorous hands. [Tremendous cheering.]

But I have no such gloomy forebodings of evil. If the darkness is not yet all gone and the light not fully come; if the period of transition is not yet ended; *ubi nox abiit, nec tamen orta dies.* Yet every day brings with it fresh evidence of the hopelessness of the rebel cause, and the speedy exhaustion of its strength in resources and in men. Every day furnishes stronger assurance that the process of fermentation through which we are passing will throw off what is impure, and give in the end new strength to the Union, new prosperity, glory, and grandeur to the Republic. [Cheers.]

And to return to the topic with which I began—when our day of trial shall have gone by, the old flag shall float again unquestioned on the land and on the sea, the emblem not merely of the past, but of the latest and noblest of all victories—the triumph of a great nation over the elements of weakness and danger contained within itself. [Enthusiastic cheers, the whole company rising and giving three cheers for General Dix.]

WILLIAM HENRY DRAPER

OUR MEDICAL ADVISERS

Speech of Dr. William H. Draper at the 113th anniversary banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York. The banquet was given in New York City, May 10, 1881, and James M. Brown, the vice president, occupied the chair.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—The reverend gentleman[1] who has recently spoken said that he was a stranger and you had taken him in; I regret that I am an old citizen of New York, and the Chamber of Commerce has taken me in. [Laughter.] When I received the cordial invitation from the Chamber of Commerce to attend this banquet I was entirely at a loss to know why I had been so honored. Two days ago I received a kind note from the secretary, informing me that I should be expected to make a few remarks on any subject appropriate to the occasion. This explained to me the honor, if not the motive, of the invitation. I find myself in the most embarrassing predicament. There is no place in a banquet like this for a doctor. The duties of a doctor so far as I know in relation to an occasion of this kind are *postprandial*. [Laughter.] Had you invited me to arrange this banquet for you upon a physiological basis and with a view to your welfare I might have been of service to you. But as I said before, the doctor will find his true place in relation to the sort of banquet a merchant prince provides—to-morrow. [Laughter.]

When I considered the subject on which I should address a few words to you I must say that I was at a loss to understand what relation commerce bears to the profession I have the honor to represent. I thought to myself that commerce had a good deal to do with drugs, but not much with doctors. We all know the interest which commerce has in the trade in opium; how the tax upon cinchona bark brings a large revenue to the Government and fortunes to the manufacturers of quinine and how patent medicines constitute an ever increasing means of commercial intercourse. But this does not seem to me to have much to do with doctors. It then occurred to me that perhaps you were not aware that in this city of New York we make every year from 600 to 800 doctors, and I thought I would suggest to you that doctors might, perhaps, if you were in search of some new enterprise, constitute a very excellent article of export. [Laughter and applause.] I thought it would be a good thing for the country if you were to export doctors, who constitute one of our surest and most considerable crops. [Laughter.] You are perhaps not aware that in periods of great commercial depression the number of young men who seek their fortunes in the medical profession always increases. This is a fact which I believe is confirmed by statistics. Why it should be so, I am at a loss to explain, unless it be that by this arrangement society is spared the influx of a large number of very poor merchants; or it is possible that it is a providential arrangement by which the surplus population is removed, a point of great importance in times of commercial distrust. [Laughter.]

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[1] Rev. Dr. Wilbur F. Watkins.

I was asked only a few moments ago to furnish the chairman with the theme of my remarks. Inasmuch as I had not prepared an address I was at a loss to know what the theme of my discursive speech should be. I looked down the list of themes and saw one which had been given to my friend, the Rev. Dr. Taylor, and it suggested this: "Our Medical Advisers; they lead to a brighter world, and show the way." [Laughter.] Now I hope my friend, Dr. Taylor, will not regard this as simply a travesty upon the theme to which he is to respond. I do not intend it as such, for I am prepared to affirm that doctors do lead to brighter worlds and show the way. I do not mean the world that is to come, I do not believe there is anything more dark and dismal and narrow in the way of a world than the one in which the miserable dyspeptic lives. Now, when a doctor leads one out of that wretched world into the bright and hopeful realm of health, he carries him, it seems to me, into a sort of heaven on earth. [Applause.] And it is in this sense I think it may be truly said that doctors lead to brighter worlds.

Now, the gentleman who sits on my left hand took occasion in his speech to say that if you had any difficulty in knowing how to spend the money which has accumulated in your coffers he could tell you what to do with it. The gentleman who has just sat down has also told you how you can spend some of your surplus income in educating the negroes. But if I may be allowed, gentlemen, modestly to suggest a way in which you would do yourselves great honor and the world great benefit, it would be in doing something to make a better class of doctors than are made at the present day. [Applause.] I have said that 600 or 800 doctors are made in this city every year, and this is but a fraction of those made all over the country. I have gone so far as to suggest that you could make of them an article of export; but by putting better means of instruction within reach of these young men, by making them stronger in knowledge and improving in every way their means of education, you can keep them at home and they will constitute what they ought to be—one of the most important and useful classes in society. [Applause.] Commerce, we all know, is the vanguard of civilization, and wherever commerce goes, there must go the blessings of science, and of the arts, and among them I regard none greater than the blessings dispensed by the medical profession. [Applause.]